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PICTURES

OF

THE OLDEN TIME,

AS SHOWN IN THE FORTUNES OF A

FAMILY OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY

EDMUND H. SEARS.

"We may behold with ancestral eyes not only the various actions of ages past, and the odd accidents that attend time, but also discern the different humors of men, and feel the pulse of former times." — HOWELL.

WITH A GENEALOGY. — PRIVATE EDITION.

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INTRODUCTION.

It would be difficult to say to what class of literature the following work properly belongs. It is neither romance nor pure history. Nor can the tales be said to be "founded on fact," since fact is not only the basis, but the framework and substance, of the whole.

Some time since, the writer became possessed with the very common propensity for antiquarian and genealogical researches, and rather unexpectedly gathered a mass of materials tending to illustrate family history and genealogy through a period of three hundred years. It was deemed by others of some importance that these materials should be arranged and preserved in a permanent form. But a book of mere genealogies seemed to me the most unedifying of all performances. The question soon occurred, Why not put flesh upon these bones? Why not make these skeletons live? These names,

in a genealogical table, would stand for nobody; and yet the men who bore them acted and suffered through the most interesting periods of history, and there are abundant facts to show what sort of connection they had with their contemporaries. I have attempted, therefore, to connect the current of family with that of public history, and to show how events affected not only public men, but the homes and firesides of the people; and I have used the links of a genealogy simply as a continuous chain on which to hang pictures of the times through which it extends. Thus I have attempted to show the course of human life as it went on its perilous way behind the scenes of courts, parliaments, and battles, and to bring our ancestors before us, not in their shrouds and coffins, but as they lived and talked with their neighbors and servants, their wives and children. In order to do this more effectually, I have in the first two of the following sketches allowed myself a small margin of fancy, in which family and public history might be woven into each other so as to present a consistent and perfect whole. But I have always done this in strict subserviency to historical truth, and the facts, I believe, are always presented in better perspective, and more, therefore, according to the verity of things, by reason of the threads of fancy by which

they are woven together. In Part Third, I found I did not need any aid from imagination, and I have therefore followed the course of simple and straightforward narrative, giving a view of domestic life in the Old Colony in the days of the Pilgrims.

In all the trials and sacrifices of our ancestors one thing appears prominent, — the beauty and glory of suffering, when endured for conscience' sake. This is not less conspicuous because the sufferers differed in faith, — some being Catholic and some Protestant; for in both cases alike, obedience to the supreme law gave a heavenly lustre to their example and a sweet fragrance to their memories.

Whoever will attempt the study of history according to the method indicated in this work, taking some family tree, — it matters not much whose it is, — and making its branches yield the fruits and lessons of past experience, will find that the study has a fresh and absorbing interest, and that the track over which it leads him will be covered with a light in which minute objects appear with a most attractive brightness.

In the collection of facts, I have been aided by the researches of several individuals whose names it may not be proper to mention here; but literary honesty seems to require a distinct acknowledgment of the kindness of the Hon. David Sears of

Boston, to whom I have been indebted for many exceedingly curious and interesting documents.

Part Second, or the sketch entitled "The Adventurer," narrates events and transactions in the Netherlands, with which the reading public have lately become familiar through Prescott's Philip II. and Motley's Dutch Republic. It lay in my way to show the bearing of those wonderful events on family fortunes, but I had finished that part before either of the above-named admirable histories was published.

The writer of these sketches had no intention, when he commenced them, of producing them for any other purpose than private reading. In intervals of more severe mental labor they were studies in history after a new method, — that of incarnating and galvanizing old skeletons. The skeletons, however, leaped up with so much life, that a part of them have been dismissed to a more unrestricted circulation.

PART I.

THE EXILE.

"Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the rolling main,
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep."

CHAPTER I.

THE MARTYRDOM.

The Tower is one of the first objects which the eye searches after, as the traveller approaches the city of London. A huge, square edifice, with turrets at each corner, rises above a pile of lower buildings and smaller towers that surround it. Around the whole pile there is a moat, and a fortified wall, at whose base on the southern side flows the Thames, near enough, with a westering sun, to reflect the turrets in its gentle waves. Outside of the fortified wall, and not a great way from its northwestern angle, the ground swells into a small eminence, which bears the name of Tower Hill, the last tragic scene of many a drama in the history of England.

As soon as the eye rests on that immense pile of buildings, once the royal residence and the state-prison, the imagination goes back through the long sweep of centuries, and represents to itself the woes that have found utterance within those gloomy recesses without falling upon a human ear. What griefs, what unavailing sighs, have those walls shut

in, and what a history would they give of hopes and agonies, could all the sounds be re-echoed that have fallen upon the impassive stone!

There are two principal entrances, one at the water's edge, on the southern side, called "Traitor's Gate," through whose frowning archway many a person of gentle blood has read his doom beforehand, as the jaws of the great structure closed upon him and swallowed him from the hopeful day. There is another on the west, called "Entrance Gate," which opens in sight of Tower Hill. Around this latter gate a crowd might be seen gathering early on the 22d of June, 1535. The sun rose that morning in clouds and dark vapors, a thing not by any means strange in the city of London; but it had its influence on the imaginations of men, who thought the sun had now his own reasons for hiding his face. As the hours advanced, the crowd came pouring in thickening streams over London Bridge, and down the streets and lanes of the city, emptying themselves mainly into Tower Street and Thames Street, which lead to an open view of Tower Hill, until the two latter streets were choked entirely full.

The hour of nine had come, and all eyes were bent towards Entrance Gate. Still it opened not. There stood the platform on Tower Hill, covered with black, but the victim did not appear. The man most concerned in all this solemn preparation was fast asleep within, and the officials were waiting for him to wake up. The Lieutenant of the Tower, who by the way was Sir William Kingston,

a man of humane feelings, had waited upon his prisoner early in the morning, and warned him to prepare for execution. He asked permission to sleep awhile first; and now the hour had come, and the crowd were waiting breathless, and the prisoner was in placid repose. It seemed hard to Kingston to wake him from such peaceful sleep, but he stepped in and touched him, and brought him to a consciousness of the waiting scene. He arose and dressed himself for the last time. There was a belief in those days, that, when in doubt or trouble, one might open the Bible at venture and alight on the spot suited to his condition. If he was forsaken of God, some awful passage would come up to his eye and tell him of his doom. If not, some words of sweet promise would present themselves on the blessed page. The "sortition by the Book," as they called it, was a fearful rite to them, for their hopes and fears trembled upon it. The prisoner, now weak with long confinement and privation, leaned against the wall with his Bible in his hand, raised an imploring look to heaven, and opened. These words came up to his eye: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." He shut the book, saying, "Here is learning enough for me," and gave himself into the officers' hands. While this was going on in what was called the "Bell Tower," a low circular building that could be seen peering above the wall, the crowd had continued to

gather till it choked nearly every avenue leading to Tower Hill.

Entrance Gate at length opened on its slow hinges, and gave the prisoner to the eyes of the multitude. He is an old man of nearly eighty years, so bent down with infirmity and hardship that he has to be borne in a chair between two constables, his head meekly drooping, and his scanty white locks streaming down his shoulders. It required a good deal in those days to touch the heart of a London mob, but now a shade of softness ran over that sea of faces; and instead of the tumult and the coarse jeering that usually attended on public executions, there was an unbroken and funereal silence. The ghastly procession of halberds and pole-axes moved on to Tower Hill, pausing at the foot of the platform. The old man seemed to have new strength, as he looked nearer into the face of death; for he now stood erect, refused the aid of the constables, and walked with a firm step up the stairs. Just at that moment the sun broke from the clouds in clearest splendor, and, shining athwart his face and over his silvery hairs, made him seem to the multitude as if already transfigured with the resurrection glories. The omen arrested his attention too, for he lifted his hands, with kindling features, and said to himself, "Turn to Him and be enlightened, and your faces shall not be confounded."

It was soon over, and the multitude broke into squads and slowly melted away. But let us classify them a little as they retire, and we shall read in

their faces the events of coming history. Doubtless the dregs of London had emptied themselves into the streets, as they always do on like occasions, with the same feelings that swayed a Roman populace when they entered the amphitheatre. But the man who had now suffered was a shining mark of tyranny. He was the most learned prelate in England, the most distinguished among the bench of bishops in the House of Peers, the most honored friend of the cause of learning, and withal the ablest defender of the Catholic Church. He had done more than all others to shut out from England the tide of Lutheranism that was sweeping over the Continent. The reply to Luther put forth by Henry the Eighth, which obtained for the King the title of "Defender of the Faith," was supposed to be written, not by Henry, but by the man he had now sent to the block. Though not free from the intolerant principles and practices of his Church, he was a man of benevolence and piety, of gentle manners, joined to an unbending moral uprightness. The King had broken with the Pope because the latter would not grant his divorce from Queen Katharine, and he assumed to be the Supreme Head of the Church of England. It was for denying that supremacy that Bishop Fisher had now suffered on Tower Hill. In that retiring crowd were large numbers of Catholics who denied in heart what the Bishop had denied both with the heart and lips, and whose meditations on the present aspect of things were mingled with a bitter sense of bereavement in the loss of their ven-

erated prelate. There were men too in that crowd who had swerved from Popery, but who, in the present hubbub and ferment of opinions, had not come clearly into anything else, and who would therefore swear allegiance to any new pope rather than encounter the dangers of martyrdom. Protestantism had not yet come fairly into conscious life among what would be called the upper ranks in England.

But there was another class of men who mingled in that crowd, whom a mere casual observer would have considered the most insignificant of all, but who proved far otherwise in the progress of events. They were *the men who wore fagots on their sleeves.* Here and there, sprinkled through that crowd, were persons, found chiefly among the mechanics and laborers who had come in from the surrounding country or emerged from the lower strata of London life, who wore badges which had a significance that tyrants could not understand. In the right sleeve, wrought in red colors, was the image of a burning fagot, that those who wore it might have the fear of temporal and eternal flames ever before their eyes. These were the "Lollards," who had been once convicted and pardoned; and they had this hideous symbol bound upon them, that all observers might take note of them as living fuel for the Smithfield fires whenever they should relapse into heresy. They were thus marked out to be despised and watched by all men, and their words were weighed in the nicest theological scales. It may well be conceived that their words were very few, while their thoughts were very many.

The men who wore fagots were pretty well represented at the scene of Fisher's execution; they looked on without speaking, — hard-handed and hard-featured men who had a "lean and hungry look," who did not always "sleep o' nights," and who kept up a thinking which fagots, whether of red worsted or of blazing twigs, could not entirely subdue. Fisher was the first martyr of note on the Catholic side in what was called the English Reformation, and hence the strange interest which had drawn people of all classes and opinions to the scene. The Lollards were considered the most despicable element in the crowd; and yet out of the thinking going on silently within them, Puritanism, clad in steel, was by and by to come forth and upheave the throne of England.

But there was another element in that crowd which we have more distinctly to trace. There were men who were saved from Fisher's doom as yet only because he was the most conspicuous mark for the stroke of tyranny; who held his opinions, and who came to see how a man supported by them could die. They saw in the dim future, that the hour was coming on when they must weigh a good conscience against the dross of earth, and determine which was worth the more; and it must have been with a silent thrill of admiration that they saw their good prelate, faithful to his opinions, turning the pall of the scaffold into a scene of victory. But there was one man in the crowd who had a strange personal interest in the transactions of that morning, and whose history we have specially in hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEN OF KENT.

The County of Kent is, and ever has been, one of the best and most thriving districts of Old England. Its northern border is washed by the Thames and its estuaries; its southern and southwestern by the Straits of Dover, where it advances so boldly towards the Continent that "the men of Kent" can look over into their neighbors' country and see the shore of sunny France lying like a soft blue cincture on the distant waves. Two parallel ridges of hills traverse the district from east to west, separated from each other by a breadth of about eight miles. From the northern range the country slopes towards the Thames and its estuaries; from the southern range it slopes southward towards France, and more than once has bristled defiance towards its neighbor over the Channel. If you stand on the summit of this southern range, which they call "The Rag-stone," and look southward, your eye commands a prospect of surpassing loveliness and beauty. This southern slope was once an immense forest of oak. Of course the forest has

been cleared away; but it is still a region of oak groves interspersed with fields covered with all the richness of art and nature. The houses, seats, villages, gardens, and farms of smooth-shaven green, appear among large and towering oaks, and they gleam out from the foliage like gems of whiteness and verdure set irregularly in a framework of fringing leaves. Kent is the only county in all England whose lands are held, as the lawyers say, "by the tenure of *gavelkind*," — that is, where there is no right of primogeniture unless specially established by law, and where the father's estate is divided in equal portions among his sons. Owing to this, and to the native goodness of the soil, Kent is one of the best farming districts in England; its estates are small in extent, but under the highest cultivation, and "the men of Kent" have been known as men not of artificial, but native nobility, and of indomitable vigor and hardihood.*

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* Wordsworth's Sonnet, written in view of a threatened invasion from France, may occur to the reader in this connection.

TO THE MEN OF KENT.

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye of yore
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;

If you stand on the northern range, called "The Chalk Ridge," and look towards the Thames, a different prospect, but not less pleasing and finely diversified, lies under your eye. Away on the extreme left you see the city of London, provided the smoke and the fog do not fold it in a veil too thick to be broken through. Down this northern slope are lands of fertile loam, on which broad acres of pease, beans, barley, and the finest wheat, are luxuriantly waving. Through the middle of this slope runs the river Medway, draining it by its tributary rills, curving round to the right, and finally losing itself in one of the estuaries of the Thames. Down to the shore of the Thames are scattered villages and farm-houses, surrounded with cherry and plum orchards, and various other fruit-trees, to supply the London market.

Near the mouth of the Medway, and on its right bank, stands the ancient city of Rochester, and stretching along the shore of the estuary, and forming a settlement continuous with Rochester, lies the city of Chatham. In the former place are an old cathedral, an ancient castle, now nearly in ruins, both invested with rich historic associations, and various schools, some of them founded ages ago, and celebrated from the earliest times.

Adam Sayer was one of "the men of Kent" as early as the year 1300 or soon after. He died pos-

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Confirmed the charters that were yours before; —
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore: —
Ye men of Kent! 't is Victory or Death!

sessed of an estate in Chatham in the year 1346, and his descendents in collateral branches spread over the district in various directions, and sometimes beyond its limits. One of them became the warden of Rochester castle. One crossed over the Thames into Essex, and he and his descendants became proprietors of large estates in Colchester and its neighboring towns. It must have been about the year 1520 that the boy Richard Sayer came over from Colchester, drawn towards his kinsfolk in Kent for the benefit of the Rochester schools. Then more than now the benefits of learning accumulated in favored places. The see of Rochester was the charge of the learned and venerable prelate whose life we have just seen brought to its tragic close on Tower Hill. He was promoted to this bishopric in the year 1504, and now for sixteen years he had been the liberal patron of learning in this spot to which his affections had drawn him. Various other honors had been heaped upon him; he had been appointed Professor of Divinity at Cambridge and Chancellor of the University, but here in the pastoral walks of his diocese he passed his most pleasurable hours. They offered him afterwards a more valuable bishopric, but he declined it. "My church," said he, "is my wife, and I will never exchange her for one that is richer"; and so up to the time that the Traitor's Gate closed upon him he continued to lavish his affections on this quiet spot hid in the blooming vales of the Kentish hills.

We know nothing very definite of the on-goings of the boy Richard in the schools of Rochester.

We judge from the family traits and pictures that he was a sturdy-looking boy, with sandy locks, a florid face, and a sanguine temperament, and we should not wonder if the Rochester schoolmasters had to keep an open eye upon him. We are pretty certain in saying that he rambled on the banks of the Medway and forded its waters, that he climbed the Chalk Ridge and took in unfading impressions of the scenery beneath, that he sometimes trampled the wheat-fields and roused the maledictions of the Kentish farmers. What religious impressions he got in the old cathedral, events perhaps will show. He was among the boys who followed the good Bishop and "plucked his gown" in order to "share his smile." The face of the benevolent prelate got brightly imaged upon his memory. We are not surprised at this. We are looking into that face now as Holbein has copied it, and, spite of the slanders of Burnet, we must pronounce it an honest face and a kindly one, and, though slightly austere, yet one which little children might be glad to look into and copy into their hearts.

Richard Sayer returned home to his father's house in Colchester, where he grew up, the elder of two brothers, the legal heir to a large estate, of which, in the ordinary course of events, he would come in possession at his father's death. We pass over the intervening years, till we find him in the throng that gathered in sight of Tower Hill on the morning of June 22d, 1535. What brought him up to London? Something more than the tender recollections of childhood, and the benignant and treas-

ured image of the Bishop of Rochester, though doubtless these abode with him now that fifteen years had passed away. He is now twenty-five years old, and the most eventful period of England's history is opening its fearful drama. Great calamities are said to fling their shadows on before them, and this man felt the gloom of coming events growing deeper and deeper upon his spirit. He thought by coming up to London he should find out something more sure and reliable touching the prognostics of the coming storm. He was strongly attached to the old religion, into which he had been baptized and confirmed. To understand his position, let it be observed that in the month of March, 1534, the English Parliament, as the tools of Henry, authorized a new oath of allegiance, declaring the King's first marriage null and void, Mary, the issue of it, to be excluded from the succession, and the children of Ann Boleyn the legal heirs of the throne. The same servile Parliament had declared the King the Supreme Head of the Church, and made the denial of that supremacy high treason. The new oath of spiritual allegiance was enjoined on all English subjects. Hence the peril to true Catholics. Perjury lay on one hand, and the scaffold or Tyburn on the other. And Richard Sayer was brought to the metropolis in the vague expectation that some way of relief would be opened to him; and hence he is drawn into that vortex of life that is whirling through the streets of London.

It may well be conceived, that what he has just

witnessed does not soothe his apprehensions. The multitude have broken up into little knots, and, as they melt away one by one, the name of "the heretic Nan," with many a vile and degrading epithet, is found half suppressed on the lips of the populace; for to the pretty face and the corrupting arts of the new Queen they ascribed the present troubles and the lowering storm. The "new Herodias" was another of the flattering titles which were bandied about in undertones. Somebody had commended her graceful dancing at Whitehall. "I tell you," replied another, "that in her dances her feet will spurn off our heads like footballs." But the crowd have all melted away, and night, more still and awful than ever, has come down and hushed the street murmurs and noises, and there is little that is audible but the ripples of the Thames. The King and the new Queen have finished their last game at tables, and sleep in the palace at Greenwich, and Fisher sleeps in eternal peace, though tumbled without shroud or coffin into his cold and bloody grave.

CHAPTER III.

LEGAL ADVICE.

In the times of which we write, London and Westminster could hardly be called a single city. Westminster was originally a town lying farther up the Thames and three miles west of the city. Between the two lay "The Strand," a low, marshy ground, through which three sluggish streams wound their sedgy way into the Thames. But the city and the town gradually spread out to meet each other, and now the Strand was partly filled up. It had already become a continuous street, a great thoroughfare between the city and the West End. On the south side of it splendid edifices had arisen, in the rear of which were parks and gardens, terraced down to the water's edge; and on the north side were shops, churches, and residences. Among other buildings is "St. Clement's Inn," the resort of lawyers and clients, to be immortalized by Shakespeare as the home of Master Shallow in his templar days. The entrance to it is through a noble archway with lofty columns, and in the rear of it is — not the bowling-alley, where the hangers-on

of modern inns go to kill off the lazy hours, but — *the bear-garden;* the place whose hideous spectacles were among the amusements in the times of Henry, and which served both to minister to popular taste and infuse into it a spirit of brutality and cruelty. Justice Shallow had not yet taken up his abode at St. Clement's Inn, but a man was there a good deal more shrewd and subtle than he. He was well known to the Colchester Sayers, for he had been their agent in drawing up wills and title-deeds and managing suits in chancery, and whatever legal instrument he made out was pretty sure to be free from flaws. He was a high-toned Papist, had threaded all the sinuosities both of the canon and the civil law, had large property at stake, and was therefore averse to change, and we presume would have rejoiced in his secret heart to have had the last shred of Lutheranism turned into a blaze in Smithfield Square. He was the very man for Richard to consult in the troubles that weighed upon him, especially as he supposed him to stand in the same slippery place as himself. After the scene of the 22d, as soon as he could sufficiently recover his spirits, his resort was to St. Clement's Inn. He was yet a young man, and in the simplicity of his heart expected to find Lawyer Leach somewhat troubled at least in respect to his temporal interests.

He was mightily mistaken. Lawyer Leach was in as comfortable a frame of mind as could well be imagined. It was very evident he had not been broken of his rest. His face was round, rubicund, and beaming; though the top of his head was bald,

and shone like polished ivory, and withal was rather flat, his hair laterally lay back sleek and smooth, his person was full and rotund, and evidently had no idea of renouncing those two creature comforts of all true Englishmen, roast beef and London beer. Though rather portly, he had such a look of refreshing coolness that it would be a privilege to contemplate him in a hot summer's day. It was doubly refreshing now to Richard, for it inspired him with confidence, and he had not a doubt that Lawyer Leach had the secret of safety. A nature so smooth, elastic, and oily could certainly glide between two impinging religions without being ground to powder between them. He laid before him his whole case.

Lawyer Leach looked towards the ceiling and squinted with his left eye, his usual expression whenever with his other eye he was taking exact aim at some legal nebulosity, which under his keen gray twinkle was sure to be resolved in less time than were the nebulæ of Orion by the new telescope.

"They can't make it treason," said he; "treason by the new statute is a *denial* of the King's supremacy."

"And is not refusing to take the oath a denial of the King's supremacy."

"No, sir, — not in the sense of the statute. To make out treason, they must prove some overt act. Holding your tongue is not treason, — doing nothing is not treason, — keeping still is not treason."

"But suppose I refuse to subscribe the oath, what will they make of it?"

"That is only misprision of treason."

"And what is the punishment?"

"Imprisonment and confiscation of goods."

"Then how could they send Fisher to the block?"

"He did n't keep his tongue in his head. He did n't understand men as well as he might. The Pope sent him a cardinal's hat, and the King swore he should n't have a head to put it on. They baited him with flatteries, and set these purring and velvet-pawed fellows about him, till they wormed the treason out of him and caught it. Keep your tongue still, especially when these soft-eyed mousers are smelling about you."

"Then I am only in danger of imprisonment and loss of goods. Do you see any way to escape that danger?"

"Certainly there is a way."

"And how is that?" said the client, clutching eagerly at his sinking hopes and bringing them up.

"Subscribe."

"What! commit perjury to save my property? Incur the penalties of eternal damnation to escape the penalties of the law?"

A bland smile ruffled the florid smoothness of the casuist's face, and his left eye squinted again. "You do not distinguish between the *res in animo* and the *res acta*. You may withhold your entire inward consent to what you are compelled to do under duress, and so the act has no validity whatever in the court of conscience. Thus, though you subscribe with the hand, you keep your whole inward mind and conscience from the deed. Thus it

is the mere act of the outward man, not of the *mens casta penitus*, which is preserved entire, and has nothing to do with the outward transaction. This distinction is vastly important, especially in these times of sudden changes."

"I do not think I fully understand you," said the client, who had not been initiated into the deeper mysteries of Popery, and never read the works of the Schoolmen. "If I subscribe that oath, it is flat perjury, and I shall have its load to weigh down my conscience as long as I live."

"Why, sir, don't you believe in the supremacy of the Catholic Church?" said the casuist, leading off upon another track.

"Certainly, and therefore I can't subscribe the oath."

"But what is meant by the supremacy of the Catholic Church, but that she has the sovereign keeping of the consciences of men, and the sovereign power in their salvation? I would n't belong to a church in whose bosom I could n't rest in perfect peace, feeling she had the high prerogative of forgiveness, — who could n't shrive me from my sins, whether great or small. That is the advantage of the Catholic Church over this upstart Lutheranism, which has no power to save its children either from temporal or eternal fire. Must I be roasted like a Lollard, when my Church has the supreme power to shrive and to save me? I shall subscribe, not doubting she will save me from damnation."

"Do you think, then, that the Pope's adherents will generally subscribe?"

"Not the least doubt of it. They will come in by thousands."

"But I will wait and see. I will keep my lips sealed, and my life will be safe at any rate."

"Don't be too confident," said the lawyer, lowering his tone, and looking cautiously towards the door; "that hound, Audley, is on the bench, and he'll do anything his master sets him on to do. But wait and see how things will turn. More's trial will be on the 1st of July, and men are waiting the issue of that. There may be some hope in a jury, and if anybody can inspire them with courage it is More. His defence will be gallant and splendid; the crown lawyers are afraid of him, and people are holding their breath till the trial comes. The sum is, you have just four chances of safety," and Lawyer Leach touched each of his four left fingers as he counted them off. "*First*, you may not be called upon to subscribe; mayhap it will only be the upper rank in church and state, in which case you save your head by ducking it down among the people. Or, *secondly*, you may be called upon, and you can subscribe. That, let me tell you, is what most people will do. Or, *thirdly*, you can leave the country till the storm blows over. Your estate is safe. Your father is yet living, and you may be assured that *he* will subscribe, — and so the estate will not be confiscated while in his hands. Perhaps you may return and inherit it under a Catholic succession. No one knows what the wheel will turn up at last. Or, *fourthly*, there may be some spirit among the people, and perhaps the

juries will not all slump in. We shall see Monday. If there is any stand possible against these measures, we shall see it at More's trial. If all these chances fail you, and you are at the mercy of the crown lawyers, — why you can die for abstractions and quiddities like a Lollard, if you like."

It is something gained to a patient when his physician has told him the exact nature of his disease; and whether it be medicable or mortal, the patient's pulse is sure to beat more calmly. It is something gained when a possible calamity takes shape and outline, and the portentous shadow can be scanned and measured. So thought and felt the client of Lawyer Leach. Still the trial at Westminster Hall on Monday was waited with an interest too agonizing to be long endurable.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRODIGY.

For days and nights the anxious client had time to digest the counsel of the Papist lawyer, and weigh the argument in such metaphysical scales as he was able to hold. He wanted to resolve on some line of conduct in a possible, and every day a more probable emergency, so that when the trial hour should come he might act with manly decision and coolness. His nature was of a robust and sturdy make, and leaned strongly towards the practical. And though he did not comprehend the Jesuit lawyer's distinction between the *res in animo* and the *res gesta*, nor understand how one could take decided damage without the other, yet the new application of the doctrine of church supremacy and prerogative appeared to him in an exceedingly interesting light. If he admitted the postulate, which he must as a good Catholic, he could not understand why the conclusion was not a sound one. But in all earnest natures there is something to be satisfied beside the intellect; and when the intellect is about leading astray with its

chaffering logic, the moral nature will rise in its noble supremacy, and brush clean away the bewildering web-work that would obscure its vision.

Richard had revolved these things till his brain was fevered and throbbing, and he determined to shake off for a while his distracting thoughts, and drive away the grim fancies of the future. Wait and see. The issue of More's trial would inspire men's minds with confidence or with terror, and meanwhile let us hope in God.

There was enough in London to divert a stranger's mind from himself, if anything external could do it. Just fancy Richard Sayer walking through the Strand into Fleet Street, through the sights and noises that must have met his eye and ear. Not yet had stage-coaches come into use, and so his ear was not dinned with the shaking thunder and the roar of wheels. Not yet had the morning papers been issued, and so all the advertising was done by street-criers in the great thoroughfares, and especially the Strand. Fishwives, orange-women, mackerel-women, costard-mongers, broom-men, chimney-sweeps, pie-men, and fruit-men screamed and roared inharmonious into the ears of passers-by; while booths in which silks, cloths, and cutlery were exhibited, and behind which men were bawling, "What lack ye?" gave an agreeable variety to the din. Through such a scene as this Richard walked along the Strand; and the cherry-women, who cried, "Cherries in the rise," that is, on the twigs, and more especially, "Ripe cherries from Kent," would perhaps touch a chord of strange and

thronging memories, yea, not unlike those which Old Herrick embodied afterwards in his luscious lines: —

> "Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe! I cry;
> Full and fair ones; come and buy.
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow, I answer, There
> Where my Julia's lips do smile, —
> There 's the land of cherry isle;
> Whose plantations fully show
> All the year where cherries grow."

But not this, nor all the sights and sounds of London, have drawn him quite away from his sombre meditations. He has passed out of the Strand, with its jostle and hubbub; he has crossed Temple Bar into Fleet Street, where he is roused perforce from his reflections by a stir quite unusual even in this London hive. A crowd is rushing along with hurrying feet, and before he can look about him they have involved him in the current, and swept him against the sides of the buildings. They do not stop to pick him up, but are still on the run, pouring over Ludgate Hill and by St. Paul's, and he sees by their wonder-stricken faces that they are bent towards a common object. He has scarcely gathered up his scattered limbs when another squad comes hurrying on "to see the miracle." He falls into the wake of the stream, — indeed, he could not very well get out of it, — and he is glad of any sight to relieve him of the agony of his reflections. Down it sweeps, turning to the right through a cross lane into Thames Street, to London Bridge, pouring over it, till men and women and boys and horses and carts are there jammed in together.

The old London Bridge proper was at this time the only one that spanned the Thames. It was not only a bridge, but a street. A continuous row of buildings stood on each side, upheld by the piers, over which the houses sometimes projected, looking as if about to reel and tumble into the water. The street between these houses was sometimes quite narrow, for it varied in breadth from ten to fifteen feet. Great beams or cross-bars extended overhead from one side of the street to the other, especially where two houses opposite showed a decided inclination to pitch contrariwise into the river, and needed to be fastened together to help each other keep their balance. On these cross-beams great, ponderous signs were hanging and swinging,—signs of taverns, booksellers, tailors, grocers, barbers, and haberdashers, each with its symbol painted red, green, black, or yellow, three times as large as life and a great many times more grim. There was the sign of the Sugar-loaf, the sign of the Angel with his wings and trumpet well battered, the sign of the Lion, the sign of the Bear, the sign of the Bible, the sign of the Blackboy, and the sign of the Breeches; and whenever a gust of wind swept over the bridge, sugar-loaves, angels, lions, bears, bibles, blackboys, and breeches, swung and creaked and growled and groaned in strange concert over the din of street noises below. Such was the scene into which Richard now found himself plunged, he knew not for what purpose, except to be rolled onward and see the miracle with the rest. If he looked at his right, soon after coming upon the

bridge, he must have seen another sign, on which was the name of Hans Holbein, the world-renowned painter, for he lived there; perhaps Mrs. Holbein's great red Dutch face was at the window, wondering at the excitement on the bridge, and perhaps the face of the painter himself was looking out from his studio in the breezy attic, and catching all the strange hues of passion and manners as he saw them in the rolling and turbid stream of London life beneath. But Richard cannot stop for this, but is borne on to see the new wonder, meeting on the way the ebb-tide of those who had already seen it and were retiring with big eyes.

A little past the middle of the bridge, towards Southwark, rose "The Traitor's Tower," which peered above the houses on either side, and commanded a fine view of the river for some distance up and down the stream. On the top of this tower, all round the balustrade, were stuck long poles sharpened at the upper end, and on the sharp ends of the poles were stuck — the heads of traitors! This was one of the institutions of royalty designed to exert its salutary influence on the populace, and with the red fagot symbols, and the real fagots themselves, regulate both the thinking and the conduct of the masses. At this time the poles stood pretty thick around the balustrades, each with its horrible sight to exhibit. There were rows of faces, turned up and down the river, blackening and consuming in the hot sun; skulls that had nothing left but bone and socket; visages whose features were yet traceable, and which glared

and grinned as the shrinking muscles consumed away; Carthusian monks staring and looking cadaverous; and heads of greater note, that still preserved some semblance of a human countenance. In the midst of all this ghastly array was the head of Fisher, the face turned towards the Kentish hills. Many days had elapsed since it was placed there, but it looked down more fresh and life-like than ever. Yea, while all around it consumed and blackened in the hot air, that saintly face put on every day a more soft and beautiful bloom; and the cheeks that were wrinkled with age assumed a more youthful freshness. Day after day a midsummer sun had been scalding down upon it, only to bring out its natural expressiveness and benignity. The breezes from the Thames touched his white hairs with gentle fingers, and they still hung undishevelled; and the eye and countenance were turned down on the gaping multitudes, as if giving them still a patriarchal benediction. We will not stop to subject the fact to a chemical analysis,—we give it as it impressed itself on the minds and imaginations of the people that thronged to see it, and to whom it was a sign from heaven; as if the very bodies of God's servants were immortal against the touch of tyrants. Here the hurrying crowd had brought up, and were choked in along the Traitor's Tower, gazing up in silent wonder into that saintly countenance. When their curiosity and their love of marvel were satisfied, they began slowly to recede, and a voice broke from the crowd which said, "To-morrow it will speak!"

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

"Hail, Sabbath! day of mercy, peace, and rest!" coming down upon the earth like an angel of silence to give a truce to all its conflicting interests and passions, — coming down upon great cities with thy "Peace, be still!" — when the noise stops in the streets, and the demons in men's minds, though not exorcised, are calmed and remain dumb to wait the morrow's time. But a Sabbath-day in London in 1535 was not the Sabbath which comes three centuries later, that meek quiet may spread over it her "wings invisible"; and we shall acknowledge, in the comparison, that society has not been going backward. We will make out as well as we can from the too brief diary of Richard, the last Sunday in June which he passed in that tumultuous city in these tumultuous times.

The Strand was not then, as now, entirely filled up with buildings. Splendid mansions had arisen there, along the margin of the Thames, but there were wide openings, both towards the river on the south side of the street, and towards the country

on the north. In one of these openings, towards the Thames, there was a large clump of old trees, on a site that commanded a most soothing prospect, with city, river, town, and country interblending. Hither our stranger in London had walked over from St. Clement's Inn, ere yet the city was astir. It was one of the clearest and sweetest mornings of June, and even a London fog could not hide the sun's face, for he looked through it. On the opposite side of the river lay the village of Lambeth, in which its episcopal palace rose conspicuous, the residence now of Cranmer, and the seat ever of ecclesiastical power. Beyond Lambeth rose the hills of Surrey, clothed in their greenest summer glories, fading off in the distance to where the fleecy clouds seemed to have slept all night upon their summits, and were just beginning to dress themselves in purple and soar away,—no bad image to represent the souls that rise out of earth's dark night into the pure heavens above. Close by, Father Thames was rolling his noiseless flood, from whose face the mists were creeping off. London Bridge, with its horrible Traitor's Tower, could be distinctly seen, and nearer still a long line of gold and silver sheen, which the sun was making upon the waters, with sometimes the white swans of the Thames gliding through it and tipping their feathers with gold. Out of the city of London rose a forest of church-steeples, and high over them all the dome of St. Paul's, surmounted by its huge ball, now burnished and dazzling like a mock-sun, and the cross that cut its clear outline on the cerulean

ground above. Such was the spectacle on which Richard gazed on that Sabbath morning of the 30th of June, where he sought the soothing influences from nature which he could not find in human society; and we do not wonder at the bitter words which he records: "O, why should it be that man is the only foul blot which God has made on the face of his works!" And we do not wonder that an historian, after describing the principal events in the reign of Henry the Eighth, raises the question whether in those days the sun did really shine in London and the skies look blue.

But the morning hours are passing, and the Sabbath bells are ringing, and London is once more emptying its pent-up life into the streets, which is threading its way hither and thither. St. Clement's Church and St. Mary's both stood close by in the Strand, and little companies of worshippers were bending their way into them. But the place of all others to attract a stranger in London was St. Paul's; especially if he was intent on watching the current of events, and the prognostics of coming history, — and to St. Paul's we must follow, for a few moments, the hero of our story.

Let not the reader imagine, however, that we are now to be introduced to a gorgeous service in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the organ peals sending through the arches their throbbings of melody and the saints of bygone centuries looking down from every niche of the sculptured marble. The service is not in the church, but the churchyard.

On the north side of the cathedral there was a

large vacant space, which from earliest times had been the burial spot of the city. It was finally enclosed, and towards the eastern extremity there was raised a large wooden cross, and under the cross a pulpit. A tree was standing near enough to fling its shade over the pulpit, and protect it in part from the sun's rays. This was the famous "St. Paul's Cross," which had long been a stand from which to make appeals to the popular mind, and in times of excitement and change, London would empty itself into the churchyard to hear the latest proclamation of the ruling power and interest. It served the same purpose that an administration organ does at Washington now. There politics and religion were both preached, and sometimes in a strange jumble. There Popery had been preached up and preached down, according as the tide ebbed or flowed. Henry had seized upon this position, and the obsequious priests and bishops here piped such music as the Privy Council at Whitehall thought best to have played in the people's ears.

The reader then will please represent to himself, that on the clear Sunday morning of June 30th, 1535, St. Paul's Churchyard is crowded full, and the event which has just taken place, and the events which loom up in the gloomy future, have brought them hither with ears wide open to hear. All classes are there. The bishops, earls, and knights occupy conspicuous places on the right and left of the speaker; a lower stratum of humanity forms the central mass; the dregs of London populace float around the circumference, trampling over the graves,

or leaning against the walls of the churchyard. Richard, quite as much interested as anybody in the sort of music which is to be piped from Paul's Cross, has wedged himself in between a fat man and a tombstone, and is likely to hear the sermon without going to sleep under it.

There is a low platform at the base of the pulpit, raised two or three feet from the ground, and on this are placed some curious specimens, which serve the preacher with ample illustrations. They are nothing else than *three live Lollards*, who have been caught in Kent, and lodged several days and nights in Lollard's Tower, — a prison kept for such purposes in the episcopal palace at Lambeth; and hither they have been marched all the way this morning, coming through Westminster and along the Strand, each barefooted and bareheaded, and carrying fagots on their backs, — all the while the sun shining, and the blue sky bending above. The fagots now are real ones, veritable bundles of dry twigs; and the heretics are arranged, each with his fagot, right under the speaker's nose, where he can conveniently swing his fist over their heads, and about their ears, and exhibit them to the audience, somewhat as a geological lecturer might exhibit the monsters of the secondary formations. The specimens, in this case, were a man and his wife, and their only child, a boy say of ten or twelve years. The man was a plain mechanic, who had been thinking out a theology of his own over his lapstone. The woman's face, bent downward to escape the stare of the multitude, was an intelligent

and thoughtful one, meek and placid, but pale as marble, showing all the veins that threaded it,—showing traces too of a thousand waves of anguish that had gone over her soul. The boy was a sturdy little fellow, and looked decidedly sullen, and evidently, while doing his penance, was cursing the whole race of bishops, and treasuring up hoarded anger enough to make a full-grown Puritan in the end.

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The preacher rose up and harangued his hearers in a voice that was a compromise between a scream and a howl. He drew his text from the narrative which describes Samson grinding in the mill of the Philistines. He said the mill of the Philistines represented the devil's mill, and the wheat was the Church of Christ, in danger of being bruised and powdered between the upper and the nether millstone. The Pope and his bishops and cardinals were the upper millstone. He then went on and denounced the Pope, and the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy, and told how their power was to be shivered in pieces throughout the kingdom. He alluded to the late execution, and, pointing towards London Bridge, exclaimed, "So all Popish traitors shall perish, and their heads be stuck up yonder for ravens to pick at." He alluded to the trial which was to take place to-morrow, when treason again was to be crushed and given to destruction. Then he launched forth on the King's supremacy, made an apotheosis to the King himself, who was like the sun shining in his strength, eulogized the new Queen, and came at length to the other mill-

stone, the nether one, on which the devil was seeking to crush the Church of God. This was none other than Lollardism, which denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and brought in other damnable heresies. And here he turned to the live specimens before him, and vociferated abundance of pious exhortation, telling them that the fagot-fires, from which their present confession and penance had saved them, would be lighted up with a hotter blaze if they should relapse, and were only the faintest prefiguration of the fires of hell. His face grew red, and his eyes grew big with his exhortation; which being over, the Lollards were conducted back through the Strand, and thence to Lambeth, a rabble of boys and fishmongers following with hootings and jeerings.

What impression Richard got from the morning service we need not stop to describe. We presume it did not alter the impression already recorded, that man was the chief blot which God had made on the face of his works. But he had not yet enjoyed to the full the privileges of a Sabbath in London. He sought again in the afternoon the spot where the day had dawned upon him, amid the sweet influences from skies and waters. The old trees on the Strand again welcomed him into their embowering shade, as if opening to him a sympathizing refuge from human heartlessness and cruelty. The outlook towards the Thames presented the same range of objects, though not bathed in the rory freshness of the morning. The clouds had all gone up from the Surrey hills, and the glare of the sun

lay upon them; the bosom of the Thames was covered with boats and barges, crossing to and fro between the city and the Southwark side, and the breeze came up tired from the water's edge, and languidly made ripples through the leaves. But his eye need not wander a great way to distinguish still a new feature of the London Sabbath.

In the wide open space back of St. Clement's Inn, then partly filled up with sedges and bushes, was one of those enclosures called a *bear-garden.* And farther eastward, and in sight of the spot "where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand," was another spot dedicated to theatrical exhibitions, ere yet Shakespeare had raised them up and transfigured them by the touch of genius. But nearer than these, and now right under the eye of our stranger in London, was the celebrated bear-house, with its enclosure, which lay on the other side of the Strand and down among the terraced gardens that descended to the Thames. Here it was that Queen Elizabeth took Mary, her sister, that she might be edified by the sports of bear-baiting, some years later than those of which we write. The rule was, not that the bear-gardens should be opened all days in the week, Sundays excepted, but that they should not be open any day in the week except Sundays; though the rule came at length to be violated, when the sports were thought to be too good for the Sundays to monopolize.*

* Old Cartwright, in one of his tracts, adduces an original and quite curious argument against the use of a liturgy. The public form of prayer, he says, will never do; for the minister is tempted to hurry

It is now past one o'clock, and the flags from the theatres and bear-gardens are all displayed, in sign that the sport is commencing. As the subject of our story is looking on, the flag from the bear-house by the Thames, under his eye, is flouted by the same breeze that comes up to stir the green leaves over his head, and the shout and the tumult come up very distinctly to his ear.

The exercises in a bear-garden were something after this fashion. The bear is hoodwinked and placed in the centre of the enclosure; a dense ring is formed around him, armed with whips and cudgels; with these the animal is beaten and lacerated, till, stung and maddened with the pain, he rushes blindly among his tormentors, gnashing upon them with his teeth, sometimes seizing their weapons, and splintering them between his jaws; the tormentors meanwhile dexterously eluding him, and sending shouts and peals of laughter to the welkin at every skilful turning and doubling, until the animal is either worried out or worried to death, and ends the sport. If a bear is not to be had, a harmless ape is made to supply his place, or sometimes a brace of cocks, when "cocking," instead of baiting, closes the exercises of holy time. These amusements served pretty well to feed the tastes

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over it, that the Divine service may give place to the games that succeed it, which it seems had greater attraction both to priest and people than the service itself. It would be difficult to show how an extemporaneous service would secure its prolongation. The games formed the common finale to a London Sabbath, down to a period much later than 1535.

and form the manners of the people, and prepare them to enjoy the spectacle of cutting off men's heads on Tower Hill, or roasting Lollards in Smithfield Square; or, in the imagery of our morning sermon, breaking in pieces the upper and nether stones of the devil's grist-mill.

Richard had not more than half digested the morning sermon, musing on the probable event of the morrow, his thoughts making quick journeys to Colchester and back again, and anon looking heavenward for guidance through the gloomy future, when the roar of voices came up from the bear-garden, mingling with the breezy murmur of the Thames. He heard it for some time, growing louder and more tumultuous; saw the red flag streaming from the bear-house, the sun still shining, and the sky overhead looking softly blue, and the hills of Surrey in the mellowing distance looking softly green. Sick at heart, he sprang to his feet, perhaps with the expression on his lips that he put into his diary, "O God! why hast thou made man the sole blot on thy beautiful works?" and walked with a rapid pace down the Strand.

An old face had risen before him again; the face of the Bishop of Rochester, melting through the mists and clouds of past memories fresh and benignant as when it watched over his boyhood in the Kentish vales; and his feet went of their own will towards London Bridge and Traitor's Tower. "Perhaps it *will* speak," he might have said to himself, "when the lips of the living speak flatteries and lies." Streams of foot-passengers were still

pouring over the bridge, stopping at Traitor's Tower and gazing upward. And there it was again! that saintly face, growing more fresh every day, and coming back to its manly beauty, while the horrible visages around it were growing blacker and blacker. There it was again, looking a benediction on the people below, turned still towards the beloved hills of Kent to give the last blessing to its ancient charge, and demanding for this very purpose immunity from the claiming grave. And it spake! Several people heard it speak. Richard Sayer declared he heard it, and could tell what it said, — for the valley of the Medway swam visible before him, the walls of the old Rochester cathedral, with its groined roof, were around and above him; the tones of the old organ came pealing loud and quivering down all the aisles; and then a heavenly countenance was leaning over the chancel, and holy hands were laid upon his head, and these words came clear and articulate: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

And then the vision passed away, all but that saintly face, still looking fresh and meek as ever from among the blackening visages, and he was gazing into it. Those words must have dropped down from Traitor's Tower.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

Affairs were hastening to their crisis. The man on whose fate the nation seemed for a moment to hang breathless had been lying fourteen months in the Tower. He had held the highest judicial office in the realm, but he saw that Henry meant to use him and his office to pander to his lusts; he would not be so used, and resigned. For a little while he was suffered to remain in quiet at his home in Chelsea, just above London, where, amid the charms of domestic society and the songs of his robins, he gave himself up to elegant and delightful studies. The oath was at length tendered him by Cranmer; he would not sign it, and was cast into the Tower. Through these fourteen months he had had abundant leisure to count the cost of incorruptible integrity, and weigh a good conscience against the dross of earth. From his prison window he could look down into the green yard around the White Tower, and see the spot where Richard sent out Hastings to execution, and where the blood of innocence and beauty was to be poured out profusely, till the grass

refused to grow. More had been plied with threats and blandishments, and though he never wavered, his language at the terrible crisis shows the struggle in his breast. His wife came to see him. She could not understand the sublime elevation on which he stood. "What the goodyear, Mr. More! I marvel that you, who have hitherto been taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, shut up with mice and rats. Do as the bishops and best learned of the realm have done, and come home to your wife and children." This did not disturb his equable and divine patience. But when his favorite daughter, his "dear Meg," wrote him, and urged him to subscribe, it cut him to the heart. He sent for her, and she came to his prison. There he tried to make her understand how contemptible were disgrace, suffering, and death, when set off against the glory of incorruptible integrity, the sweet peace of conscience, and the smile of God. Just then some monks were carried by to execution for the same crime as that of which he stood accused. He took her by the hand and led her to the window. "See there, Meg! See how gayly as a bridegroom those men are going to their death." He succeeded in infusing his own spirit into the mind of his daughter, and making her to share his lofty magnanimity.

The 1st of July has at length come. A special commission is appointed for the trial at Westminster Hall. They lead him out, and parade him through the streets of the city on his way to trial, intending thereby to strike terror into the public

mind. They have clothed him in a coarse sack, as a mark of disgrace. They have starved him so long in prison that he walks with difficulty. They dread his learning and eloquence, and they mean so to crush him beforehand that he cannot use his masterly powers. The vast space of Westminster Hall is crowded with spectators, and presents a sea of anxious faces. "Will he make out a defence that will stand with one of Audley's juries?" is a question on which dread alternatives are poised and trembling. The river has been alive all the morning with the barges of noblemen rowing towards Westminster, and crowds of poor people, to whom More when Chancellor had dispensed justice tempered with mercy, have packed the galleries, and are looking down with agonized features. Within the bar sits Lawyer Leach, with his glistering head and his cucumber coolness, and not far off stands his client, watching the prisoner with as deep emotion as if his own life were hanging on the issue, as indeed he thinks it is. On the bench — that same bench where More had administered justice so impartially — sits the base, the venal, the cringing Audley, a man who has grown fat on confiscations of which he was the tool, and who is ready, like a hound, either to follow the scent of blood, or to fawn upon and lick the hand of his master. But his person and appearance are commanding, and we see nothing at first to indicate his baseness except the cat-like softness of his manners. Close by his side sits the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir John Fitzjames, early distinguished for his buffoon-

ery and his ignorance of law, and promoted for his pliancy in the dirty work which tyrants have to be done. There stands at the bar Sir Christopher Hale, the Attorney-General, who has some dignity of character, and maintains a show of candor. Associated with him is Mr. Solicitor, the low-browed Rich, with his large, animal mouth, and his eye bloodshot with "dagger-ale," — the schoolboy companion of More, who early separated from him because baseness and virtue are repellent forces. There sit the jury, packed and overawed, giving small hope that they are the stuff that a bulwark can be made of to stop the sanguinary flood that is already on the flow.

The case opens, and the indictment is read. It is long, but the gist of it is that More has, first, refused to acknowledge the King's supremacy, and, secondly, that he has denied it.

After the indictment is read, Audley bends towards the prisoner with a feline courtesy. "You see how grievously you have offended his Majesty. Yet he is so merciful, that, if you will lay away your obstinacy, and change your opinion, we hope you may obtain pardon."

"Most noble Lord," replies the prisoner, "I beseech Almighty God that I may continue in the mind I am in through his grace unto death."

The case proceeds, the witnesses are brought on; the lawyers and judges together think the case is made out, and Audley with a smirking grace asks his prisoner if he has anything to say.

More now stands up, and leans upon his staff; his features are pale and prison-worn, but there is

still the twinkling drollery in the curves about his eye, as if he were looking through and laughing to scorn the web-work of sophistry which the lawyers have put together. As he rises, all murmurs cease in the crowd, and Westminster Hall in its remotest corner is silent as death. As soon as he opens his lips, his learning and genius blaze forth in their mild and beautiful splendor. Seeing how weak and pale he is, they offer him a chair, and permit him to sit while making his defence. And there he sits, and quietly riddles in pieces their fabric of accusation and testimony, sometimes with a sparkle of wit, but in a light so broad and luminous that the judges themselves are ashamed of the case. He quietly reminds them that no evidence has been introduced to show a *denial* of the King's supremacy.

Here Rich interrupts him with a coarse violence in his manner. "We have your silence, which is an evident sign of a malicious mind."

"*Qui tacet consentire videtur*," says More, quoting a maxim of law. "He that holdeth his tongue is taken to consent."

A laugh runs round the inside of the bar, and Lawyer Leach squints his left eye, and looks towards his client, whose courage is rising high as he hears the illustrious prisoner bringing out the point that Leach had before made, and bringing it out with a clearness that tells evidently on the court and the jury.

More has closed his defence, and the judges look aghast at each other. The absurdity of convicting a man of high treason because he has said nothing

is so monstrous that they dare not do it, even in the eye of the rawest student of the New Inn who may be looking on in Westminster Hall. More has been wiser than Fisher was. When the mousers purred around him to tempt the treason out of him, he saw through them and guarded his lips, and now all that they can prove is — silence. His defence is complete, and he has carried the whole audience, — the servile court, packed jury, and all.

There is a buzz all over the house, every man looking into his neighbor's face and breathing easy, Lawyer Leach and his client looking wise at each other. The court and the crown lawyers fall to a consultation; Audley's head is bent close up to the empty head of Fitzjames. Hale is in as close a conference with Rich as he well can be without taking too much the fumes of the last debauch.

But the buzz stops. Rich has taken the witness stand. Blood must be had at some rate, and Mr. Solicitor volunteers to perjure himself. He swears that he actually heard the prisoner *deny* the King's spiritual supremacy when on a visit to him in the Tower.

More turns upon the miscreant his pale, honest face, and bends upon him the clear gaze of his eye, and administers to him a rebuke which must have rung through his conscience if he had one, and which at any rate has set him up in the pillory of infamy for all time. The prisoner's form and features dilated into a moral dignity that looked down upon the cringing court, and made everybody forget his squalid apparel in the outbeaming majesty of the man.

"If I were a man, my Lords, that did not regard an oath, I needed not at this time and in this place, as is well known to every one, to stand an accused person. And if this oath, Mr. Rich, which you have taken be true, then I pray that I never see God in the face, which I would not say were it otherwise to gain the whole world."

The prisoner goes on and narrates the conversation that *did* take place in the Tower, and then, turning round to the false swearer, who dares not meet his eye, — "In good faith, Mr. Rich, I am sorry for your perjury more than for mine own peril. We know, Sir, that neither I nor any man else ever took you to be a man of such credit as to communicate to you any matter of importance. You well know that I have been acquainted with your manner of life and conversation a long space, even from my youth up; for we dwelt long in one parish, where, as you can tell yourself, you were esteemed a dicer and a gamester and light of tongue. And your fame is not very commendable in the Temple or the Inn where you belonged."

Then turning to the court, — "Does it seem likely to your honorable Lordships that I would trust to this man, reputed of so little truth and honesty, the secrets of my conscience? I refer it to your judgments, my Lords, whether the thing is credible."

The address produces a profound impression on the by-standers and on the packed jury. Rich quails, fidgets, examines new witnesses, but can get no one to confirm his lie. Audley hurries on

the case, as if ashamed of his business, charges the jury to convict the prisoner, and sends them out. They obey. In about a quarter of an hour they come in with "GUILTY," and a half-smothered groan goes round the galleries of Westminster Hall. All is lost. The barrier of "twelve good men and true" is as unsubstantial as last night's dream, and the tide of blood must roll on and roll over us.

Audley hastens to pronounce sentence.

"Wait, my Lords," says the prisoner. "When I was toward the law, the prisoner was asked before sentence what he had to say."

"O true," said Audley, stammering, and blushing crimson. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced?"

More now goes on and arraigns the statute, and denies the power of Parliament to pass it. The thing is monstrous in itself, and it is an anomaly in the whole constitutional history of the realm. The Parliament have no more power to make the King head of the Church than they have to vote God out of the universe; and having no constitutional power to make this statute, all indictments under it are worthless as a straw.

Audley is nonplussed again, for he knows all this to be true. But he has a resource. The blockhead judge who sits beside him does *not* know it. Legal asses are mighty convenient things on which to saddle a false decision.

"What say you, my Lord Chief Justice?" says Audley, bending towards Fitzjames and purring.

Fitzjames, C. J. "By St. Gillian, my Lords, the indictment in my conscience is sufficient."

- *Audley.* "Lo! my Lords, lo! you hear what my Lord Chief Justice saith. *Reus est mortis.*"

He then pronounces the terrible sentence upon the prisoner, concluding with ordering his four quarters to be set over four gates of the city and his head upon London Bridge.

"Have you anything more to say?" says the velvet-faced Audley, bending forward.

"This further only have I to say, my Lords: that like as the blessed Apostle Paul was present and consenting to the death of the protomartyr Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now twain holy saints in heaven, so I heartily pray, that, though your Honors have been on earth my judges to condemnation, we may hereafter meet merrily in heaven together. God preserve you all, especially my Sovereign Lord the King, and send him faithful counsellors."

CHAPTER VII.

FAITHFUL MEG.

They were to go back by water to the Tower, and the barge was waiting at the wherry. They led the prisoner out through the crowd, the headsman's axe being borne before him with the edge turned towards him, on which Fisher's blood was yet fresh. As he walked out of the hall, he was heard to say, "Thank God, I have got the victory!" They did not know what he meant. But he meant the victory of his virtue and innocence over temptation; he felt now that they were safe, and it was this thought which at that awful moment turned his pure breast into a fountain of joy. What a scene was that! More walking in triumph before that fatal axe, himself the only happy man in the ghastly procession! The barge receives them, and bears them along the silent highway, just as the evening sun is playing on the turrets of the Tower. There is a crowd around Traitor's Gate; people have gathered here to look a farewell into the most honest face in all England. He has walked up the stairs, the bloody axe moving close before him. A woman springs

from the crowd, breaks through the guard, spite of their rods and halberds, and locks her arms around the prisoner's neck, and shrieks, "My father! O my father!" It is faithful Meg, and she buries her face in the prisoner's bosom and sobs aloud. He soothes her grief, and gently pours consolation into her breaking heart, the officials standing still, and not daring to disturb the holy scene. She breaks away and retreats; looks back, and runs again and hangs on the devoted neck, when the prisoner for the first time is overcome, and weeps like a little child. Even those rough men have to let go their halberds, and wipe from their iron features the trickling tears.

But Traitor's Gate is open; the jaws of the great structure have closed upon the prisoner, and we cannot follow him any farther. Along with faithful Meg, we take a farewell look of a man who, amid general servility, saw clearly the supreme and all-beautiful law, and obeyed it, — a man whose virtue no interest could bribe, and whose purpose no thunders could shake; who had an angel's strength and a child's simplicity; whose affections were gentle as the evening, and whose breast was purer than snow.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GLIMPSE OF THE NEW POPE.

LAWYER LEACH was right. Every class subscribed, from Whitehall down to Billingsgate, from my Lord Chancellor to the fishmongers, from my Lord Bishop to the begging friars. "You see," says Leach, "that the chances narrow down. You have only two left, to subscribe or to flee. What course will you take?"

"The shortest course possible out of this accursed city."

"Yes, that will be wise. But Cromwell's hounds are scouring through Essex. They will be in Colchester before long, and your family will be among the first that will be summoned to take the oath. I am certain of that."

"I have never *denied* the supremacy, I believe."

"Doubtless," said the lawyer, stroking down the top of his head, which the flies were walking over, and taking sure hold of for fear of slipping; "but you see how these matters are decided. They will probably want somebody's head to stick up in Colchester Market. They would n't make any very

nice distinctions, if they thought yours would answer the purpose."

"Are you sure they will come to Colchester?"

"Yes, a justice is to come down before long to administer the oath. Perhaps you will find when you get into Essex that the net has gathered you in already."

Richard looked up his groom, and ordered him to have the horses ready in the morning. He retired to sleep; but whenever he closed his eyes, the faces in Westminster Hall were before him. Once and again he drove them away into the darkness; but slowly they would take shape and come up, up, up, and glow with a phosphorescent light, as distinct and bright as ever. But he kept dashing them off, till finally they all vanished but two. One was a pale face, with a mild, clear eye, arched round with curves that twinkled and beamed with benevolence and humor; but the curves came and went in wavy lines, till they fixed themselves into a look of meek but indescribable anguish. The other was a great red face, with bull's eyes and a large mouth; and the eyes sometimes rolled with a demoniac mirthfulness, and the mouth grinned into a sardonic laugh. These two faces would not down except to come back again, and the first half of the night was spent dashing them off into chaos, and seeing them slowly rise out of it, and come up, up, up, as near and as bright as ever.

But sleep of a certain kind came at last, and might have continued for a long time. But somebody has walked into his chamber, somebody's hand

is on his shoulder, shaking him up; he opens his eyes, and the broad sunlight is in the room, and a large face of real flesh and blood, but full of human sunshine, is bent over him. It is Job, of whom the reader will know more.

"Master Richard, it is late, and the horses are ready."

"Never mind, Job. We won't hurry, and I shall go over to the Bridge before we start."

To the Bridge he goes, drawn by the strange fascination of the face on Traitor's Tower, into which he looks for the last time. There it stands again, benignant as ever, coming back every day to the manly bloom and comeliness of which age had bereft it; sending down its benediction on the passers-by, who still throng thither to receive it.* But while he is looking up, the "King's Barge" is announced as in sight; and there it is! coming up the river

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* The following is the curious account of this prodigy, as given by Hall, the biographer of Fisher: —

"The head, being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him; and here I cannot omit to declare to you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste or consume, neither for the weather which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his life he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautiful with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people in passing by, and would have spoken to them. Wherefore the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with the going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and therefore at the end of fourteen days the executioner was ordered to throw down the head in the night-time into the Thames."

from Greenwich, silken banners and streamers floating over it as it rows up the "silent highway."

In these times the Thames was the principal means of communication between the different parts of London, and between London and the suburbs up and down the river. The finest streets in the city were those which ran along the water's side, where a long row of splendid mansions and palaces had arisen, and where, instead of his stables, his horses and carriages, every nobleman had his barge and bargemen, his wharf and wherry. The sight of the Thames of a summer's day was therefore wonderfully lively and picturesque, bearing my lords and ladies from house to house, to the afternoon's dance or masquerade, the bargemen perhaps keeping time with their oars to music and song. This too was the royal road from Greenwich to Whitehall, and the royal barge was known at sight by its streamers and decorations. Traitor's Tower stood on one of the piers that supported the drawbridge, so that passengers up and down the river might have all the benefit of the spectacle, and sail right under the blackening visages above.

The royal barge is nearing the bridge, and the crowd of gazers who are choking the street at Traitor's Tower have their attention drawn away, and the sea of heads is instantly uncovered. And here for the first time the hero of our narrative gets sight of the "Supreme Head of the Church," to whose features Holbein himself found it pretty hard to give a flattering touch. The "Head of the Church" sits looking out upon the water, receiving

with slight notice the homage from the boats that glide by. Passing through the draw, he looks up at the seven days' wonder which has kept the whole city astir for a week or more, and on account of which the Privy Council have once been summoned together. His dull, red, rheumy eye, his cheeks bloated and hanging, and blotched with scrofula, reveal nothing of superstitious wonder, but enough of lust, beastliness, and gluttony to make one marvel how there could be so much room for the demon where there was so much of the brute. The "new Herodias" was there also, invested with all the interest of recent maternity.

She who had urged on the execution of Fisher, and to whom his head was sent that she might feast her eyes upon it before it was set up on the bridge, — she who was still plying all her woman's arts for the destruction of More, and keeping the devil from sleeping in the mind of the glutton King, — she is there too, stretching her "little neck" out of the silk awning and the tapestry of starred blue and purple, so blended as to represent the sky at dawn; and she is looking up with a woman's curiosity to see the new London sight on the bridge.

She looks, laughs, curves her little neck round, and ogles with her maids, in whose arms dangles the lion-hearted Queen Bess that is to be; she plies the King with jokes and pleasantries, among which was this, — that Fisher had kept watch up there so long that his old eyes were getting dim, and that More had better come and take his place. The King looks complacently upon his queen, laughs wanton

out of his rheumy eyes, and shakes merrily his "huge parcel of dropsies," — and so the barge passes on. Poor Anne! you have a heart of marble under a pretty face, and older and wiser people than you are slow to learn that those who evoke the demon in others may be devoured by the demon! Sayer looks long after the royal barge, the swans swimming in flocks before it, till the sound of the oars and the music to which they keep time have died away, and only a red-gleaming speck is seen nearing the wherry-stairs of Whitehall. "And this is the new Pope!" he said to himself, and hastened back to St. Clement's Inn.

CHAPTER IX.

TO COLCHESTER.

Job was waiting with the horses. They mount and pass Temple Bar into Fleet Street, thence down the Old Bailey, cross over Smithfield Square, turn and look at the spot in the centre burnt black with roasted Lollards, shudder and cross over into Bishopgate Street, and the city is soon behind them, with its death's-heads, and, what is worse, its visages of unmerciful men. Its distracting noises have all died in the distance; it is folded into its own fog and smoke, its blood and sin, and the broad, open fields of Essex are before them, fanned with buxom air.

It is time the reader knew something of Job. Retiring as he is in his habits, we shall not get on any longer without his company, which will be found of considerable importance to at least three individuals. Job was an heirloom in the Sayer family, and now filled the offices of porter and chief butler, besides being superintendent of things in general. Where there was any matter that required great carefulness and perfect trust, Job was always

in request. If anybody was sick, Job was the chief nurse; and he had closed the dying eyes of at least four members of the family. He was verging now towards his seventieth year, but he was hale as ever; his hair of iron-gray stood up stiff on the top of his head, which gave him an independent and sturdy look, and, though age had abstracted something from his once florid countenance, yet the ruddy clover had retreated to the centre of his cheek, where it blossomed out fresh as ever, from amid the encroaching snows of threescore and ten. His rather bluff and granitic exterior might conceal from a stranger the rills of tenderness that were always trickling down his heart, unless indeed they brimmed over in his eyes and adown the clover of his cheeks, which they were rather apt to do. Within his jovial and sunny nature there was a vein of plaintive tunefulness, which, in the long leisure hours of the porter's lodge, found scope and exercise in humming snatches of old song. Along with this he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a broad and never-failing good-humor, and if he looked upon other people's faults and blunders with other feelings than commiseration, it was only that he might distil out of them a little amusement for himself.

Job for a great many years had belonged to the tenantry of the Sayer estates; but the cloud came over his household from which the bolt of death had dropped four times into his family, and his wife and three out of his four children had slept for years together in a humble corner of the village

churchyard. But fortune had left him that untold and priceless treasure, whether of the poor man's cot or the rich man's hall, an only daughter. His dear Charlotte had not quite left him so long as he had her miniature in little Lottie. Lottie had now largely developed into the woman; but to her father she was always a child, for she still sat upon his knee, smoothed his brow, and kept the wrinkles from gathering there; laid her warm, dimpled cheek upon his to keep the clover-blossom fresh; listened to his songs, and sung them after him with a twinkling humor and drollery in the eye which she must have caught from him; printed every evening her fervent kiss upon his forehead, and gave him her loving "Good night"; became to him all his other children in one, while he was to her father and mother and sister and brother; so that Job's affections were preserved young and healthful, and bloomed under the snows of age like an everlasting rose.

Job and Lottie had been domesticated in the family of Richard ever since his marriage; she was the favorite maid of her mistress, and had become indispensable to her comfort. If the glooms ever gathered about the kitchen, they were sure to get dissipated, either by Job's songs, or by the laughter in the dimpling cheeks of Lottie, or the broad beamings of her mirthful nature. And if there is sunshine in the kitchen, then, so far as our experience goes, it is apt to pervade the whole house, from cellar to attic. So much, for the present, of Job and Lottie, of whom perhaps we shall hear again when we get to Colchester.

Pleasant enough it was to look over the broad, level fields of Essex, where the sturdy yeomen were busy with their summer labors, and sweet was the breeze that came from the hay-fields to fan the faces of the travellers. But our two travellers, though jogging along side by side, have not precisely the same reflections.

We are apt to suppose that martyrs are composed of different stuff from other people; that God has them on hand ready made, and that it costs them no great effort to suffer and die. Alas! the long, deep, and silent agony, more terrible than death, the desperate grapplings and wrestlings that precede victory, we do not know; and the reason why death at last is met so serenely is, that the martyr comes to it out of a more dreadful anguish. The scene of Gethsemane comes first, and O the agony till its victory is accomplished! The struggle had been growing more and more desperate in the mind of Richard, and now it is upon him in its desperate energy.

"After all," he says to himself, "the lawyer is right. Who am I, to stand up alone against the opinions of all mankind? I begin to see clearly the distinction between the *res in animo* and the *res gesta*. We must conform outwardly to such times as these, and let God's great truth retreat far into the silent recesses of our thoughts, and there be kept safe and bide its time. Am I the man to stand out when all the bishops and lords have given in? Those that comply with the powers that be, and the necessities of to-day, are blest and smiled upon,

and come to honor and length of days. Does God ask his faithful ones to burn with Lollards and heretics, when a single thunderbolt of his could give them the victory?"

And then there was a lower deep.

"After all, what are virtue and integrity but a name? Other people act according to their self-interest, and why should not I? This servility, that has come over the nation like a flood, bears all with it, except a few crazy people like the Maid of Kent and John Lambert. Christianity has been preached in this island now five hundred years, in all the churches and convents, and yet it is a thing which the King can turn and fashion into whatever he pleases. The King? No, not the King, but Nan Boleyn, or any vile woman he happens to lust for. Protestantism! Catholicism! one or the other, through all this realm, from bishops down to chimney-sweeps, according to the notions of the King's mistress! And that is religion, and that is conscience, — a name and a sound!"

And there was a lower deep still.

"It is all, then, a cheat and a mockery! There *is* nothing real and substantial but beef and mutton and ale! The providence that rules in human affairs is the royal concubine, and the God we trusted in can be voted out of the state by the Parliament of a glutton king! It is a mere matter of forms and conveniences, and the name of God is nothing but a bugbear for kings or popes, as the case may be, to scare human animals and keep them in the right enclosures."

And then the sky above shut over him like a cover, and all was empty beyond. Beneath it the owls of Atheism hooted in mockery of human hopes.

"What we can see and touch and taste *is*, and that is all; and let us hasten to conform to it. We die to-morrow, and then we rot! Over all graves alike the obscene birds scream and stretch their black wings, but there is no cheerful sound that comes from above them! No virtue, no religion, no God in this world, and we only animals, driven to the crib or to the shambles at the convenience of kings and popes! O, why was I born, or why did I not die, ere I found out that religion was a trick; that this whole word is a jail, and kings and priests are the jailers; that overhead there is nothing but a copper sky, and under foot nothing but graves!"

There is something awful in the grief of manhood. Things are very much out of course when strong men weep. He tried to beckon off the giant shadows, but they came thicker and colder; he struggled against the might that was urging him down the abyss, but in vain; and his stout frame was convulsed with the conflict, and the big tears found their way, at last, down his quivering features.

Job had not spoken a word. He saw the conflict coming on, he guessed something of its nature, and that it was too terrible for his philosophy. With characteristic delicacy he retired from the scene of it. He reined in his horse and fell in the rear, riding on in silence and awe.

So they journeyed through the farms of Essex, jogging on at first in funereal mood. Green fields

and large farm-yards passed them, great barns open to receive their summer treasures, and neat houses looking through the cooling umbrage, as cheerfully as if they knew nothing of the sulphurous cloud resting on higher places, from which the thunders were growling. Job began to prick up and sympathize with the scene he was passing through, and with the sounds of hale and cheerful industry that broke from the fields and from every side, unconscious of the reign of terror. He ventured, at length, into a hum-drum tune, though on a lower and more reverent key, as if afraid to disturb the awful struggle that was going on. Richard had not noticed the tuning of Job; but at length, in a short truce between his conflicts, the hum-drum emerged into clear, articulate song: —

"The cot is surer than the hall,
In proof we daily see,
For highest things doe soonest fall
From their felicitie.

"When God drops down his thundering bolts
Our vices to redresse,
They batter down the highest holtes,
But touch not once the lesse.

"O you may hear the pine to crack
That bears his head so hie,
And loftie lugs go then to wrack,
Which seeme to touch the skie.

"When wrastling windes — hum — hum — hum — "

They had travelled all day, and the sun was wheeling down the horizon through a haze of bloody red, when the plaintive sound of a chapel-bell came

throbbing through the air. They reach the top of the hill and the monastery is in sight. On one side of the building was a grove, in which were walks that led through green arcades to an oratory on the summit of the hill; on the other side there was a large, open field, on which a herd of kine lay ruminating, grateful enough for the cool of the day. On one side of an open court was the refectory of the monastery, on the opposite side the chapel, and across the green that interspaced them the monks in their cowls were walking two and two, and entering the chapel at the sound of vespers. Richard woke suddenly to a consciousness of where he was. The fields of Colchester were around him, for he had arrived at St. John's Abbey; he was in no mood to see his family, and he alighted, and giving the reins to Job, "Take home the horses. Tell the folks they will see me soon, and that I am well; but don't blab of my whereabouts." Job left his "Good night," and rode off droning to himself,

> "Every white will have its black,
> And every sweet its sour."

And Richard waited upon the chapel-green till vespers were over, and then threw himself into the arms of Father Bache.

CHAPTER X.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

Henry had already suppressed a portion of the monasteries, and doomed the rest. When uncovered to the light, they revealed frightful masses of corruption, that had passed into the stage of putrescence; sensuality, laziness, and hypocrisy had got quiet lodgement within them. But this was not all. In times of public violence, persecution, and venality, they had nourished the best virtue and the most heavenly piety that could be found in the land. What pure mind has not sighed for such a retreat when sick of human selfishness, — when society itself is falsely arranged and lies with a crushing weight on individual virtue, — when vice is honored and rewarded, and honesty is in disgrace and starves? Then away from the scene of cringing venality or outrageous oppression, to retire and contemplate the serene Almighty Justice and be caught up and rapt in its beautiful splendors! So at least many had done, and we are not sure even now that the monasteries had not their full share of the goodness that saved the world from becoming an abandoned Sodom of scoundrels.

The monasteries in those days did the office of country inns, and were always open to the weary traveller. But Richard had other reasons for stopping now. Father Bache was a noted character all the country round, — noted for his wisdom and forecast as well as his sympathizing benevolence. He had a seat in Parliament, moreover, and he knew pretty well the shape of the coming storm.* This was not the first time that Richard had thrown himself upon his counsels.

Slowly and demurely the monks are filing back after their evening orisons, when Richard watches for the benignant old man, and throws himself upon his bosom. He begins to state his troubles.

"Say nothing, my son," said Father Bache. "Stone walls have ears in these times; and besides I know your whole case. Go in and refresh yourself, and then we will counsel together. Your heart and your flesh I see are both weary. After nightfall I will talk with you."

Richard had eaten such fare as was placed before him, and sat in the refectory looking out upon the green, till twilight had flung its last fading rose-colors over the earth and sky. Then Father Bache appeared before him, and beckoned him to follow. They walked out through a back door of the monastery, and were soon in a path that led through the grove on the brow of the hill. The moon had

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* The number of abbots who were "parliamentary barons" varied, but was finally fixed at twenty-six, who represented the principal monasteries. St. John's, Colchester, was entitled to one. Fuller, Vol. II. p. 182.

arisen, and on the clear silver sheen which it spread over the earth, the trees seemed "writing out words" as they waved, and their leaves fluttered gently in the evening wind. They reached the oratory, which stood in an open space, when the old abbot laid his hand upon the shoulder of his guest and looked round.

"Sit down, we are only heard here by God and good angels, and only watched by the holy stars."

"Have you heard, Father, that More was convicted and sentenced?"

"I have not heard, but I knew he was to die."

"And did you know that all the Catholics were subscribing the oath, and that Gardiner and all the bishops have temporized and given in?"

"I knew that the evil day had come, and that God was about to purge his floor. What I want to say to you is, that a commissioner is coming shortly to Colchester, and that all your kinsfolk will subscribe the oath. *You* will be specially called upon, for you are suspected of contumacy, and Rich has you in his eye."

"Well, I can't pretend to be better than the whole world, bishops and all the rest. To tell the truth, good Father, this universal servility oppresses me with terrible doubts, and spite of myself all confidence in God and man is gliding out of me. If we only *knew* of the blessed inheritance, we could die for it cheerfully. But this world seems to me nothing but a chaos, and human virtue nothing but a name."

"My son," said the old man, his features kindling with prophetic fire, "you are young and I am old. I have passed through many a crisis like yours, and many a time have I wrestled like Jacob with the Lord, and prevailed. You stand now right at the point where the road parts into two ways, and I will tell you just where each will lead you. Subscribe, as all your kinsfolk will, and you will have your reward. You will have large estates, friends, honors; the sense of perjury will not trouble you a great while; you will wax fat and gross, and live long, and the world will envy your success. You can refuse to subscribe; and that way lie loss of friends, a father's curse, prisons, exile, privations, death,—death on the block it may be,—or what is worse, death in small doses, the cup drained drop by drop to the bitter dregs. But that way too there is a vision of the opening and enclosing heavens, and a growing consciousness of the Great Presence which comes like another sun. These make the body and all its pains and pleasures contemptible, while immortality this side Jordan is almost possessed and realized."

"If I only had that."

"Ah! but you must pay the price of it. It is the great reward of self-sacrifice. It comes after the sacrifice, not before."

"And has it come to you at last, good Father?"

"Do you think I have given up forty years to a contemplation of the Divine glories, without knowing something of what lies within and beyond the

senses? Not three days ago I was praying here under the midnight stars, and it seemed to me that my inmost spirit lay open and naked under celestial things. The heavenly world was imaged so brightly on my spirit, that I thought I could see the future in the present, and I *know* that my days are numbered, and that my enemies will quarter this body and give it to the fowls of the air. But I have lived so much out of the body, that I can look down upon it as if I had already left it, and were within the enfolding heavens."

The moon shone over the rapt features of the old abbot, tinging his locks with a more brilliant silver, and he seemed almost free of the body and full of immortality,—a living and tangible evidence of the realities of another world. As they walked slowly towards the monastery, he leaned on the arm of his guest, and discoursed to him of the aspect of affairs, seeming to look down through the future as one not of this world, but already out of it and above it, and surveying its fore and after scenes as one traces from some mountain height the windings of a river below. There was a prophet tone in his speech, and Richard listened with awe. Arriving at the monastery, they passed through the "locutorium," where the abbot gave his guest his good night and his blessing, as the latter went into his room in the dormitory. The "locutory" was so called, as the place where the monks assembled at stated times for conversation. On the walls hung two pictures of Raphael, one was *Christ bearing his cross*, the other

"the Virgin Mother blest
To whom, caressing and caressed,
Clings the Eternal Child."

Richard left the door ajar as he retired, and, lying upon his pillow, gazed upon the first-named picture, as the pale moonlight rested upon it and retouched the features that seemed aglow with the beamings of a divine and majestic patience. And when he closed his eyes at last, the face seen on Traitor's Tower was before him, and beyond that long files of other faces,—of those who had come out of great tribulation, but who now wore crowns and held palms in their hands,—files that grew brighter as they ascended far away to where they ended with a brow bleeding and crowned with thorns; but the thorns changed into radiating sunbeams, whose pencillings darted down over all the rest; and then the words that dropped from the Traitor's Tower were audible again. Gradually the faces grew dim, and more dim; the radiating thorns have melted away, and the tempted man is in profound sleep at last.

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There is music somewhere. He comes back gradually to his outward senses. The morning light is resting on the picture of Christ in the locutory. The monks are at their matins.

Richard rises and dresses himself in haste, and passes though the court into the chapel. The monks are assembled. The old abbot is on the right side of the "choir" with his moiety of monks, and the prior is on the left with his moiety, and

they are chanting their responsals. It is a place calculated to inspire devotion. Beneath the mosaic floor, with its mural monuments, the sainted dead are in their last holy repose. Back of the high altar is a picture of Christ in his last agony. In one of the transepts is a shrine of the patron saint enriched with various offerings, and in a niche above it is an exquisite sculpture of St. John done by Italian masters, whose mouth and lips have an infantile sweetness and almost womanly tenderness, and whose higher features seem radiant with visions of eternal things. The prayers and responsals being over, the monks, led by the abbot and prior, walk two and two, kneel in turn at the shrine of St. John, and pass into the court, followed by our wayfaring traveller. There he greets warmly the old abbot, and embraces him as if taking his leave.

"Nay," said the abbot, "you are not going this morning. You are to stay here for a few days, and let the storm reach Colchester before you. It will be there soon, for a commissioner will go down to-morrow. Wait the order of events a little, and shape your course by them. You are running right into the lion's jaws if you go now."

Richard tarried a few days at the monastery, drinking in the old abbot's counsels, walking with him through the long avenues of oak and chestnut, and discoursing on the highest themes under their soothing shades, seeming to himself to have come to an islet of peace that reposed in an angry sea, but where the noise of the billows is only heard as far off and dreamy murmurs.

One sweet and quiet morning, when it seemed as if there could be no more storms in the whole beautiful world, he knelt and prayed for the last time before the Divine Sufferer on the canvas of Raphael, and took his leave of the kind-hearted old man.

"Farewell for ever!" said the good father.

Richard noticed a plaintive foreboding in his tone.

CHAPTER XI.

PORTRAITS.

If the reader will pause with us here a moment, we shall learn at one glance the precise state of things at what is usually regarded the dawn of the "English Reformation." And in order to this there are three or four faces which will come up, and which we must take a look at as they pass by us.

Writers of history generally give us the impression, that at this era there were only two parties struggling for supremacy, — the Catholic and the Protestant. That certainly is a mistake. There was a third party, and a very important one, which at this time figures largely in the history of England. They were those who held Roman Catholic opinions entire, — the mass, auricular confession, consubstantiation, clerical celibacy, purgatory, saint-worship, masses for the dead, — but who had renounced the Pope and taken Henry for their head. These men an elegant female writer terms Henricans, for want of a better name. They were men who adhered to the reigning power through thick and thin, and did all its behests, partly from that

brute conservatism that dreads the spontaneous movements of the human mind as tending to anarchy, and partly because place and patronage lay in the path of conformity. From these three tendencies of opinion, Protestant, Roman, and Henrican, thus early and distinctly marked, the three divisions were ultimately developed of Dissenters, Catholics, and Church-of-England-men.

First and chief among the Henricans stood STEPHEN GARDINER, a man of rare talents and energies, an able financier, and of large and statesmanlike abilities. He was a member of the King's Privy Council. He held implicitly all the doctrines of the Papacy, while he rejected the Pope's authority, and wrote against it. He was zealous in carrying out all the measures of the Henrican Church, and establishing and consolidating its authority. He joined hands with Cranmer in divorcing the King from his first and excellent queen; and when his last queen, the gentle Katharine Parr, who united in her person the rare accomplishments of the scholar, the sweetest graces of the woman, and the adorning virtues of the Christian, was suspected of holding Lutheran opinions, Gardiner exhausted all his infernal though baffled ingenuity to alienate the King from her, and bring her down from the throne to a dishonored and bloody grave. His face by Holbein is before us. It has a bulldog's eye and a wolfish visage and a sinister expression, that warrant the remark common with his contemporaries, that, "like Hebrew, he was to be read backward." It was said that he was not originally a bad man, nor void of natural

humanity. But it is the sure result with those who attempt to execute or defend polluted law, that they become themselves polluted, and that the spirit of the law, with all its devils of cruelty, enters into them. Gardiner became a Catholic again in the reign of Mary, and her prime minister, renounced the doctrines of his book, "De Vera et Falsa Obedientia," and gratified to the full his bulldog propensities by hunting down Protestant bishops and burning them in slow fires.

There was a man by the name of THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY, another minister of Henry and member of his Privy Council, a Henrican of the genuine stamp, and co-worker with Gardiner — "par nobile fratrum" — in snuffing a trail for human victims. He was a dry business man, hard and repulsive in his manners. Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, calls him "conscientious," which means, we suppose, that he was ever faithful to the head of his Church, and enforced all the measures of Henry and the laws of his Parliament with scrupulous exactness. That was the creed which he never questioned; and the living hearts and shrinking nerves which he crushed and wrung in enforcing it upon others, were things with which he had nothing to do; or rather they gave zest to the work of hunting down men and women, just as the flutterings of the bird give zest to the sport of the fowler. Katharine Howard, the King's fifth queen, was but just out of her girlhood when she was called to share the tyrant's throne. Some indiscretions which she had fallen into when an unprotected orphan

girl, but which afterwards she had had the womanly virtue to forsake entirely, were dug up and brought to the hungry ears of Wriotnesley and Cranmer. Straightway they pursued the gentle and amiable woman with wily but determined cruelty, and were at last gratified when her head rolled upon the scaffold, and her mangled body rested with other victims under the floors of St. Peter's Chapel within the Tower.

There was a noble lady by the name of Ann Ascew, who had been driven from her house by her Papist husband. Her beauty was the least of her adornments, for she had the graces of learning and piety. She was one of the maids of honor to Katharine Parr, but she did not believe the most essential article in the Church which King Henry was setting up, — the presence of Christ's body in the Eucharist.

"Do you believe that the priest has power to change the bread into the body of the Lord?"

"Verily," said she, "I have read that God made man, but I never have read that man can make God."

She was sent to the Tower, and Wriothesley and Rich thought they could wring something from her which could be turned into evidence against her mistress, the Queen. They ordered Sir Anthony Knyvet, the keeper, to put her to the rack. He obeyed, the miscreants standing and looking on. But the gentle martyr would disclose nothing, when they ordered Knyvet to give the rack another turn. He refused. Rich and Wriothesley threw off their

cloaks and seized hold of the infernal machine, which they turned till the tender frame that was stretched upon it was dislocated and nearly plucked asunder. Knyvet fled appalled and indignant from the spectacle, to complain of it to the King; and even the royal butcher was shocked at the recital. This Wriothesley subsequently became Lord Chancellor. He was said to be constitutionally a kindly and humane man; and he furnishes yet another illustration of the fact, that cruel laws always demonize the men who execute them. Holbein has not left us the picture of this man, but a contemporary poet has done it: —

> "From vile estate of base and low degree,
> By false deceit, by craft and subtle ways,
> Of mischief mould and key of cruelty,
> Was crept full high, borne up by various stays,
> With ireful eye and glearing like a cat,
> Killing by spite whom he thought fit to hit." *

Another of these Henricans and women-hunters was THOMAS CROMWELL, too well known in history to need any limning from us. He was Henry's pliant tool in all things, and though his private tendencies were towards Protestantism, yet he held his opinions as entirely ductile to the church and state policy of Henry. His case furnishes as terrible an instance of recoiling and retributive justice as can be found either in history or poetry. He compassed the death of Ann Boleyn, because his family was connected with Jane Seymour, who was to succeed her. He compassed the death of Queen Katharine

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* Cavendish.

Howard, because she was a Catholic; and he got the King married to Ann of Cleves, because she was a Protestant. Ann did not suit the royal Blue-Beard, and he swore vengeance upon the minister who had imposed her upon him. But before he had done with him, he made him drive through the Parliament a law authorizing the attainder and execution of persons charged with treason, without trial. This was done for the purpose of reaching the venerable and innocent Countess of Salisbury. But it so happened that Cromwell was the first victim to the law which he had been the base instrument in bringing in, — not a solitary instance of those who are plagued by their own "bloody instructions." He got the axe ready which was first to cut off his own head. At the time of which we write, Cromwell was the Vicar-General of England.

Richard Rich, the crown lawyer and solicitor, the reader has already had a glimpse of, with his red face and drunken leer. He was a Henrican in the full sense of the word, his religion being always that of the government. We follow him afterwards into the reign of Edward, when avarice has become his ruling passion. Grown rich on confiscated estates and the price of blood, he becomes fearful of losing his own head between opposing factions, resigns office and retires to private life with a vision of the axe before his eyes, but finally dies a natural death with the blood of More unpurged from his soul.

Whoever walks through the great hall of Lambeth Palace, hung round with the portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury, will pause with a melan-

choly interest when he comes to Thomas Cranmer. Two qualities which, alas! will sometimes get blended in the same character, speak out from the mild eye and from all the features, — Christian meekness and cringing cowardice. Cranmer has been praised by Protestants as their sainted martyr, and honored as the father of the English Reformation. But those unerring witnesses, the "state papers," are likely to pluck away his honors. It is only by an abuse of language that we can call him a Reformer, or even a Protestant. True, he held in his secret heart some of the principles of the Reformation, which were denied in his life and on his tongue whenever he thought his personal safety required it. He lent himself soul and body to the mongrel church which Henry was trying to build up. By him the noble and spotless Katharine of Aragon was driven, blighted and broken-hearted, to her grave. By him the giddy-headed Ann Boleyn was installed in her place. By him Ann was in turn deposed and her child bastardized, and though she had been his kind benefactor, she went to the block with not so much as a remonstrance from him when he knew she was innocent. By him Daniel Lambert was confronted and argued down on his trial for heresy, and finally sent to the flames for avowing opinions which Cranmer in his heart believed. By him Katharine Howard, a woman to whom history has never yet been just, was inveigled into a confession under promise of the King's pardon, and then sent to the block, a friendless girl, innocent of the crime charged against her, when there was not a man in the Council to

bespeak for her a decent trial. When installed into the office of Archbishop, Cranmer swore to the Pope's supremacy in public, and made record in private that he meant to break his oath. After he had been condemned to death, he recanted his opinions under the promise of pardon; and so used had he been to paltering in a double sense, that they made him draw up six confessions before they could get one out of him which was not capable of contradictory interpretations. When he found at last, that he must burn at any rate, he recanted his recantation, and went to the stake, the only time he seems to have acted like a man. Notwithstanding his place in the calendar of Protestant saints, we can make nothing of him but a Henrican, a tool of the existing church power, furnishing another melancholy instance how a really noble nature — for such his originally was — can have all its powers reversed, when it lends itself to unrighteous power, and is swept over by the spirit of polluted law.

These were prominent among the men who under Henry founded a church, which was neither Papal nor Protestant, and whose final creed determined in what were called "The Six Bloody Articles." These Articles were thoroughly Catholic, with the exception that Henry, instead of Clement, was made Pope, and his ministers, and not those of the Roman Pontiff, had all the diabolical pleasures of persecution.* The Bloody Articles cut two ways, — upon

* These Articles were as follows: — The first affirms the doctrine of transubstantiation. The second denies the necessity of communion in both kinds. The third affirms the doctrine of clerical celibacy.

Catholics for denying that Henry was the true Pope, and upon Protestants for denying the transubstantiation and its kindred dogmas.

It would be unjust, however, to say that all the subscribers to the Bloody Articles were after the pattern of Wriothesley and Gardiner. There were a great many persons who stood on just this middle and transition ground. They did not believe in the Pope, and they dreaded Lutheranism and Lollardism as the upheaving of all authority, and leading to such irregularities as the Anabaptists were guilty of in Germany. It was an era of perplexing change, and these people clung to Henricism as the last stay against the total wreck of society. In this class, we suppose, the family of Richard Sayer was to be found.

The Bloody Articles did not have the formal sanction of Parliament till 1538, though they were virtually in force at the time of More's execution. Who the commissioner was that came down to Essex as apostle of the Henrican Church, to swear in the people to the true faith, we have no authentic record; but we infer from various hints that it was Wriothesley with his "glearing eye," which blasted whomsoever it fell upon. We will show the reader the work which was done, so far as our family history is concerned, and he will judge which of these select spirits of the Privy Council might best claim it as his own. Of religious persecutions,

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The fourth asserts that vows of chastity should be observed. The fifth is in favor of private masses; the sixth, of auricular confession. Tolman's Neale's Puritans, II. 76.

those of the Roman Emperors, of St. Bartholomew's day, and of "the Bloody Mary" have passed into the commonplaces of history, and wrought deeply upon human sympathy The victims of St. Bartholomew's day are computed variously, but were probably not far from thirty thousand. The martyrs in Mary's reign numbered about two hundred. This Henrican Church has never had its martyrologist or its history worthily written, and the common reader is, perhaps, ignorant of the astounding fact, that, in the attempt to break the English mind into a conformity with the doctrines of the Six Bloody Articles, SEVENTY TWO THOUSAND PERSONS were put to death during the reign of Henry.* No persecution on record discloses such an appalling havoc of human life. Most of these were in humble circumstances, and if the secret story of all these sufferers could be unrolled, it would be a thrilling chapter in the history of earth's unrecorded martyrs. But History has been so busy with the crimes of courts, that she has never drawn the veil from this lowly province of endurance and wrong. The above fact is put down in Holingshed as an item of dry statistics; for since the sufferers were mainly among

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* This fact is given by Miss Strickland, on the authority of Holingshed's Chronicle. See Queens of England, Vol. V. p. 218. It does not appear, however, that all this destruction of life was professedly the penalty of heretical opinions. But it must have been to a great extent in consequence of religious animosities and persecutions. The dissolution of the monasteries made vast numbers of people homeless and destitute. Then homelessness and destitution were made capital crimes. Those who suffered directly for either Popery or Lollardism swelled the frightful number of victims.

the untitled populace, the hecatombs are passed over with less remark than the execution of a single person like "the noble and accomplished Surrey." It is our object simply to trace the results of this persecution, and show its spirit in the domestic history of a single family.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN JOB SINGS HIMSELF INTO MUCH TROUBLE.

RICHARD came away from the monastery marvellously refreshed. Faith in God and faith in virtue had somehow got completely strengthened and relumed. The owls of atheism had all flitted away, and left a clear and sunny sky; and the last time he kneeled before Raphael's picture, it seemed to him that he was breathed upon by a whole army of martyrs.

On the southern bank of the river Colne the ground swells into a considerable eminence, and on the northern side of this eminence lies the city of Colchester. Commencing at the margin of the stream, it spreads along up the acclivity, street above street, till it finally crowns the top of the hill. On the continuous summit of this same hill, as it stretched along westward, lay the estate of Richard Sayer, — six miles out of the town, — and on it stood Bourchier Hall, the family mansion.* It stood apart by itself, looking northward down into the

* The ruins still remain. It had fish-ponds, dove-cots, extensive stables, and a rookery.

vales of the Colne, and southward, over an undulating prospect, into the fertile fields of Essex.

The house, after the manner of country baronial houses, was a quadrangular structure around an inner court. Richard, in coming to it from London, did not pass through the town, but left the town upon his right, — a fortunate circumstance in the present instance. From the house down to the Colne the sloping fields were covered with crops of grass and grain, through which rolled the lazy and rustling billows under the summer wind. On both sides of the house, north and south, were terraced gardens, through which lay walks, some fringed with flowers, and some shaded with trees and shrubbery. The building fronted south, and was a tolerable specimen of the baronial mansion-houses in the times of the Tudors. At the middle of the south front was a great, well-timbered gate, that seldom grated on its hinges; but in this was formed a small wicket-gate, through which you look into the inner court, and by which you enter it. Passing through the wicket-gate, and turning to the right, you enter the porter's lodge, Job's head-quarters, and through that you pass into the dining-room. Or turning to the left, you enter the chapel, — for the old baronial lords did not often attend the parish church, — and thence you enter the drawing-room or largest parlor. These four rooms occupied the southern front of the quadrangular structure on the ground floor. The eastern side was occupied by an arcade, that, in summer, looked through open arches into a flower-garden, which arches in winter were closed up and

glazed. On the west side was a great, gloomy hall, and on the north side was the immense kitchen, with its long oaken tables. We need not stop to describe the dormitories and chambers of the second floor, any further than to say that the "royal apartments," so called, occupied the south front over the gateway, the porter's lodge, and the drawing and dining rooms. In the inner court, and near the centre of it, stood a massive stone figure of Hercules, holding in one hand a club, that lay across his shoulders; the other resting on his hip, and discharging a perennial stream of water into a carved stone basin below.*

Richard has walked over from the monastery, and arrived at his house with such feelings as the reader, provided he has a wife and child, may imagine him to possess, after the scenes he has witnessed in London. As he opens the wicket-gate into the open court, a boy of about four summers, who does not observe his approach, is leaning over the stone basin, plashing languidly in the water, and sometimes catching the spray from the stone Hercules on his golden curls. Richard comes furtively towards him and catches him up; and not till he has plucked a thousand kisses from his white neck and chubby cheeks, while the court rings with the child's silvery laughter, does the father observe the big tear-drops that the laughter was shaking down his face, the gushings of some sorrow he had broken in

* For a more full and detailed description of one of these baronial country-houses, see a curious book, "Sir John Cullum's History and Antiquities of Hawstead and Hardwick, in the County of Suffolk."

upon. Before he has time to inquire into the case, his wife is in his arms, and weeping upon his bosom. The night-birds have been here in his absence.

"Where 's Job?"

"The hounds have got him."

"And Lottie?"

No answer but choking sobs.

Poor Job had mistaken the matter. Not only "loftie lugs," but lowly ones too, were in danger in such times as these. Job, quite unconscious of his peril, had provoked the Church authorities, and brought down their power upon his head in its most malignant shape. Notwithstanding his large good-nature, he had a most irresistible propensity to extract his amusements from the follies of other people; and the shams especially which he saw about him were the occasions of infinite fun. Little Johnny, the boy whom we just saw at the stone basin, was always hanging on his neck for a story or a song, and neither the stories nor the songs were calculated to give him the most exalted ideas of things which some people looked upon with awful reverence. The child would go to bed, and laugh himself to sleep; and even after sleep had got fast hold of him, his laughter would break out in prolonged eruptions, as the droll images of Job's songs would come floating through his dreams. Fortunate would it have been for Job if little Johnny had been his only admirer; but the porter's lodge at Bourchier Hall had become a famous place for a certain class of people to resort to, and not always till after midnight did the room cease to

shake with the merriment. Job's vanity became a little excited, and, with a fine instinct, he did not fail to discover the train he was to touch, in order to produce a general explosion. Whoever satirized the priests or the begging friars was pretty sure of a sympathizing audience, and Job's poetic lore was but too rich in material from which to draw. The solemn drollery of his intonations was imitated by worse people than himself; fragments of his songs got popularized in the streets and alehouses, and the whole of the lower stata of Colchester was getting infected with Lollardism. A system of fraud and error, which will stand before whole batteries of syllogisms, cannot stand very long the assaults of popular lampooning. With the exception of the following, tradition has preserved to us only short fragments and snatches of Job's melodies of this class; but if this be a fair specimen, we rather wonder how he escaped so long either the real or symbolical fagots provided for such cases.

BOXLEY ROOD.

"There lived a priest in Maidstone town,
  Not many years agone;
He had a cross called Boxley Rood,
  Through all the country known;
And all around the people came,
  This Boxley Rood to view,
For on the cross an image hung,
  Of Saint Bartholomew.
O, a wondrous thing this image was,
  Of Saint Bartholomew!

"The pilgrims came from far and near,
  As I've heard people say,

And paid the priest so much a head,
  To see the image pray;
Its lips would move, its eyes would roll,
  Its hands it upward threw:
O, a wondrous thing this image was,
  Of Saint Bartholomew!

"One day a farmer lost his wife,
  And came with a pistole:
'O let the image say a mass
  For my poor Betsey's soul!
The priest he looked a solemn look,
  And signed him thus — and — so:
Out popped the head of Bobbie Brant,
  'Bartholomew wont go!'
O dolorous joke, the crank is broke,
  Bartholomew wont go!

"Soft spake the priest: 'A tinker call,
  As swiftly as you can,
And let him mend Bartholomew,
  And grease his inner man.'
O then, good people one and all,
  Come on with your pistoles,
And Bobbie Brant will grind the prayers
  For your poor, dying souls!
O Bobbie Brant, he turns the crank,
  To save poor sinners' souls!"

Poor Job was innocent of any evil design; but the roars of laughter had scarcely ceased to echo in the porter's lodge, before Bobbie Brant became a famous character in all the streets and market-places of Colchester, and even the priests heard his praises chanted under their windows by moonlight. It made the matter worse, inasmuch as the doggerel which Job had picked up was a rather loose and incorrect version of a real fact; for Boxley Rood at that moment was receiving devotees from all parts

of the kingdom, and swelling the revenues of the priest at Maidstone; and it was a pretty good specimen of the trickeries which the opened monasteries were every day disclosing.* They swore to make an *auto de fé* of the "gray-headed buffoon," and put a stop to his cursed doggerel.

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* The ultimate fate of Boxley Rood is curiously told in a letter in Latin, given by Burnet. See his Reformation, p. 376 of the Appendix. The idol was also called the Image of Ashdod, and the Babylonish Bel. After playing its tricks for a long time, the imposture was discovered, and it was brought for exhibition to St. Paul's Cross, where its ignominious end is thus described: —

"Here the image once more, with all its machinery exposed, goes through its part. Admiration, rage, astonishment, stir the multitude by turns. The prevailing feeling is one of mortification, that they should have been so shamefully deluded by such a cheat. At length, as the preacher (Hilsey of Rochester) waxes warm in his discourse, and the word of God is secretly working in the hearts of his auditors, the wooden block is thrown down headlong into the thickest of the throng. Instantly a confused outcry of many voices arises; the idol is pulled about, is broken, is plucked in pieces, is torn into a thousand fragments, and finally consigned to the flames." "Et hic tulit exitum illum."

This was Sunday, February 24th, 1538. The whole letter is curious, giving a lively description of the idol's pranks before the imposture was discovered.

CHAPTER XIII.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

MORE had already been executed. Before Richard arrived home, the judicial crime had been consummated that sent a shudder, not only over England, but the whole continent of Europe. There was no man more endeared to the common people than More, and his murder was one of those monstrous iniquities that make the child creep up closer to its mother, and the mother clasp her babes in terror. "Had we been the master of such a servant," exclaimed the Emperor Charles, "we would rather have lost the fairest city in our dominions than such a counsellor." The commissioners administered the oath of supremacy, while the gloom of this overshadowing crime lay heavy on the minds of men.

They had been to Colchester, as we have said, but Richard Sayer did not appear. They meant to hunt him out. Job is to be used for a double purpose. He is to be used in discovering and convicting his master, and then doubtless they will roast him in the Colchester market-place as a terror

to all Lollards, and especially those that sing ballads and lampoons.

There was a priest named Dyer,* convicted afterwards of gross sensuality, who undertook to be Job's confessor, and who very likely instigated his arrest. Job was lodged in the common jail, and Dyer came and talked sweet and softish at first, holding out finally very unpleasant prospects, both of temporal and eternal fire, yet intimating a pardon on conditions. Where was his master? And what had he heard him say?

Job was dumb.

The priest threatened, but in vain. At length the last *ad hominem* argument which tyrants resort to was produced, — the rack. Job's hair rose up stiffer on the top of his head. "I will be plain with you, Master Dyer, and save you all that trouble. You may tear my limbs apart, but I cannot betray my master."

We will not stop to describe the agonies of the faithful old servant. They did not reach the place where his secret was kept, and he hugged it closer, and sent it deeper into his heart, in the midst of his tortures.

But the fiends of cruelty have an inexhaustible ingenuity. Respect and reverence for woman is a native element of the English, and especially the Anglo-Saxon mind, and antedates all the glories of chivalry. But the beastly monster who now occupied the throne of England did what lay in him to

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* For some account of this fellow, See Burnet's Reformation, in Vol. II., Appendix.

extinguish this essential element of civilization, and brought in the fashion of burning and butchering women to an extent that no nation, heathen or Christian, ever practised or heard of before. The royal butcher began with Elizabeth Barton, — the epileptic "Spiritualist" of those times. Thence he proceeded to ladies of gentle blood, and sent his queens to the block as remorselessly as a Devonshire drover would drive his cattle to the shambles. The gray-haired Countess of Salisbury followed, — hacked in pieces on the scaffold and dragged round it by her hoary hair, — the account of whose execution we cannot read, now that three centuries have passed, without a feeling of self-degradation that we and Henry the Eighth belong to a common species. The noble-minded Ann Ascew, with a train of others, followed in her turn, and after her Joan of Kent, whose innocent blood stains eternally the robes of Cranmer, — and, we are sorry to add, of John Rogers, the famous martyr.

It was a question among the vultures of Essex, put on the scent doubtless by Rich, the brutal and cringing crown lawyer, who was doing his best to earn the chancellorship and clutch his share of confiscated estates, whether they would attempt to get hold of Richard through his wife or his servant. His wife was a lady of gentle blood, and there were difficulties in the way. The hard fate fell upon poor Lottie, who was supposed to be thoroughly infected with the Lollardism of her father. She was arrested and lodged in another apartment of the same jail.

The wits of these night-birds were infernally keen, and would have honored a Solomon in a good cause. Lottie proved as intractable as her father. They could not win the secret from her by blandishments, nor frighten it out of her by threats. But they contrived a rack for her, whose tortures were sharper than any which poor Job had yet suffered. They put her purposely where she could hear most distinctly her father's groans, and thought to break her in through the tortures of agonizing love. All day she had heard at intervals the creaking of the rack, followed by the piercing ejaculation, "O Lord, save! O Lord, forgive" with the assurance that any moment she could put an end to the dreadful business, by telling where her master was to be found. Her first truthful and womanly instinct was to refuse even unto the death, but every new turn of the rack sent a knife through the tenderest spot in her heart, and what she would have done in her distraction we cannot tell. Happily, however, this was not an agony to be long endured; and as the day closed, the dingy prison-walls grew darker and swam before her eyes, and presently all sights and sounds were as nothing to poor Lottie, and she lay insensible upon the dungeon floor.

Night has set in, and the vultures have left their victims to themselves. Lottie opened her eyes, and looked at a light, which was none other than the moonbeams shining through the grate, making a picture on the wall alive with the shadows of fluttering leaves. She was musing what it could be, when gradually all her senses unlocked, and

she knew again where she was. She listened for the sounds from the adjoining cell. There were moanings of pain, made in loved and remembered tones. But they grew fainter, and all was still; and there came the bitter reflection, that he whose good angel she had aspired to be, and whose pillow she had hoped to make smooth in the last strange hour, had met that hour alone.

But Job was alive, though he did not know what had befallen his child. He was turning over his lore to find something that suited his case and would enable him to forget his pains. Presently the low humming and tuning so familiar to Lottie's ear greeted it again. She listened with all her life, and anon an old and much-loved strain emerged, feeble and tremulous at first, but gaining strength and volume as it swept along.

"Night has shut the prisoner in,
Night of horrors, night of sin!
Vain for light my eyeballs roll,
Darkly here I dwell in dole;
On my bed I plain and mourn,
Bleeding with the twisted thorn.

"What arises dread and still?
O 't is Calvary's awful hill!
O the drooping Sufferer there!
O the unprevailing prayer!
O the temples gashed and torn,
Bleeding with the twisted thorn!"

Lottie had listened, doubting in her heart whether to let her voice be heard, fearing lest a knowledge that she was there would add another drop of bit-

terness to her father's cup of trembling; but she forgot herself here, or at least could not keep her voice suppressed, that leaped out of its own accord. At the third stanza, she caught the song away from her father's lips; and her tones, made rich with a new unction, rolled round her apartment, and filled the whole prison with a strange melody.

"What arises dread and still?
Lo, Ascension's holy hill!
See the rifted clouds retire,
Flaming with the fleecy fire!
Through them see a form upborne, —
He who wore the twisted thorn!

"What is that I see afar?
'T is the blinking of a star, —
'T is Orion! 't is the Sun!
'T is the Conqueror coming on!
Riding through the gates of morn,
He who wore the twisted thorn!

"Look ye up to Calvary's hill,
Ye who tread the paths of ill!
Look ye towards Ascension Mount,
Ye who drink the bitter fount!
Look ye towards the gates of Morn,
Ye who wear the twisted thorn!"

Job was bewildered. He thought of other and better men before him, who had sung songs in prison that brought down angels to open the doors. He thought he knew the voice, and in his pain and bewilderment he looked up, half expecting his lost Charlotte to melt through the darkness upon his vision. Slowly he came to a realization of the facts of the case, and then the song was repeated

over and over with blended voices, till the drowsy inmates of the prison rubbed their eyes, and looked about in wonderment, and till a light not of this world was shining through two of the prison cells.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONSULTATIONS.

All this business had been going on while Richard was staying at the monastery, his whereabouts a secret to all but his own family. When he arrived at Colchester, the storm had got there before him.

We have said that his father was living, and that Richard had not yet come in possession of his estate. But Bourchier Hall he held either in his own right or that of his wife, and the hungry eyes of the Privy Council were upon it.

As soon as he arrived, his family connections, both on his side and that of his wife, drew around him, and urged upon him all possible persuasions to take the oath. Commands, entreaties, woman's tears, threats of disinheritance, were brought to bear. All the ties that can bind a man to his family and to this world when it looks the fairest were stirring at his heart, to draw him into conformity with the government. But he was a young man, — his imagination bright with what his friends called the romance of life, his mind as

he thought smitten with the beauty of justice and a conscience undefiled. The duty of obedience to government was urged upon him. He stoutly argued that there was a higher law than that of Parliament, and a higher King than Henry. They urged, that for an individual to set up his opinion against the King and the Parliament was flat rebellion.

He replied, that it was better to rebel against human government than the Divine.

They urged that he was not the proper judge of what was the Divine law.

He replied, that he thought his judgment as good as that of the King's harlot, and that the Church in which he was baptized and educated was a better judge than either.

They urged the danger of anarchy and the Anabaptist disorders in Germany.

He replied, that a tyranny that sent such men as More and Fisher to the block was as bad as the disorders of the Continent, and that the true safeguard against both was the authority of the ancient Church.

They urged his duty to his family, his aged parents, and his wife and child, whom he exposed to certain calamity.

" Alack!" said he, in a voice becoming tremulous, I will give up everything of my own to please and comfort you. But truth is not mine, and when the choice lies between that and perjury, I must know neither father nor mother nor wife nor sister nor brother."

He had passed the Rubicon, and Lawyer Leach's distinction even could not save him now. They gave him up sorrowfully, as utterly intractable, and left him to himself.

His plan was soon formed. It was to leave the country, and wait for better times. He had been married about five years, and no blight had fallen upon his domestic peace. His wife's family were firm adherents of the government, — Henricans in the fullest sense, — and he determined to resign her to their powerful protection.

She had experienced nothing but tenderness and sunshine, and he did not mean to involve her in his evil fortunes.

"You are to be my good angel no longer, nor the light of my home, and I will see that you are sent safely to the shades of Ashwelthorpe, where you will remain till this storm has spent its rage. As for this young cherub of ours — " — and he was musing with his hand on the head of Johnny till his eyes were getting moist.

We have known men who had wives whose worth they never had the fortune to discover. It is one of the benefits of calamity that it reveals the clear gold in woman's character; and Richard did not know what his treasures were till this hour. His wife clung to him when all the rest had left him to his fate. "Talk not," said she, "of Ashwelthorpe! Do you think I will desert you in such an hour as this? What did you take me for, if I am good for nothing in your day of extremity? Trust me, I will cling to you to the end,

and share with you your exile, your prison, or your grave. You will be worth more to me with a conscience undefiled, and an unbroken manhood, with all its hardships, than living a dishonored life in Bourchier Hall."

He reminded her that she would incur her own father's displeasure, as he himself had already done. "I will take care of that," said she. "Go and leave everything to me, and, God willing, I will follow you, and bring your child in safety to you at last. Go, for the hounds may overtake you."

There was danger of it. Not many hours after this conversation, they were at the door. But the game had fled.

The Sayers owned estates in the neighboring parishes of Copford and Aldham. Richard retired to the latter place, and remained some days among his tenantry, through whom he made arrangements for his escape out of the country. There was a vessel lying down the Colne, in which he intended to embark for Holland, and news at length came to him from his wife that the vessel was ready to sail, and that he could trust himself on board. Emerging from his retreat, he went a little out of his direct course in order to take St. John's Abbey in his way, and receive the farewell blessing of the good father whose counsels he had sought, and whose meek but unconquerable spirit he had imbibed in his hour of darkness. He passed once more the oratory on the hill, where under the solemn stars he drank in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and where immortality brooded on his soul once more, and made

it strong. He walked again under the arches of the old chestnut-trees, whose shades had soothed his chafed and wearied spirit, as the old man discoursed of heavenly things; and finally he emerged from the grove and came in front of the monastery. But a ghastly sight was before him. The aged form of Father Bache had been hacked into four quarters, the head severed from the body, and the mangled fragments hung over the gates of the monastery. The deed had just been done. No monks appeared on the chapel green, and no bell ringing for matins poured its music through the grove. All was desolate and still. The monastery had been "dissolved,"—which means that the abbot had been executed for refusing the oath of supremacy, the monks turned adrift to starve and beg, and perhaps be gibbeted afterwards on a charge of vagabondism, and the income of the abbey lands put into the clutch of some greedy Privy Councillor. It was perilous for Richard to venture in, but a strange power drew him farther, and he passes under the yet dripping quarters of his venerated friend, into the green court of the monastery. Within the buildings were three or four men, who, in merchant phrase, were "taking account of stock," making an inventory of church plunder, among which were the offerings at the shrine of St. John, the picture of the Crucifixion, and the two pictures, Christ bearing the Cross, and the Virgin and Child. One of these men had a "glearing eye," that looked very much like the eye of Wriothesley, though it might be the eye of almost any of Cromwell's commissioners.

The image of St. John lay prone on the green in the court, where it had been pitched out, and the head broken off. The mosaic of the chapel floor had been taken up and placed in piles; coffins, dug up and rifled of their silver ornaments, lay here and there; and the horses of the "commissioners" stood in the chapel, tethered to the high altar, the least brutal of any of the inmates just now. In such wise was "dissolved" one of the houses which "had been inns for the wayfaring man, who heard from afar the sound of the vesper bell, at once inviting him to repose and devotion, and who might sing his matins with the morning-star, and go on his way rejoicing."

Our traveller fled swiftly from the sickening spectacle, and reached his ship, which was soon dropping down the Colne. His eye rested upon the receding turrets of St. John's Abbey, till tears, not distance, shut out the view, and a heart-breaking sigh breathed out a last farewell to his native land.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WIFE.

The wife of Richard Sayer was barely twenty-three years of age when the storm broke upon his household. It came to her out of a clear sky. No cloud before this had ever passed over it. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe in Norfolk, whose family name had been distinguished now for a century in English annals. Sir Edmund Knyvet appears in the genealogical tables with the addition of "Sergent Porter to Henry VIII." What that means precisely we cannot say, only we know he stood well in Henry's favor, and supported his government both against Popery on one side and Lollardism on the other. We find his family occupying a distinguished place in the pageants of which Henry was so fond, even as early as the rejoicings occasioned by the birth of his first child.*

* For a description of one of these occasions at Westminster Hall, and an amusing incident connected with Sir Thomas Knyvet, a brother of Edmund, see Lives of the Queens, by Agnes Strickland, Vol. IV. p. 79.

The wife of Sir Edmund and the mother of Anne Bourchier Knyvet was Jane Bourchier, only surviving daughter and heiress of Lord Berners, who was also an adherent of Henry and a supporter of his government. The wife of Lord Berners was Katharine Howard, daughter of John, Duke of Norfolk, and therefore not a remote kindred of the ill-fated Katharine Howard who became the queen of Henry.

The Lady Anne Bourchier Knyvet, therefore, who married Richard Sayer, was connected by her maternal grandmother with the Bourchiers, whose line runs up directly to Edward the Third, and by her mother and maternal grandmother with the house of Norfolk, now, next to the throne, the most powerful in the realm. The blood both of the Plantagenets and the Howards was flowing in her veins; but better blood than that of either was also there, as we shall see before we get through with the history of this admirable and noble woman.

Her father by his marriage acquired the manor of Ashwelthorpe; and there Lady Anne was brought up and educated until Richard took her, with the bloom of eighteen summers upon her cheek and the enthusiasm of romantic love in her dark eye, and made her the light of his home. Life's prospects at first sparkled before her as with the beams of the morning. Her husband was as full of hope and promise as herself, not without a tinge of romance that threw its rose colors over all things. He was the undoubted heir of large estates; he selected for his own residence a favorite

ancestral mansion, named it Bourchier Hall after the second name of his bride, adorned its grounds with everything which he thought would please her eye, and placed within it the most tried and faithful servants that he could find from among his tenantry. Little Johnny had come, and grown into his fourth year, and, with his laughing blue eye and his merry-making voice, made sunshine through the house, if there was any spot not already illumined with the quiet humor of Job's songs, or the laughing dimples in the fat cheeks of Lottie. Five years of these domestic enjoyments had flowed on without disturbance, when they all had to be sacrificed for what Lawyer Leach called an abstraction.

All the family influences on both sides were brought to bear upon Lady Anne, to draw her away from the involving ruin of her husband's fortunes. She did not share his opinions, and why should she share the hard penalties which attached to them? All that heart could wish she could have still; her child, friends, luxuries, the glare of outward grandeur, all but the joy of that one unchanging, undying passion, — woman's devoted and faithful love. She had but just come out of her girlhood, and nothing till now had occurred to show of what metal she was made. Her form was of rather slender and delicate mould. But she had a high and serene forehead; her raven hair hung in glossy ringlets down her neck; her features were pale, but exquisitely moulded; and her large black eye, that sometimes changed its liquid softness into quick flashings of light, would lead one to think

that she had a power in reserve, and a Plantagenet energy, whenever occasion might require it.

The occasion had come. In looking about her after the bolt had fallen, her first care was to provide means for her husband's escape. She was on the watch till she found a vessel ready to sail in which he might venture with safety. She had things provided for his comfort, and yet eluded the vigilance of the hunters; kept him secretly advised of everything; and, finally, watched the vessel from the balcony as it dropped down the Colne, and faded off and disappeared in a white speck on the ocean. Then she thought of her two faithful servants.

But what could she do? It was perilous to take the part of heretics. Even to ask a mitigation of punishment exposed one to the fatal suspicion of sympathizing in their opinions. Hence, when a person was arrested for heresy, everybody else cried out and reviled him. Even his own kindred would turn against him, in order to save themselves. No darker feature is revealed of those dark times, than the power of persecution to abolish the tenderest ties and yearnings of nature. The father of Ann Boleyn accused and vilified his daughter as she went to the block, innocent though she was; and Norfolk, the uncle of Katharine Howard, saw his niece sacrificed without a word to save her. The victim always went to the stake amid the jeers and scoffs of the crowd, who took good care to prove their orthodoxy by their brutality. Lady Anne, by all the dictates of prudence and the prevalent morality, should now have maintained a guarded silence;

or, as she was herself under some suspicion, she should have cleared herself by giving in evidence against the victims of power.

What she really did, as soon as her husband was safe, was to present herself before the jail-keeper and demand to see her servants. The keeper said he must first get the consent of Master Dyer. Master Dyer said *he* must get the consent of Wriothesley, whose eye we conclude was "glearing" somewhere in the neighborhood. Nevertheless permission came, and she was admitted. There lay poor Job stretched upon a plank, with a groove at each end, in which a roller was made to turn. His feet were lashed with cords to the roller at one extremity, and his hands at the other, and a man was turning it occasionally with an air of unconcern. Master Dyer, a man with a broad, stolid face, sat writing at a table. Job was beyond any complaints or remonstrances. His breathing was thick and hard, his eyes turned and glazed; the clover-blossom had left his cheek, which was deadly pale; cold beads like death-dew stood over his forehead and temples, and his lips were shrunk and quivering. His kind-hearted mistress, who had heard nothing of what was going on in the jail, uttered an involuntary groan, and kneeled down and buried her face on the breast of her faithful old servant. Recovered from her first agony of heart, she turned and asked, in deprecating tone, "Good Master Dyer, what is this for, and who has ordered it?"

Master Dyer explained: "The master of this man lies under a charge of treason, and has con-

cealed himself somewhere. The man can be relieved any moment, by just telling what he knows. Or his master can relieve him, by just giving himself up."

And Master Dyer went to writing again with a look that said, "Don't interrupt me again."

"I think," said the good woman, "that I am the person to give you this information. I know my husband's whereabouts better than this man does, of which matter, I assure you, he is completely ignorant."

"Why did n't the old fool say so then?" said Dyer, in a guttural voice, looking half round from his paper.

"You must release him, Master Dyer, or a higher power will take him out of your hands. He is fast going where no secrets are told."

"I will relieve him, Madam, if you will produce your husband."

"Nay, Master Dyer, I have not the keeping of my husband; but I will tell you all that Job can tell you, and a great deal more, if you will only let him go."

"Tell where your husband can be found, and thy old ballad-grinder can be relieved; but if not, I swear to you he shall be screwed up till he cracks in two."

"That I promise you, on my honor, I will tell you. If I do not, you may put me in his place, and torture me to your entire satisfaction."

The screws were accordingly reversed, and the hunters had the satisfaction of learning that their game was beyond their reach, and had eluded their toils.

The good woman then raised Job from his hard bed, pillowed his head upon her breast, and wiped the cold beads from his temples. After the strain upon his muscles had been relaxed, there was an involuntary quiver in his flesh, but his limbs hung loose and flexile, and he sank into that entire unconsciousness, the last gift of mercy to our poor, suffering nature. She bathed his flesh gently in tepid water, but with no result; and she sighed to herself, "Alas! he has sung his last song." The tears were dripping fast down upon his cheek, when he opened his eyes and looked up into a familiar face, sweeter to him at that hour than the face of an angel. For long weeks he had looked only on the hard features of cruel men, and he had to collect his wits before persuading himself that he had waked up in this world. "Ah, good my Lady Anne!" was all he could say. She nursed him for days, doubtful whether the fluttering life would stay in his half-dislocated limbs.

She sought the apartment of Lottie, and did what she could to pour healing oil over her lacerated sympathies. Stretched in spirit on the rack of her father, all her nerves had been wrung till her mind was on that verge that separates between reason and maniac frenzy. Her eye was wild, and already saw the spectral tormenters, and she heard shrieks that were not of earth; till reassured on the breast of her beloved mistress, her nerves were soothed and stilled, and in the thought that her father was relieved from the torture, the crushing agony was lifted off her heart.

And now the question came back to this good woman: Have I saved these people from the rack, only that they may be kept for a more terrible fate? The charge of Lollardism was still in reserve. Job had touched the quick of theologic hate, a passion never known to be appeased except by blood since the world began.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOING TO COURT.

On the 29th of May, 1536, there was one of those pageants in London, so often enacted during the reigns of the Tudors. It was not a coronation; a coronation for every new queen was too expensive a matter for the purse of Henry. There were splendid banquetings and masqueradings at Mercer's Hall, — the place where Henry chose to introduce a new queen to his people. It was one of the pageantries in which the satellites of royalty were required to shine their part, and in which the Knyvets and the Bernerses generally appeared. Who the "Lady Knyvet" was who figures among the "ladies and gentlewomen attendant," we do not know, but judge from the circumstances that it was one of the sisters of our "good Lady Anne," or one of her cousins, the daughters of Sir Thomas.* No matter. On this 29th of May the Thames, at sunset, is alive with barges coming up from Greenwich

* Lives of the Queens. See the list of the royal attendants in the Life of Katharine Howard.

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and from the Tower, barges "freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk"; all the way "trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments, playing and making great melody." And in the evening, Mercer's Hall is filled with rejoicings and congratulations, in the centre of which is a rather prim and sour-looking lady, with high cheeks and a somewhat Tartar profile, flaring in jewelry, and who is written down by historians, as doubtless in duty bound, "the beautiful Jane Seymour, the most prudent of all the queens of Henry."

This beautiful and prudent Jane, whose Tartar face the unerring pencil of Holbein has preserved to us, was Queen Ann Boleyn's "maid of honor," which honor she manifested by coquetting with the King, supplanting and circumventing her mistress; and at an hour when her mistress was in special need of feminine sympathy and support, she sent a pang through her heart by her treachery, that destroyed a promised heir to the throne, and left the mother to the brutal insults of her royal husband. This beautiful and prudent maid of honor prepared for her wedding-day, while her queen mistress was under that awful sentence of death which her own treachery had procured. She wedded the King on the 20th of May, — the day after Ann, her rival, was sent to the block, and while her mangled and once lovely form was lying yet warm under the floors of St. Peter's chapel. Such is the new star to which the gentlemen and gentlewomen of England are summoned to do homage. There must have been gloom and depression of spirits under this

outward glare. There must have been sadness of heart to a large extent under the silks and starred velvet at Mercer's Hall. At that moment the execution of Ann lay heavy on the hearts of Protestant subjects, and rebellion was looming up sullenly in the northern counties among Catholics. The latter bewailed the desecration of their faith, the abolishing of their festal days, and the dissolving of the monasteries, whose outcast inmates, both men and women, were swarming in thousands over the land, and begging for bread and shelter. While this show of rejoicing was going on among the gentry at London, victims hung gibbeted in chains over the country; and soon the banks of all the rivers in the North of England were to be lined with rows of quartered traitors.

It was in this state of things that a woman appeared at Mercer's Hall, on this 29th of May, for other purposes than to do homage to the new star, with those who were ducking around the court of the Blue-Beard King. It is none other than our good Lady Anne, seeking her father among the starred velvet, and pouring a child's earnest entreaties into his ear. We are not admitted to the interview between the father and the afflicted but well-beloved daughter, now before him in her beauty and tears. But we know pretty well what passed between them, — that Sir Edmund used all his persuasions to rescue her from the falling fortunes of her obstinate husband, and that she used every argument which she thought could reach a father's heart to intercede for the royal clemency. Sir Ed-

mund knew better than she that he might ask for a blessing and receive a double curse, even at that hour of nuptial rejoicings, when tyrants, if ever, are disposed to mercy. He was too cautious to touch upon the subject of the attainder of Sayer in the royal presence, for he was too finished a courtier not to know that to disturb the question of the oath of supremacy would pitch him pretty suddenly, not only from the office of "Sergent Porter to the King," but from any comfortable standing-place whatsoever.

Howbeit, our good Lady Anne returned to Colchester with a brave heart, glad, we may be sure, to get out of the sphere of the hollow rejoicings of Mercer's Hall. She sought Master Dyer as soon as she arrived. Master Dyer exercised the double function of priest and keeper of an alehouse, — functions less incongruous than often were united in the same person in these times.* She demanded of him the release of her servants, in terms rather more lofty than he had been wont to hear, and, while her Plantagenet blood was up, denounced him for his baseness and his cruelties. In reply, he swore that her servants should go to the stake, and

* See a curious letter to Cromwell, in the state papers, quoted by Knight, Pictorial England, Book VI. Chap. I. "His grace, the King, hath a priest that yearly maketh his hawks, and this year hath made him two which kill their game very well, and for the pain which the said priest taketh about them his Majesty would that he should have one of Mr. Bedell's benefices. *And thus the blessed Trinity have your good lordship in his most blessed preservation.*" See also Latimer's Sermons, who speaks of "uniting the calling of a tapster to that of preaching the Gospel."

she with them, and that shortly; when she handed him a paper, which, as he glanced over it, stopped his words, and drove the color from his stolid face. A name was on the paper at which stouter men than Master Dyer had turned pale. He became soft and pliant enough, ducking his square head in a thousand obeisances, and was not long in writing an order for the release of Job and Lottie. As she left him, she fixed her black eye upon him, while he quailed under it. "If I hear a word more of your cruelties, know, sir, that I have the means at my command of hanging up your carcass to swing as a sign over the doors of your own alehouse."

Truth is, the lampooning of priests and monks was the most venial of all offences in the eye of Henry, — always providing the supremacy and transubstantiation were undisturbed; and if he had heard the song of Boxley Rood, he would have shaken his huge dropsies for an hour afterwards.

Job and Lottie were taken from prison, where now they had remained for months, and carefully nursed in Bourchier Hall. It was some time before Job could sit in his chair; one of his joints was plucked asunder. But ere many weeks were gone, he was sitting in the porter's lodge, with little Johnny climbing over him, brushing his cheek with his yellow curls, and teasing for a song; and as the song came, for it never failed, the little fellow would shake with laughter, till the tears started, and he finally rolled in convulsions over the floor.

CHAPTER XVII.

FAREWELL.

On one of the calmest evenings in the month of June, a vessel was lying in the small harbor of Colchester waiting for a favoring breeze. Bourchier Hall, we have said, was situated six miles above. The river Colne is only navigable as far as the city. Between the Hall and the city the passage is by a small boat or skiff, and in this the exiles have embarked, after nightfall, to pass down the stream to the waiting vessel. It had been the policy of the Knyvets to detain perforce the Lady Anne, and prevent her from going to her husband. She was virtually a prisoner in Bourchier Hall for nearly a year after Richard's escape. But she has found means to elude the vigilance of the watch, — a vigilance which became rather sleepy, probably through design. She and her child and servants have found their way to the skiff, and two sturdy boatmen are rowing them down the stream. She watches the receding fields, clothed in the dearest of home memories, now sleeping under the silvery sheen of the unclouded heavens. Bourchier Hall is watched as

it recedes, long visible on the top of the hill, its turrets tipped with moonbeams and cutting their outline on the blue sky beyond. The grounds around it can be distinguished, the walks with fringing flowers, even the clematis that climbed up over the doorway and hung down its white blossoms, — all fading off into dimness for ever. She sits statue-like, with folded arms, her face fixed towards the spot where, a short time ago, she came a rejoicing bride. But they soon reach the vessel, in which they safely embark. They drop down the Colne; the city of Colchester grows dim and far off. They pass into the great German Ocean; the day dawns only upon the boundless waters, and England, with all its oppressions and miseries, has sunk in the Western main.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT SEA.

THERE was a gloomy silence on the deck as the exiles sat and looked blank into the sea, while the vessel tossed them over the waves. Lady Anne and her two servants sat cowering towards the stern, looking away in the direction where Old England had disappeared. Presently Johnny appeared upon deck, fresh from the night's repose. What were the past and the future to him? Lottie had impressed two things upon his mind: first, not to lose his cap overboard; secondly, not to fall over himself and get drowned in the great German Ocean. He readily promised to do neither. In fact, he had no intention of it. So he ran to and fro, cap in hand, his feet pattering over the deck, throwing back his head, and giving his face to the breeze, that played fantastic tricks with his streaming curls. Then he tossed his cap straight up towards the top of the mast, leaving to the cap the whole responsibility of coming straight down again; but it sailed off into the sea, where it could be seen by its silver lace tossing on the waves. Lottie gave him fresh

instructions, but before they were finished he was off again; and in his next appearance he rained down upon her head, crushing her bonnet into a trapezoid. The sea-breeze agreed with him.

Job sat leaning his chin upon the rail, looking down into the vessel's track of hissing and flashing foam, humming pensive snatches from the "Song of Exile," which ran something in this wise: —

"The ghostly moon above the hall
Was hanging pale and still;
It showed the hawthorn up the lane,
The woodbine on the hill.

"The ghostly moon was hanging low
Just o'er the moving mast,
And coldly looked the gloaming stars,
When Mary looked her last.

"The ghostly moon was on the fields;
The fields did seem to mourn;
The harebells hang their pretty cups
Till Mary shall return.

"The ghostly moon was on the sea;
The wind sang soft its lay;
Yet sighed the wind right mournfully
To bear the bark away."

We think there was more of it; but here the ubiquitous boy appeared suddenly, caught the hat of the old minstrel, and was off and away. Job soon came to himself, and was in full chase after his property, expecting to see it sail into the water. Master Dyer had not improved his agility, though, after doublings and turnings, he came back with his hat, exclaiming, with his biggest oath, "Saint George! I believe that boy is getting vicious."

The boy followed him, teasing for the *other* exile song, which Job refused to sing, as altogether unsuited to his present feelings, and totally inappropriate; but, like other singers, he yielded to importunity:—

"The raging sea, the boiling sea!
How wild the waters foam!
But blithely rolls the raging sea
That bears the exile home.

"The windes from off the Norseman's hills
Doe shrieк a dismall song:
There 's music in the shrieking windes
That drive my barke along.

"The hills are rising near and fast
Out from the breaking sea:
O now I see my father's house,
Beside my father's tree!

"I see the orchard on the moor
Where I and Jennie played:—
O what if Jennie should be trothed,
Or Jennie should be dead!

"Mayhap a lovelorn maid she sits,
To watch the heaving main:—
O there are Jennie's twinkling feet
A-tripping down the lane!

"And now to find a welcome home,
From tossings to and fro,
On Jennie's cheeks and cherry lips,
Where rareripe kisses grow!"

There was a pause again, and Job grew solemn, and, looking at Lady Anne, intimated that he had a better exile song than this, and perhaps better suited to her feelings. The good soul was thinking of his mistress, and how he could comfort her.

"What is it, Job? Do you want to sing to *me?*"

"If my good lady will condescend to listen, old Job will see if he has not something she would like."

"O yes, Job! I often listen when you don't know it, and envy almost your gushes of happiness, that come up so freshly out of misfortune."

The faithful old servant tuned his pipes anew, looking up into the heavens; and this time he sang with such unction that it brought all the clover back to his cheek, and sent all his soul into his eye.

"The raging sea, the boiling sea!
How wild the waters foam!
But blithely rolls the raging sea
That wafts the exile home.

"A breeze from off the Blessed Isles
The snow-white canvas fills;
And yonder, yonder, heave in sight
The everlasting hills!

"'Ye hosts! that throng those heights in robes
Of unconsuming flame,
And touch your golden Citharons,
O tell me whence ye came!'

"'We came through storms and seas of blood,
Like those whereon ye sail;
But when Christ Jesus took the helm,
The ship rode out the gale!'"

"I thank you, Job, for your consolations. That song has a note of triumph which I fear we cannot take up just now. Do you remember that hymn on the Love of God, which you said the monks used to chant at their responsals in the abbey?"

"Yes, my good lady, — hum — hum — hum — The last time I heard it, Father Bache sang the refrain"; and Job wiped a tear from his eye.

"Thou Grace Divine encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O Love of God most free!

"When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

"And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

"The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

"But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

"And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!"*

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* This hymn preserves the very flavor of the old Catholic piety. We did not find it, however, among family papers, and never should have heard of it if it had not lately sung itself anew through a feminine genius in the Old Colony.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMSTERDAM.

The river Amstel is a small stream, that rolls its lazy waters through marshy grounds into an arm of the Zuyder Zee. At the beginning of the thirteenth century its banks were in possession of a set of burly lords, whose vassals rowed their fishing-smacks down the river into the open sea; and in process of time a small fishing village sprang up at the mouth of the stream. It was under the control of the grim lords of the Amstel, and its commercial privileges were few and insignificant. But one of these surly governors became implicated in the murder of Count Floris of Holland, and the Hollanders fell upon them, attacked and plundered their village, overthrew their little dynasty, and took entire possession of Amstelland. Under its new governors, the fishing village rose into importance and privilege, and grew rapidly into the great city of Amsterdam, the Venice of the Northern Sea. By the year 1537 it had become rich and prosperous. It lay on the Zuyder Zee in the shape of a half-moon, bending its two horns up to the water

and having its harbor between them. The Amstel flowed through the middle of the crescent, dividing the city about equally. Around the land side, and forming the outer curve of the crescent, was raised a huge embankment, buttressed with stone, wide enough on the top to be planted with trees, and be converted into walks and boulevards. Here too, at regular intervals, stood wind-mills, always swinging their gigantic arms, both to pump up water and grind the corn.

The ground on which the city stands is lower than the ocean, and lower than the river. The houses are built on piles driven into the marshy earth; but the marshes have all disappeared, and given place to winding canals. The streets are polygonal, and correspond with the bend of the crescent; and the three which form the outer verge of it — the Heeren, the Keysers, and the Princen — are even at this day as fine as the streets of any city in Europe. The intersecting canals divide the city into ninety islands, so that when you enter it you do not order a carriage, but a canal-boat, on which you move by water to any quarter of the town. As you pass, you look upon paved walks bordered by rows of trees that extend continuously on either side of you their grateful umbrage, in front of the endless rows of brick houses with their gables towards you. Should your boat take you into the Keysers or the Princen, past the rich merchants and the burgomasters, you shall find these houses to be splendid structures of five stories. Such is the great, busy city, in which there is no sound of

rattling wheels. Curious it is, that, though one of the most commercial places of the world, its inhabitants never "go *down* to the sea in ships," — they always go *up*. The ocean with his eternal motion and roar is above you, suggesting constantly what would happen should he break through his embankment; to prevent which catastrophe the wonderful industry of man, by a huge wall of Norway granite, seems to have repeated the Almighty fiat, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." At the period of which we write, that eighth wonder of the world, the "Stadt-house," had not lifted up its enormous mass above the other buildings, but the city was in the flood-tide of its prosperity, and its crescent lay like a queenly crown on the Zuyder Zee.

As you walk along the harbor forming the inner edge of the half-moon, the city lies below you, with its crescent-shaped streets, its innumerable spires, its canals threading their way in all directions, and involving the whole city in their silvery network that gleams in spots out of the shade. The mingled sounds of Dutch trade and jargon come up to your ear, not much mellowed by distance. Here our old friend and fugitive from tyranny, Richard Sayer, has been pacing nearly every day for twelve months, looking *down* sometimes into the city of Dutchmen, — seeing the boats glide among the shade-trees, hearing the noises of strange tongues from the life that swarms along the canals and about the warehouses, — looking away, we may be assured, over the expanse of surging waters, with

wearisome expectations and longings. Every sail that nears the harbor is watched with anxious speculation; and it was one of those moments which gather up into themselves the rapture of years, and atone for long months of exile, when his eye distinguished, on the nearing deck, his child and two faithful servants, and when again he held to his heart her whom he "singled from the world."

Lady Anne arrived with her faithful charge some twelve months after her husband had left her. Thus early had Amsterdam begun to be a city of refuge, and many were already there who had escaped the tyranny of the Blue-Beard monster who now disgraced the English throne. The Netherlands at this period belonged to the dominions of Charles the Fifth. The Roman Catholic religion was the reigning and established one, and there was not yet perfect toleration for Protestant subjects. The struggle was yet before them which was to establish the great principle of religious liberty, that struggle against the tyranny of the cold and ruthless Philip the Second of Spain, in the progress of which shone forth the most heroic virtues of which man is capable, and which issued in giving to the united Netherlands the enviable glory of being the first nation to establish the doctrine of religious toleration. At the period of which we write, English Catholics were specially welcomed and protected in the dominions of Charles. He was the nephew of Katharine of Aragon, — the first queen of Henry, and the victim of his brutal tyranny; and Charles had threatened vengeance for

the treatment of his beloved kinswoman and her daughter Mary. In the Netherlands, Richard Sayer with his persecuted family was sure to find a peaceful asylum. As he received his family and servants, and took them by boat through the city, they witnessed sights and sounds very strange to English eyes and ears. Amsterdam already was choked and crammed with life. Under splendid mansions were cellars occupied by the poorer classes. Out of these, dirty children and dirty women were swarming with a perfect Babel of tongues. Boats they pass, on which lived whole families who had no home except upon the water; whose parlor, dormitory, and kitchen were upon the upper deck, which emitted all sounds and smells of cookery. Great warehouses they pass, where boats are unlading the products of every clime, and where the jargon of trade heard in Dutch gibberish makes double confusion. Things improve vastly as they pass into the Princen, and are drawn up the silent highway between rows of shade-trees. There, away from the din and the tumult, they land at a five-story dwelling, whose two upper stories they take possession of, and whose windows at the gable-end are shaded by stately chestnuts, and sometimes brushed by the quivering boughs.

CHAPTER XX.

LIFE AND DEATH IN AMSTERDAM.

For three years the exiles lived in their new residence, deprived of many of the outward comforts which pertained to Bourchier Hall, but in the full enjoyment of that never-failing fountain of peace, a conscience undefiled. There is a beautiful law of compensation to those who attain to a clear consciousness of Divine favor through the rugged path of self-sacrifice. As the outward enjoyments are given up, the inward satisfactions become intense and pure. Richard found himself, not only an exile from his country, but disinherited from his paternal fortunes. But he had enough for the wants of to-day; he had cast himself on that Providence that guides all things to their consummation; and, in his retreat from the angry storm, he waited the issue in all tranquillity. One truth at least his trials had revealed to him in clearer brightness, — the reality of human virtue; for the heroic woman who shared his fortunes, and the faithful servants who held their lives secondary to his safety, gave grateful demonstration that there was a nobility in hu-

mankind which could not be crushed out by tyrants.

As for Job and Lottie, they found full scope in domestic responsibilities for all their assiduities, and they kept the house lit up with their sunny benevolence. Slowly, nevertheless, rolled the heavy years of the exile. Sometimes he paced the boulevards, casting a longing look towards England. Sometimes he sought the society of his brother exiles, and talked over the affairs of home, from which fresh news arrived almost every day of the atrocities of the new Pope, "the Supreme Head" of the Church of England. Sometimes he sat at the windows in the Princen, looking down into the navigable street and watching the boats as they glided along. Nothing, however, disturbed his tranquillity of mind, or broke the strain of thanksgiving that never ceased to go up from his heart, that he had followed and obeyed the supreme law, and preserved the whiteness of an innocent mind.

But his short and troublous life was nearly done. The climate of Amsterdam, though well enough adapted to Dutch habits and constitutions, was ill adapted to one bred on the Colchester hills. An offensive, mephitic air always rises from the canals; and so low is the site of the town, that the winds find small chance for its thorough ventilation. They sweep above the city with sufficient fury from the German Ocean, setting the windmills awhirl all round the boulevards, without changing the air beneath that lies dead along the streets and canals. Richard had been breathing disease now three

years into his hardy frame, and the time for its fearful development had come. Oppressed with pain and languor, he had walked the afternoon upon the boulevards in order to catch the breeze; but coming in at night, it became evident that the fever was fixed fast upon him. For long days and nights trains of confused and ever-changing imagery swept in fantasy through the hot and throbbing brain;— long processions wheeling through endless streets, led on by the headsman and his bloody axe; then changing into pompous cavalcades, that march in sight of his home on the Colchester hills, himself marching with them till parched with thirst and worn with fatigue, yet getting no nearer to his ancestral bowers, that mock and tantalize him in the distance; then walking alone through files of grinning faces, among which are his own kindred, looking for his wife and child, and looking in vain; toiling again through wilderness-paths, seeking the way home, but finding no one to direct him thither. So the days of delirium passed on, till he sank at last into profound and unconscious sleep. When he came out of it, he looked up into a face bent anxious and sorrowing over him, and felt a soft hand bathing in cordials his burning brow. It was the face of his faithful Anne; and he came to himself and looked round on the familiar things of his exile-home in the Princen. "Is there any unusual light in this room?" he asked his wife. "I can see none," she said. "Then," said he, "the light of eternity is coming on"; and he called for his child and his servants. He asked to be raised up, and,

resting his head on the breast of the Lady Anne, he took Job and Lottie by the hand, thanked them for all their faithfulness and truth, and breathed a dying prayer for their welfare; and then, with his hand laid in blessing on his child, charging him and them always to obey the Eternal Law for its own exceeding great reward, he looked up and saw the beckoning angels and the opening gates, and passed through them to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

He was buried in the land of strangers, according to the rites of the Catholic Church, in whose faith he died. There were English exiles that followed him to his last resting-place on earth, but none, after the tried and faithful wife, poured over his grave a more copious sorrow than the gray-haired old man and his daughter, the girl of warm and sunny heart, who had encountered racks and dungeons rather than betray him to his enemies.

The Lady Anne did not return to England. She would not have her child educated amid the cruelties and the mockeries of the Henrican Church. She brought him up in the great commercial city, where she lived to see him a bold and successful navigator, and where at last she slept beside her husband, whose fortunes she had shared faithfully to the end.

PART II.

THE ADVENTURER.

"With merchandize ashore
  we hied to trafficke then,
Making the sea foam us before
  by force of nine good men:
And rowing long at last
  a river we espie,
In at the which we bare full fast
  to see what there might be.
And entering in we see
  a number of black soules
Whose likenesses seemed men to be
  but all as black as coles."

Robert Baker's *Rhymed Narrative*. Hakluyt, II. 519.

"Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what 's their Mare Liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boil,
The earth and water play at level-coyl,
And fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as at meat, but as a guest."

Marvel.

CHAPTER I.

> "Who 's here beside foul weather?"
> "One minded like the weather, most unquietly."

ALL the afternoon there had been a murky and grizzled sky, and now the wind began to drive the rain before it up into Plymouth Bay. Mrs. Hawkins is peering from the upper balcony, whence through long hours and days, these twenty years and more, she has been accustomed to look out upon the great waters, and watch for the coming sail.

"You do not think, mother, he will come to-night?" said Bessie Hawkins.

"I can't tell, my sweet chub; but I heard of his being spoken by a Spaniard a month agone, and he ought to be in the Channel by this time."

"I guess the storm will abate, mother, and we shall wake up to-morrow morning, and find him anchored safely in the Catwater."

"The storm will *not* abate, but will rage dreadfully this night. Woe 's my goodman if he has to beat up the bay in such a gale!"

The storm did not abate that night, but Mrs. Haw-

kins knew she could not still the waves, and so she kneeled and put up a prayer, repeated a thousandth time for her dear sailor upon the deep, and she and Bessie retired to rest. Bessie thought she never saw her mother have such a look of distress.

" Why, mother, there have been worse storms than this, and I never saw you take on so. Have you dreamed anything ? "

Nothing, my chubby. But I felt from the beginning that the Lord would n't prosper this voyage. I did n't dare ask him to, and I 'm fearful my prayers have n't been effectual as they used to be."

" Why, mother, what 's in the wind now ? "

" Tush ! sleep while ye are innocent, and dream of the angels. A bad world is this, my darling, and ye 'll learn that full soon enough."

Bessie slept as she was bidden, but her mother lay awake with torturing thoughts and fears, while the wind shrieked around the windows, dashing floods of water upon the panes, and up the harbor came all night the fierce complainings of the angry sea. It was past midnight before the good woman was at rest ; and hence, while the morning sun is up and the storm has spent its rage, and the waters of the harbor are empurpled with light, Bessie and her mother are still asleep, while their neighbors are astir.

Knock, — knock, — somebody is at the door trying to shake it in pieces.

" Are ye all dead inside? Molly! Bess Hawkins! are ye all dead, I say ? "

Bess was the first to spring up and unbar the

door, and she was on the point of rushing into her father's arms and burying her fair ruddy cheeks in his great matted beard; but she stopped short, for he held a sick man whose head was hanging unconscious over his shoulder. Hawkins shambled in with his load, laid it carefully upon the floor, put a cushion under the man's head, and then turning to his daughter, and catching her up in his brawny arms, —

"Why, you chuck, you bird, you little flamingo, where 's your mammy, and what 'a murrain d' ye keep locked in like a jail for in the middle of the day? You gazelle, you bird of paradise, you little great naughty thing, to be growing up into this strapping girl!"

Mrs. Hawkins by this time was in the room, and was soon satisfied that it was her real husband and not his ghost, as she was clinging around his neck, which had been turned to the color and consistence of leather.

"Why, my John, how came you here in this storm? Is the vessel wrecked, and is this the only one of the crew that is saved? Have you encountered Spaniards?"

"Spaniards! Gorgons, devils, brimstone-eaters! Nathless, my sweet Molly, the good Jesus of Lubec is safe in the harbor of Padstow in Cornwall, full freighted with gold, silver, pearls, and jewels. D' ye think Jack Hawkins would come into the Channel in such a storm as this? I watched it coming three days agone, put into the harbor of Padstow, and crossed over by land."

Plymouth Bay divides into two harbors, the eastern, called the Catwater, into which runs the river Plym; the western, called the Hamoaze, into which runs the river Tamar. The two harbors are in fact estuaries of those streams. They are about three miles apart, the space between being a rocky promontory, on which the town of Plymouth stands and overlooks the bay. Furnished with these two excellent harbors, it is, after Portsmouth, a seaport of the first importance in the naval history of England.

It was nearly a year before the scene described above that Captain Hawkins, named in the old records with the addition of "right worshipful and valiant," sailed out of the Catwater in command of the famous Jesus of Lubec, "a ship of 700 tunnes, belonging to the Queen," the Salmon, a ship of 140, the Tiger, a bark of 50, and the Swallow, of 30, "being all well furnished with men to the number of one hundred threescore and ten, and also with ordinance and victuall requisite for such a voyage." It was on the 18th day of October, 1564, that Madam Hawkins saw the little fleet sail out of the bay, with many presentiments of evil; and it was on the 20th of September of the following year that it anchored at Padstow, "with golde, silver, pearles, and other jewels great store."

Old John has crossed over from Padstow, where he left his vessels in port, and, in the midst of his loving congratulations with Molly and Bess, had well-nigh forgotten his man, until the man half turned upon the floor and fetched a groan.

"Why, John, whom have you brought here? That man looks dreadful sick."

"He 's worth saving. Too good meat for the sharks, Molly. You must cure him."

"*I* cure him? Why did n't you leave him aboard with the other sick. Do you expect our house is to be a hospital for the fleet?"

"I tell ye, Molly, that something more than ye ken of hangs on the thread of that man's life. If you and Bess let him die, you 'd better be sunk in the sea."

"But he 's nearly dead now, father. Do ye think mother can work miracles, and raise a man out of the grave? Look! poor man, his eyes are set now. We can't raise the dead, father."

"Tut, yes you can," pinching both her cheeks. "Did n't Molly warm into life Tom Woorley of the Swallow, after he had been frozen stiff and stark and lain dead three days? I must be off to London with my freight, and if when I return this man is not hale and strong, the Lord's curse will be upon your house. Mind ye, I will require his life at your hands."

"But who is he?"

"Adam's great-grandchild in the forty-millionth degree. Don't be inquisitive about names, chuck, in these perilous times."

Mrs. Hawkins by this time was bending over the sick man. He had evidently been sick a great while, and the fever had passed into the worst form of typhoid. His eyes had sunk away into their sockets, his breath and pulse were nearly gone, and

sometimes a prolonged moan was the most decisive indication of life. She got ready his bed in a spacious room that looked southward upon the sea, ordered his sailor's dress to be removed, and provided a warm bath and fresh linen, so that before an hour had elapsed he had emerged from his old garb, impregnated with accumulated fever, and was lying in comparative comfort between clean sheets, and breathing a plentiful supply of pure air.

Doctor Pomp comes in. He is a large man, well rounded in front, sixty years old, wears a white cravat, doubled wide and starched stiff. He is a man of few words, but of very significant looks. He stands by the bedside, his chin sunk behind his cravat, his under lip working in and out, while his eye surveys the patient o'er and o'er. He deals out his powders, leaves his orders, and takes up saddlebags to quit. Mrs. Hawkins follows him out of the room.

"What do you think of the case, Doctor?"

"The man will die," quoth the doctor, projecting the under lip, by way of confirmation.

An awful pause ensued.

"That is to say, madam, the man will die according to the laws of disease. What science can do in rendering the case exceptional remains to be seen," — and he walked off, with his chin behind his cravat.

"I suppose he meant, mother, that, if the man dies, science is not to blame for it; but if he gets well, science has worked a great miracle, and Doctor Pomp's science in particular."

"Doctor Pomp is very skilful, my dear, and we will hope for the best. His patients very often recover after being desperately and mortally sick," — and Mrs. Hawkins looked queer, from under her eyebrows.

John Hawkins comes in, takes a long and meditative look at the wan features, waddles out of the room and out of the house, like a dab-chick, just the same as if the house and the solid land were rocking in a trough of the sea, and is off to Padstow, and thence to London.

And now came on the decisive contest between the forces of life and death. That ugly sister whom they call Atropos hovered over the couch with her fatal shears, the edge keen and glistening for the occasion. Then Doctor Pomp would come in and stick out his under lip, and Atropos would flee his presence. But the doctor gone, the stealthy hag was sure to come back, trying now this lane of life, now that, and getting the slender and vital thread between her scissors. But Mrs. Hawkins and Bess were both on the watch for her, and ere she could give the final clip, they would dash into her face one of Doctor Pomp's powders, or one of their own cordials, and she would take herself off again, perfectly disgusted with apothecary and aromatic smells. Meanwhile the poor patient was perfectly unconscious of the hand to hand contest that was going on about the seat of life within him. He had sunk into an iron stupor which looked very much like death.

"Is it all over, Doctor Pomp?"

"Flying pulse, madam, flying pulse, cold extremities. Mind the symptoms about three hours hence, — say twelve o'clock to-night."

Twelve o'clock came, and there was a gentle heaving of the chest, and a gentle warmth in the extremities, and something that resembled sleep. Early in the morning Doctor Pomp was standing in the door surveying the field of operations.

"Science has done the business, Mrs. Hawkins," — and the doctor nods, and sinks into his cravat.

Mrs. Hawkins is relieved of responsibility. The thread on which such mysterious consequences seem to hang is now past the danger of being clipped. They have time to speculate on the features of the stranger. His black locks, smoothed back from his temples, show an ample forehead, well browned with sun and sea-wind; his beard has been carefully removed, and though the cheeks are fallen quite away, the curves about the mouth indicate natural energy not without refined sensibility.

"A comely looking youth once, I trow. Worth saving without doubt."

"Worth saving, mother, if only for good Christian burial. It makes me shudder to think how they throw men into the ocean. Only think; if that man had n't been brought hither, he would have had his grave ere now in those great sea-monsters. I wonder if he has a mother?"

"I must lie down and make up for broken rest, and you, Bess, must give those drops once an hour."

He sleeps on, long past the morning hour, sweet and placid sleep, as if unseen angels had driven

Atropos clean out of sight, and infused healing fragrance from their hovering wings. At length he opens his eyes; clear black eyes they are, and look unnaturally large from their deep sockets. On the opposite side of the room hung sea-shells, plumes of tropical birds, stuffed skins of strange animals, golden gewgaws. And on the side of the room at the right of him, a pair of lustrous eyes were watching him. Where he had been and what had happened to him, what nightmare dream had come over him, and in what place he had woke out of it, or whether indeed he were not dreaming still, were matters he could not very well make out.

Bess Hawkins came to his bedside and asked, in a whisper, as if afraid of her own voice in the sick-room, "Is there anything you would have, sir?"

The bewildered man did not know what he would have, and if he did know, he had not strength to speak; and so he could only gaze silently into the fair face and eyes that hung over his pillow. She guessed how it was, offered the drops to his lips, which he swallowed obediently, wiped away the dew which had gathered over his forehead during sleep, and bathed it softly in cordials, and, whispering in his ear, "You are better, sir,—you will be well,"—trod lightly out of the room to tell the good news to her mother.

CHAPTER II.

> "Ah, curiousness, first cause of all our ill,
> And yet the plague that most torments us still!"
>
> *Doomes Day.*

"Is this Barbadoes, madam?" was the first faint essay of the sick man in the way of speech, as he surveyed a stuffed armadillo upon the wall.

"Barbadoes, man? It is Old England, and this is the house of Captain John Hawkins of Plymouth, and I am Mrs. Hawkins, his wife, and this is our daughter Bess, and you have been next door to the grave, sir, and partly in it, and are just coming up out of it, thanks to Doctor Pomp's powders."

"And to Mrs. Hawkins and her daughter Bess, I reckon. But where 's Master Jack, and where 's the Jesus of Lubec?"

"Gone to London, stored full of gold, silver, and pearls, which I suppose you helped in getting."

But the man was too weak as yet to answer questions. Nevertheless, he grew stronger, his wan features began to fill out and lose their sallowness, and he would sit up on his couch, propped with pillows, and look out through his window upon the tumbling waves. At length he got to the

contents of his chest, which Captain Hawkins had pitched into one corner of the room; and one afternoon he ventured from his sick-bed, and came walking out into the parlor in a long damask dressing-gown, looming up before Mrs. Hawkins and Bessie as a tall and comely young man of cosmopolitan manners.

"As I live! why, the man is crazy to venture out so soon. Get the arm-chair, Bess, and a cushion, and that bottle of spice-waters, before he faints clean away"; — and the good woman took hold of him and deposited him carefully in the chair, while Bess smoothed the pillow with her pretty white hand, and bathed his temples with the spice-waters.

"Don't be troubled, my good woman. I have lain and looked so long at those stuffed pelicans and armadillos, that I have fairly looked them out of countenance, and I thought the sight of your sweet and loving faces would be an agreeable change."

And now Mrs. Hawkins's turn had come. She surveyed the handsome stranger o'er and o'er, his features and manners spiritualized by the refining touch of sickness. Had he not developed into this comely manhood, under her own nursing hand, from a mere death-skeleton? and why should she not be as proud of her work as an artist, when he brings an Apollo out of the marble? And had she not a right to know something of the stranger, — who he is, and where he came from, and how he got sick, and what sort of a voyage they have had? — matters on which her husband maintained a most mysterious, and therefore a most provoking, silence.

Was the gratification of her woman's curiosity more than a just compensation for her kindly watching and care?

"You have friends, sir, I trust."

"Very many, madam. Indeed, the human race are my friends."

"You are not an Englishman, I judge."

The stranger bowed courteously.

"You have a father and mother, and brothers and sisters, perhaps."

"I have certainly a mother and sister," said the stranger, bending his eye alternately upon Mrs. Hawkins and Bessie, till a tear started out of it, and rolled down his pale face.

"I suppose you were one of Captain Hawkins's men, in his late voyage."

The stranger bowed again.

"And you can tell us something about it. You had a hard voyage, I reckon. Fell in with Spaniards and pirates, perhaps."

A shade came over the stranger's countenance. But he replied after a pause, and an evident effort to choke down his feelings. "Alas, my dear good woman! the voyage lies in my memory like an ugly dream, and a great part of it is a blank to me. Pirates and Spaniards!—yes, I have fought them for the last three months, as they trooped through my poor, hot brain, and I verily believe that nobody but you and your daughter could have driven them away from me."

"Now, mother, don't vex the gentleman with questions, and make him talk himself sick again," said

Bessie, with a quick perception that he was putting forth considerable intellectual effort to preserve both his courtesy and reserve.

Two or three days after, as he looked out at the window, and saw the waves coming up into Plymouth Bay, line after line, rank beyond rank, like an endless army, and where they crossed the sun's angle of reflection flashing like cohorts clad in steel, he was seized with an irrepressible longing to get out of prison, and bound like a sea-bird over the waters. There is no sense of life so intense and exquisite as in that exuberant flood-tide that comes from returning health.

"If you will steady me over the threshold, I will get out doors and drink a little of this sea-breeze that comes up the bay." And Bessie led the invalid into the sun, and along the brow of the hill that overlooks the Catwater. Looking away to the southeast, his eye traced a richly cultivated border lying along the bay under the dreamy haze of a September sun, orchards bending with fruit, fields yet green over which the bullocks were grazing, and plenteous shocks of golden grain.

"What country is that?"

"That, sir, is in Devon. That region is called the 'South Yams,' or sometimes the 'gardens of Devonshire.' They say it is one of the finest tracts in Old England."

"'T is a sweet country, Miss Bessie; but you should see the tropics, where the tall forests are always green, and it is spring the year round, and grapes hang from the trees, and birds with crimson

feathers flit through the branches, and among the wild fruits that hang over your head like great golden drops; and the air is so sweet with a thousand perfumes, that breathing is a luxury, and you lie down on a pillow of spices, and make your coverlet of roses. Those are the gardens, Miss Bessie." And the stranger went on with his discourse, while the girl's eyes grew bigger and bigger with admiration and wonder.

With the luxurious and bracing sea-breeze, and the joy of new existence bounding through all his veins, an hour with the stranger had sped rapidly away, and quite as rapidly with Bessie, hearing the glowing description of wonderful lands.

"Are ye crazed, both of you?" said Mrs. Hawkins, who came looking after them. "Are ye mad, ye silly girl? and is this the way ye take care of a sick man, — keeping him out here till nightfall, and bringing the fever back again?" And she led him in and laid him upon the bed, as if he were a little child.

"Trust ye with an invalid again, I reckon!" said Mrs. Hawkins, coming back into the parlor.

"Forgive me, mother," said the innocent girl, "but you don't know what wonderful things the man has seen. I forgot we had been out so long: I would n't get him sick for the world"; and her lip quivered with wounded sensibility.

"I know you forgot, chubby; girls are apt to, sometimes. You need n't take care of the stranger. I'll mind him and look after him. Did he tell you anything about the voyage?"

"He told of a paradise away in the tropics, a great deal more beautiful than the Devonshire gardens."

"Meseems he 's grown mighty communicative all at once,"—and Mrs. Hawkins looked wise, while a blush found its way into Bessie's cheek. "Not a word could *I* get out of him, save bows and compliments."

"Now, mother! He 'll tell you when he is strong enough, and we 'll ask him about the Enchanted Islands, and the fire-birds that make it light all night long with their flashing wings; for that was what he was telling me of when you broke off his discourse."

Not at all damaged by the airing he had taken, the stranger walked into the parlor the next day with a yet firmer tread, and a more glowing and healthful color upon his cheeks, and was cordially welcomed to the easy-chair. Mrs. Hawkins began again on another tack, her curiosity by no means allayed touching the mysterious invalid. He felt it was almost cruel to keep up a reserve about himself with people whose hearts had warmed towards him with so much kindness, and without which he might now have been sleeping at the bottom of the sea.

"My dear good woman, you have saved me from death, and you have a right to know something of the life you have preserved. I don't know how much Captain Hawkins wants his affairs bruited in England. There is nothing that I want concealed on my own account. But I must tell of strange

adventures, — such, I think, as were never heard of in this country, and I must make you promise that you will not divulge my story, without Captain Hawkins's leave."

With this condition he plunged into his story, and found ready and open ears.

CHAPTER III.

" 'Fore God, your looks trouble me; for your eyes have a most particular appearance."

" Gramercy, I was musing the story."

"My connection with Captain Hawkins commenced years agone, while he was carrying on a prosperous trade with the Canaries. I was a fatherless boy, and I used to sit on the wharves of Amsterdam looking at the ships as they cast off and sailed away, till they disappeared as a speck upon the ocean. One day I saw an English captain with a broad and open countenance, and I asked him to take me into his service. He consented, and my first voyage was on board the Pelican while she was engaged in the African trade, and the frank-hearted captain proved to be the renowned commander, Hawkins. Never within my memory had I been outside the bastions of Amsterdam; and so you may conceive of the transport which I experienced as we sailed into the tropic seas. The air was so transparent that all objects seen through it seemed to stand out as if coming to meet you, and the sea was a broad and living sapphire, into which you

could look fathoms down, and inspect the wondrous life of the great deep. How many hours have I lain at the forecastle, and looked down to watch the streaks of fire as they would shoot away out of sight, made by the fishes in their gambols, every motion of which seemed to light up a phosphorescent train. Well, we came to the island of Madeira, and put in at the harbor of Funchal for a cargo of wines. The island rises suddenly out of the sea, lifted up on perpendicular columns of basaltic rock, and sharp isolated peaks pierce the sky like needles. As you sail towards them, you would not guess from the craggy appearance what a paradise was embosomed among them. But they are terraced far up towards their summits, and you wind around through a succession of gardens and vineyards, the sea view expanding upon you meanwhile. We began to ascend one of these peaks from Funchal; we passed the green bananas with their beautiful feathery tops, the orange-trees hanging out to us their golden fruit, plantations of coffee-trees, the splendid coral-tree, the tulip-tree, with its snowy bells mingled with the scarlet hibiscus. There were sidewalks over which wide-spreading plane-trees and willows of gigantic growth were bending their slender arms, and beneath whose shade streams murmured down the hill. We came to the vineyards, where the vines were carried on trellises over the road, and great bunches of grapes hung within our reach. Hedges of geraniums, fuchsias, and heliotropes bordered the narrow paths and shaded us from the sun. Higher up grew the yam, prickly-

pear, dragon-tree, and cedar, — the aloe, agave, and sweet potatoe, — and heaths and pines crowned the summit. We passed groups of natives, in companies of eight or ten, sitting under palms and eating their morning meal, and we met others on their way to the town with fowls, bunches of yellow bananas, and strings of crimson pomegranates. What was very remarkable, those of our crew who had been sick, and one man who said he had coughed up his lungs, seemed to breathe in health at every step, and breathe it with the whole frame.

"We left Madeira and went to the Canaries to complete our cargo, taking in large store of wines and tropical fruits, and though I did not think that these islands were quite to be compared with Madeira, yet they did charm us with their fertility and climate, for they seemed to have a golden summer at whatever season of the year. You will not be surprised, I think, that I enlisted in Captain Hawkins's service; for next to living in those sunny islands, it seemed to me a most blessed thing to sail thither every year. I got the confidence of my commander, he trusted me largely in his affairs, and finally he let me share liberally in his gains."

"Mercy, yes! you 're Nimble Johnny I have heard him tell so much of!"

"I used to bear that title, madam, and I liked his service so well that I enlisted in it for six years. And now I must tell you of our last voyage. The Jesus, with three other ships, sailed out of Plymouth Bay, as you know, doubtless, nearly a year agone, and we bore straight for the Canaries, and touched

at Teneriffe. The 'Pike,' as they call the principal peak, lifted its head into the clouds, white with its crown of snow, and down to its base we could trace the climate and the vegetation of all the zones. They told us there of the wonderful Rain-Tree, which we afterwards found in Africa. You must know that it seldom rains in these islands from the sky, but the dews fall plentifully, and there is one tree that rains and supplies the ground with moisture."

"A tree that rains!" said Bessie, who had been filling up with wonderment till she could not contain it.

"A tree that rains, Miss Hawkins, and supplies the land with showers."

"Does the tree thunder too?"

"Not that we heard of. It sends its roots so deep among the springs, and sucks up so much water, that it trickles adown from the leaves, and men and cattle come and drink of it. A marvellous thing, Bessie, — that is, Miss Hawkins, — a kind of vegetable well, that draws water of itself." *

* "In one of these islands, called Fierro, there is, by the reports of the inhabitants, a certaine tree that raineth continually, by the dropping whereof the inhabitants and cattell are satisfied with water, for other water have they none in all the Iland. And it raineth in such abundance, that it were incredible unto a man to beleeve such a vertue to bee in a tree, but it is knowen to bee a divine matter, and a thing ordained by God, at whose power therein wee ought not to marvel, seeing he did by his Providence, as we read in the Scriptures, when the children of Israel were going into the land of promise, feede them with Manna from heaven for the space of forty years. Of the trees

"The mercy! I'll get Captain Hawkins to plant one in our garden."

"But we did not take in any cargo at the Canaries. We kept sailing southward, and I began to wonder whither we were bound. There was one of our crew whose name was Mark, a rough, swearing, and drinking Dutchman, and I saw he knew more about it than I did. I suspected some iniquity ahead, for Captain Hawkins grew mighty particular about the daily prayers, which before had been rather irregular. Now we were summoned together every morning, and the prayers were droned out with redoubled awfulness. Mark this fact, Mrs. Hawkins, — when people contemplate some strange and unheard-of deviltry, they often take to praying with new vehemence and solemnity. I got into Mark's confidence. 'Where now?' said I. 'Are we going to girdle the globe in the track of Captain Drake?' 'Nay,' said he, with a big oath, 'we are going to convert the heathen.' I saw the whole of it. We were going to the Guinea coast to take in a cargo of negroes.

"'This is not the business I enlisted for, Mark,' said I. 'No matter for that,' he replied; 'you are fairly in for it now, and you see the only way of getting out of it is by swinging at the yard-arm.' Well, we sailed along through those beautiful sapphire seas, and passed some small islands that

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aforesaid we saw in Guinie many, being of a great height, dropping continually, but not so abundantly as the other, because the leaves are narrower and are like the leaves of a peare tree." — Narrative of Hawkins's Voyages in Hakluyt, Vol. III. p. 596.

lie off from the mouth of the Rio Grande and the coasts of Sierra Leone. We anchored by a small island called Alcatarsa, and there we encountered a new marvel. We did not find any negroes, for the island was not inhabited, but birds of beautiful plumage came in flocks around us, and piped their songs. As they curved around our heads, almost alighting upon us, inviting us to reach out and take them, I could not help thinking of the awful curse and wickedness that have put civilized man and these innocent creatures at enmity. And yet we killed them by wholesale, and loaded our boats with them, though it did seem to me a betrayal of the confidence put in us by these innocent birds.* There was another island not far off, La Formio, inhabited by a people called Sapies, and two of our barks with their boats went thither in quest of human plunder. Eighty of our men landed there; but the natives fled before them to the woods, shooting terribly in their retreat with their bows and arrows. Our men shot at the natives with arquebuses, and it was curious to see, when one of them was wounded, how he would look upon his wound and wonder how it came, as he could not see the missile that caused it. We took no captives at this place. But a few days after, the Jesus came and anchored at one of the islands called Sambula, abounding in tropical fruits and cultivated fields and inhabited towns."

* "The birds called by the Portugals Alcatarses, who for that cause gave name to the island, not being used to the sight of men, flew so about us that we stroke them down with poles." — Hakluyt, Vol. III. p. 597.

"Towns! Do the negroes have towns? I thought they were all savages, and lived out doors or in caves."

"These people lived in towns, Miss Hawkins, and I have often thought of this little island as a gem in the ocean. Their towns were built in the form of a cross, two principal streets intersecting each other, on which their houses stand in long and regular rows. They are made round like a dove-cot by stakes covered with palmetto-leaves, and over the roof thereof, for the better garnishing of the same, there is a round bundle of reed, prettily contrived, like a lover's knot. Inside they have a loft stored with provisions, and pretty apartments divided off by the rind of the palmetto-tree. In the centre of the town, or at the intersection of the cross, there is a larger house, called the 'Consultation-house,' where the governor and elders dispense justice. Around these towns were cultivated fields and gardens; fields of mill, rice, roots, pompions, and date-trees; goats feeding in flocks; palmetto-trees tapped and dropping their juices into gourd-shells, from which came rich and delicious wines."

"But the people were all heathens, I suppose."

"The natives of the island were called Sapies; they were a mild, peaceable, industrious people, belonging to the negro race; heathens, I suppose, but not half so bad heathens as you find here in England. They never roasted people alive for their opinions that I know of."

"But they eat each other," said Bessie.

"Troth, I'd rather be eaten than roasted. But

no, Miss Hawkins; these Sapies are not man-eaters, but live on fruits and cattle, whereof they have great abundance."

"Have they got any religion?" said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Yes, madam, and a very curious religion it is. In their dreams they see various personages whom they take to be gods. So they paint, as well as they can, the imagery of their dreams, as setting forth the things of the invisible world."

"How strange!"

"Not so very strange, Miss Bessie, for that is precisely what they do here in Old England. Every man worships the god of his own imagination, and I infer that the Sapies dream out better gods than they do here in England, because their practices are a great deal more just and peaceable."

"Why the mercy! Do you think us worse than the Africans?" said Mrs. Hawkins.

"I beg pardon, madam. If a Sapian were to witness the scenes of Tower Hill or Smithfield Square, I fancy he would be shocked at English barbarism, and perhaps would like to send over a few missionaries to convert you to *his* milder faith; for, on my soul, he dreams out a more merciful religion when asleep than your bishops and priests do when wide awake. At least, I judge so by its fruits. However, these Sapies were not the only people of the island. About three years before our visit there, a people called Samboses, from beyond Sierra Leone, had invaded the island, and made slaves of the Sapies."

"How cruel those Samboses must be, to make war on such inoffensive people!" said Bessie.

"Yes, Miss Hawkins, they must have got a little Christianized," said the stranger, with a peculiar curl of the lip. "However, that is the way they build up society in this world. These Samboses were warlike, lazy man-eaters, so they conquered the peaceable Sapies and made slaves of them."

"Is that what you call building up society?"

"Why yes, Bessie, — Miss Hawkins, I mean, — precisely the way English society was built up, tier above tier. First were the native Britons. Then came the Saxons and piled themselves top of them. Then came the Normans and piled themselves top of the Saxons; and by this time you may well conceive the pile grew rather heavy for the poor devils that were undermost. That is the way, Miss Hawkins. And as I was saying, these Samboses, having got a little touch of our Christianity, which, perhaps, they learned of the Portugals, at Sierra Leone, came and piled themselves upon the Sapies."

"Those Samboses must be a dreadful, horrible people," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Quite horrible," said the stranger. "However," (his lip curling,) "they had n't got thoroughly Christianized like your English bishops. *They* only cook men after they are dead. Here in England, men are cooked while alive."

"Why the mercy!" said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Not much mercy in either case. However, there came along to this same island another people, yet more powerful than the Samboses."

"And I suppose they formed what you call the topmost tier of society. How did they treat the Samboses?" interposed Bessie.

"I will tell you, Bessie, how they treated both the Samboses and the Sapies. I have described to you their towns and villages, lying in the shape of a cross, here and there about the island, surrounded by palmetto-groves and luxuriant and cultivated fields. Well, this third set of invaders landed upon the island, stole slyly by night through the date-trees and palmetto-groves, deployed round the village, on which the moonlight lay in a broad sheet of gleaming silver, revealing the whole town in its soft and silent glare. Why, Bessie, the moonlight of the tropics is almost equal to the sunlight of England! These invaders, having lurked all about the town, would set fire to it in several places at once; and then what furrows of flame would plough in all directions through the palmetto-leaves and thatched roofs, till the whole town was involved in smoke and blaze! And then what shrieks of women and children just waking from sleep! Men and women rush frantic, emerging in all directions from the involving ruin, and fall bewildered into the hands of the invaders, who, in the tropic moonlight, make sure of their prey. The palmetto-leaved village becomes a blackened waste, and such of the naked inmates as have not perished in the fray are carried off captive."

"O horrible, to think such things are done!" said Mrs. Hawkins, her mouth and eyes both open with wonder. "And what were these last dreadful savages called?"

"Captain John Hawkins and his crew," said the stranger,* emphasizing each particular syllable.

This was rather too much for the good woman. She turned pale as marble, her gaze bent on the narrator, compelled now to hear the dreadful tale she had evoked.

"But do you think," said Bessie, her eyes brimming over, "that those poor creatures mind such things as we should?"

"I will tell you *how* they minded them. Three hundred of the poor wretches had been stowed on board the fleet, and we had already weighed anchor, and put out to sea. Presently a Sapian girl came skimming the waves like a swan, clear up to the ship, looking into our faces with imploring agony. They took her on board, and before she could be chained, she bounded like a fawn to her mother's breast. Her mother was bleeding with a wound from an arquebuse, of which she died afterwards, but the child clung frantic to the warm corpse, till it was torn from her, and plunged into the waves. She slipped through the hands of the man, and plunged after with a wild shriek, and the merciful sea closed over them both together."

"But why did n't you raise a mutiny, and stop this?"

"Tush! It is n't so pretty a business to raise mutinies, Miss Bessie. And there was one quite cogent reason why I could not. I got poisoned

* The cool complacency with which these exploits are narrated by one of Hawkins's men, and by Hawkins himself, is marvellous. See Hakluyt, Vol. III. pp. 598, 619.

from one of the arrows of the Samboses, and was lying helpless on board the Jesus. They have a venomous cucumber, in the juice of which they dip the heads of their arrows, so that a wound from them is generally fatal. I was glad of my wound, for I would not for the world have aided in the capture of those innocent and simple-minded Sapies. I expected to die, and hardly know why I did not, for the blood in all my veins seemed to turn into fire, till it ended in delirium; and then I know not how long I was fighting with Spaniards in my dreams, or running and shrieking through burning villages. We sailed to the West Indies, where Captain Hawkins sought a market for his human cargo." *

"His money will never enrich him, got in this way," said Mrs. Hawkins. "I have fasted and prayed over this voyage, for I suspected what he went out for, and I had a presentiment of some dreadful calamity."

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* "The 29th of this same month (January of 1565) we departed with all our shippes from Sierra Leone, towards the West Indies, and for the space of eighteene dayes we were becalmed, having nowe and then contrary windes, and some Ternadoes amongst the same calme, which happened to us very ill, beeing but reasonably watered for so great a company of negroes and ourselves, which pinched us all, and that which was worst, put us in such feare, that many never thought to have reached the Indies without great death of negroes and of themselves. But the Almightie God, *who never suffereth his elect to perish,* sent us the 16th of Februarie the ordinary Brise, which is the northwest winde, which never left us till we came to an island of the Canybals, called Dominica." Such is the account of "John Sparke the younger, who went upon the same voyage, and wrote the same." His application of the doctrine of election is unique. See Hakluyt, Vol. III. p. 601.

"Well, madam, his way of finding a market for his goods was quite as peculiar as his mode of getting them. We anchored before a Spanish town called Burboroata, where the Captain offered his negroes for sale. The Spaniards would not come to his terms. So he landed one hundred men, well armed with bows, arrows, arquebuses, and pikes, with which he marched towards the town; and this had a sudden influence on the state of the market."

"Did he burn out the Spaniards too?" asked Mrs. Hawkins.

"No, but he sold his negroes at his own price. Afterwards we sailed for the Florida coast, which we ranged and explored. There we saw serpents with three heads,* fishes that fly in the air —"

"And men that walked on their heads, perhaps," said Bess, looking droll.

"Fishes that fly in the air, Miss Bessie, rising in flocks from the surface of the water, and catching the sunbeams on their slimy wings, and turning them into a thousand rainbows. Then we saw dolphins of goodly color and proportion to behold. We sailed up the rivers, and saw flamingoes, that fly through the woods, as red as blood, and seem to set the woods on fire. Then we saw the egripts, all white as a swan, which, as they glide through the beautiful foliage, make you half believe that you are in some paradise haunted by white-robed be-

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* "The Captain of the Frenchman saw also a serpent with three heads and foure feet, of the bignesse of a great spaniell, which for want of a harquebuz he durst not attempt to slay." — Hawkins's Second Voyage, Hakluyt, p. 616.

ings. Sailing from Florida towards Newfoundland, we had contrary winds, and scant provisions, so that we despaired of getting home. So Captain Hawkins got all the crew together, and called upon God in fervent supplication and prayer." *

" Mr. Hawkins *can* pray."

" Yes, madam, when there is no swearing to be done, Captain Hawkins can pray. And what with the praying, and the wind, and the swearing withal, we came safe into Padstow, as you are already informed. But long before this, my sickness had settled into a low chronic fever, and I owe it to the best of motherly and sisterly care and kindness that I am living in this wicked world, and on the only quiet spot I have found in it for many a long day."

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* " In which state of great misery wee were provoked to call upon God, by fervent prayer, which moved him to hear us, so that we had a prosperous winde." — John Sparke's Narrative of Hawkins's Voyage.

CHAPTER IV.

> "From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
> Christians less quarter give; —
> The first won't eat you till you 're slain;
> The last will do 't alive!"

So ended the stranger's narrative of the voyage, but the curiosity of his auditors was rather sharpened than satisfied. Who is this Nimble John, thought they, of whom we have heard so much, and who now appears before us to charm us with pictures of the tropics?

"I think you said you were an Englishman; but you do not seem to have a very good opinion of us."

"Why, madam, I was only speaking by way of comparison. I was comparing your manners and religion with those of the Samboses, and the difference seemed in favor of the latter. Both nations are in the habit of roasting people, but from different motives; the Samboses to satisfy their hunger, the English to satisfy their theological hate. The former appetite is the most pardonable of the two, I think," his lip curling again.

"You have suffered in the religious persecutions, perhaps."

"The history of my family is a strange one, but I have no wish to conceal it. My father was banished during the bloody times of Henry, and died an exile in Amsterdam. I barely remember him, for I was not six years old when he died. But my mother often led me to his grave, and there we have sat hours together while she would tell me the story of his wrongs; and the lesson which she breathed into me, or rather which she burned into my soul, was detestation of tyranny, and religious tyrannies in particular. Her great black eye would flash fires that almost made me afraid, when she told me of my father's exile; and not half so fervently did Hannibal make his son swear hatred to Rome at the altar, as she made me take the vow against oppression on my father's grave. She led me every Sunday to the old St. Nicholas Church, where I knelt and worshipped with her arm around me; and it seemed to me that God's spirit always entered my heart by first passing straight through hers, and that it lost none of its sanctity on the way. It was not long before my mother drew attention upon herself and her orphan child. One Sunday evening there came a lady of noble carriage to our house, which stood on a street called the Princen Gracht, and I remember her soothing speech and dignified manners. I found they were in consultation about me and my education, but I did not get the drift of it. 'Who was that tall lady,' said I, after she had left the house, 'and what is she going to do with me?' 'She is going to take you into her school,' said my mother. 'Does she teach school?' I asked,

rather surprised. 'Nay, but there is a school under her patronage to which her son passes by every day, and he will call to-morrow and take you there. The tall lady is the Lady Egmond; she has a son considerably older than yourself, who attends school on the Keysers, and is just closing his studies there, and you are to go there with him to-morrow morning.'

"The young man came along, a youth with a florid and blooming countenance, and I put my hand in his and walked to the Keysers. He took me under his particular care, and there was something so noble and generous in his bearing, that he was not long in getting my confidence and love. He watched the friendless boy with a brother's eye, for I was the youngest in the school, and stammered Dutch rather awkwardly. But if any big boy attempted to jeer me or lord it over me, it was enough to know that Lamoral was on my side. So I got along mighty well, and learned Dutch and navigation, until, as I told you, I fell in with Captain Hawkins, enlisted in his service, and sailed to the Canaries."

"And your mother is alive yet?"

"I have not seen her since the memorable day when I left her at the Princen. I was to sail in the Pelican early in the morning, and I went to her chamber to bid her good by. She had risen, and was not there. I followed on till I heard her in her closet, praying for her child, — that God would keep him upon the great deep, and above all keep him from the temptations of evil men. I saw her kneel-

ing before her crucifix, and was about to withdraw, when she beckoned me to her side, where I knelt with her arm around me as we used to kneel in church, and she went on with that prayer, which seemed to me to be uttered with an angel's lips, and which God has answered perpetually. She rose and printed a kiss on my forehead, which is burning there yet. I fell upon her bosom, and there all our family wrongs rolled hot through my memory,—those wrongs which had fallen so heavily on her noble heart, but had not been able to crush out either its energy or tenderness; and there I took the vow to be true to her, my guardian angel. We parted. Her sweet image has been my talisman by land and sea. I hasten back to that room on the Princen Gracht, and woe is me if the living image is not there still. You have brought me through this terrible sickness, and if it were only to do two things, you have laid me under an eternal obligation,—if it were only to clasp my mother once more, and tell her how her prayers have prevailed, and to find out him who was the generous and manly boy, or rather young man, for he was my senior by fifteen years, and who when I had neither father nor brother became both to me. But he left Amsterdam long before I did, and mayhap I shall never look into his loving and noble face again."

CHAPTER V.

> "Oft in my slumberings at midnight,
> And visions dark and drearer,
> She comes and calls: the wind sinks down,
> And sighs in awe to hear her."

"Did n't I say that Molly Hawkins could raise the dead?" said somebody, stumping through the next room into the parlor, when the bear-like visage of the most valiant and worshipful John Hawkins appeared again, his beard rather cleaner and less grizzled than before he went up to court. "Let alone Molly Hawkins for keeping men out of the churchyard." And he seized the hand of Nimble John in both of his, which he crushed as in a vice. "You are safe at last, my faithful fellow, from those black heathen devils, and their pizen cucumbers. I nursed ye in my arms like a sick baby over the whole Atlantic Ocean, to keep ye out of the sharks' jaws. And we 've got ye out of Death's grip, praise be to the Lord and Molly Hawkins!" And then making a grab at Bess, and drawing her into his lap: "Come, you red flamingo, you ought to have all the feathers plucked out of you, for growing up into an eighteen-year-old girl."

And the daughter laid her florid cheek lovingly on her father's weather-beaten face, brushing the bristles of his beard with her fine, glossy ringlets. "Father, you are a wicked man; I mean to tell Parson Hobson."

"What a' murrain has the girl got now?"

"You burnt out those poor Sapies, and carried them off, and God never will love you for it, nor mother either."

"Nonsense, chuck, you don't understand. I only convert them to the Christian religion." Then turning to his man: "We've disposed of the cargo. A clean quarter-million left, after taking out her Majesty's share. And we're ready for another voyage, and have given you the command of the Minion, with her Majesty's blessing upon ye. Your little fortune will make a splendid outfit, and ye're sure to double it in a twelvemonth."

"Captain Hawkins, I enlisted in your service for the Canary trade, not for trade in human beings; and I'd sooner see the Jesus of Lubec with the whole fleet and crew sink in the bottom of the sea, than engage in this business."

"What a' murrain's got the man now! Don't I make more converts to Christianity than the Archbishop of Canterbury? Would ye leave the poor devils to eat each other up, man? have God's image turned into mutton-chops, man? or would ye just carry them off, and put them under good Christian discipline? Come, come, away with your woman's conscience, if ye mean to do business in this world."

"I won't do any business in this world, Captain

Hawkins, that would interfere with my business in the next. As for this Christianity you speak of, I think heathenism much better. Spanish Christianity I 've seen quite enough of, and as for English Christianity, my family but just escaped out of its cannibal jaws; and I 'd be glad to bring hither some scores of Sapies, not for slaves, but to convert the nation to humanity."

"But the Queen is with us, and smiles upon our scheme, and you shall have a round hundred thousand sterling for your profits, my Nimble John."

"*My* queen never would smile upon it," said Nimble John, and the image of his mother came before him. "The case is up, Captain Hawkins. I 've sworn eternal hatred to all sorts of oppression, on my father's grave."

"This voyage never will prosper, John," said Mrs. Hawkins. "It is such gold as this that the Scripture calls cankered."

"I told you, you was wicked," said Bess, hugging her white arms still closer around her father's neck, and putting the rose of her cheek still more warmly to the tan of his.

"What a' murrain! Are ye all taking sides with the younker in his mutiny?" And the Right Worshipful John Hawkins shambled out of the room.

Before we take our leave for the present of Nimble John, whom by this time the reader has discovered to be the Little Johnny of Bourchier Hall, well developed into John Bourchier Sayer the navigator, we must follow him for a few moments to Amsterdam.

He took leave of Mrs. Hawkins with ten thousand fervent thanksgivings. "What can I do for you, madam? you have saved my life."

"Speak not of it. I knew you had a good mother, for none other can have so good a son"; and she graciously received on her cheek a warm kiss from the stranger's lips.

Then he put his hand into the gripe of his late commander, bidding him change his business and prosper; and the old sailor, though outwardly hardened by fight and storm, choked down his feelings as he gave him his blessing. Then, looking round the room: "I do not see your daughter; but I owe her too much not to thank her for all her goodness to a sick man."

"She 's away this morning, minding some necessary affairs. May the Lord give ye safe to your mother."

The stranger walked down to the harbor, and his vessel was soon afloat in the Catwater, and as he turned back with a yearning heart towards the house, his quick eye saw a female form watching him from the balcony. He waved his hand, but it quickly disappeared.

When Bessie came down stairs that morning, with a cheerful nonchalance her mother drew near, and spoke with unusual tenderness. "I knew how it would be with my chubby. She has heard too many charming stories for her peace of mind. But never you be carking your little heart about it. The stranger saw it too, and meant it, for I watched him; and he 's a good son and would n't do a mean

thing for all the world. So don't be brooding and dreaming over it, my darling." And Bessie's lip quivered, and her eye filled, though she felt relieved when she found her mother had divined the smothered secret.

John Bourchier Sayer is again in Amsterdam, after an absence of six years, during which he has sailed over half the globe, and encountered all hardships and all specimens of human nature. He floats up the canal into the Princen Gracht, between the same rows of trees, till he comes to the chestnut that still brushed the windows of the old home. With heart almost leaping from his bosom, he hastens to the old apartments, and knocks tremulous at the door. A strange Dutch face makes its appearance.

"Is the Lady Anne Sayer within?"

"Nay, sir!"

"Will you tell me where she lives, my good woman?"

"In the upper world, I 'm thinking. She was a saintly woman, and has gone up to the mansions, I reckon."

"Where 's her family?"

"Her boy went away in an English ship, o'er the wide world."

"And her servants?"

"I cannot tell ye, but they be gone from here."

With these words knolling through his brain, he sought the residence of the Lady Egmond,

"Like one who from a distant land
Returns his home to see,
And starts to see the stranger stand
Beneath his father's tree."

Lady Egmond was the proper person from whose lips to receive the dreaded tale. It came from her in a soothing tone of consolation, mingled with words of a serene and rejoicing faith. She had been a fast friend of the exiled family, sat by the Lady Anne in her sickness, and followed her to her last earthly rest. "Your mother died about six months ago; her last talk of things below ran upon her absent boy, and her last look was fixed on the glories of heaven, in full sight of which she seemed gently to fall away." He learned, moreover, that Job, five years since, had sung his last song, and slept beside his master, and that Lottie, since the death of her mistress, had returned to England. Lamoral, son of the gentle Lady Egmond, the generous youth who had protected his childhood, left Amsterdam long since for his patrimony in Flanders, where he had become the idol of the people, and been appointed Stadtholder, as a reward for his brilliant military achievements.

Having heard this recital, he went out and paced the streets in solitude, alone in the great city and the great world. He paced back and forth by the old school-room on the Keysers, and came at last to an enclosure behind St. Nicholas Church. In one corner was a spot reserved for the burial of Catholic English exiles, and there was his mother's grave. It was beside her husband's, and still looked fresh, and was without a monument. He fell down

upon it, and there the pent-up agony found its way. The old story of the family wrongs came up more fresh than ever,—those wrongs which had at last crushed down the form of the sainted one beneath the clod on which he lay; and the waves of bitterness broke long and heavy upon his soul; and even when the dusk of twilight had settled over the graves, and the moon had wheeled up the sky, his agony was not yet over. But at last a sweet image seemed to swim before the eye of his faith, as if to say to him in pantomime, "Comfort, my boy! press hither, where there are no wrongs nor troubles." He left the spot with new-made vows, and two days after, there was a simple monument upon the grave with these letters:—

MY MOTHER

SLEEPS HERE TILL THE GREAT MORNING.

CHAPTER VI.

> "A country that draws fifty foot of water,
> In which men live as in the hold of nature,
> And when the sea does in upon them break,
> And drowns a province, does but spring a leak."
>
> HUDIBRAS.

SCENE changes. If the reader can be trusted to hold on here to the thread of our story, we will endeavor to give him some idea of the marvellous events through which it must take its course. Perhaps you have got your notion of Dutchmen through Knickerbocker's History, and think them a very dull and feather-headed sort of people. Did you know that the history of these same Dutchmen transcends all the wonders of romance, and all the stories of heroism, whether in modern history or classic song? And did you know that two hundred years before the American Revolution, which is our pride and boast, they established in Europe the principles of our Declaration of Independence by a series of struggles that evinced all the great virtues of which humanity is capable, and in a degree to which the world cannot furnish a parallel? The Pilgrims went to Holland for religious toleration. Do you

know how much that toleration cost the men who had it to bestow? Wonderful people! it is hardly meet that such a pen as mine should describe your achievements; but I will attempt it so far forth as to make the way clear for the thread of my narrative.

And first, let me put my reader into a clairvoyant mood, and take him to Holland on a sail up its rivers and canals. The canals intersect the whole country like network, as thick as roads in New England; and what is curious, the canals are higher than the country that lies between them. They are not *dug*, but *built*, — built through what once were bogs and marshes and lakes; and then the bogs and marshes and lakes are pumped dry into them of all their water, and turned into blooming fields and gardens. So you sail along and look upon the farms away *beneath* you, sometimes thirty feet below high-water mark, where the men are at work in the fields, and the flocks are feeding in clover. A bad job, a Yankee would think, to pump up all that water into the canals, — yea, to pump his farm dry every morning! But look at those rows of windmills all along on the banks and dikes, with their great brawny arms whirling and whirling! These do the work. Boreas comes sweeping and howling from the Northern Sea, and why should he not be put to some use, and do the drudgery of the country? He will do more labor when properly managed than three millions of negro slaves, and ask you for neither pork nor corn-cake in return. Sometimes the morass was so extensive, and shelved

down so low, that the water has to be pumped three times over, before it gets to a level with the sea, and can run off, in which case three systems of pumps are in requisition. Down towards the middle of the *polder*, — for so they call the reclaimed morass, — the windmills pump the water up into the lowest set of water-courses, then others into higher ones, and others still into the canals. So there the grim giants are standing, these lusty Briaræi, one row above another, handing water to each other by millions of barrels, till it gets to the sea-level, but leaving the polders impregnated with an inexhaustible fertility; thus doing what Dame Partington could not, and keeping the Atlantic Ocean swept clean out.

A great country does not always measure its greatness by the extent of territories annexed. Neither Attica nor Sparta was much larger than some counties in Massachusetts; and these Netherlands we have described, this country scooped out of the sea, with its polders teeming with cattle and corn, could be laid snugly into the two States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, with considerable margin to spare.* And yet, before this little country of polders and windmills, Spain, then the mightiest monarchy in the world, wielding the strength of Europe, with the gold of America pouring into her coffers, shrank crippled and cowering into the dust.

In the times of which we write, the Northern

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* We mean the Northern or Protestant Netherlands.

Netherlands consisted of seven provinces; namely, Holland proper, which, being the strength and backbone of the whole, ultimately gave its name to all the rest, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Groningen, Overyssel, and Guelderland. Just take your map and see these provinces clustered around the Zuyder Zee, and leaning lovingly towards each other, as if expecting to join hands against oppression. You could put them into almost any two of the New England States. And Holland (the *province* we mean), which singly would not greatly overlap some of our counties, was the leading power among them.

South of these, and on the other side of the Meuse, lay the Spanish Netherlands,—called thus distinctively because they did not throw off the Spanish yoke, — the two principal provinces of which were Flanders and Brabant, corresponding in part to what is now Belgium. The people of these had not the Dutch temperament and manners, but the French rather, and among them the Catholic religion prevailed.

North of the Meuse, and among the seven provinces, the Protestant doctrines had spread among all classes, but particularly in Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht. Spite of penal laws and persecutions, the people had imbibed the new opinions through the bent of their own original genius, and through the influence of the Bishop of Utrecht, and of Erasmus, who lived and wrote at Rotterdam.

All these provinces, north and south, belonged to the dominions of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany; and when that monarch resigned his empire,

they passed into the hands of his son, Philip, King of Spain.* Philip visited the provinces to receive their allegiance, and swore "to preserve to all the nobles, towns, commons, and subjects, whether lay or clerical, their ancient immunities and privileges." After this, the Netherlands, with the consent of the several states, were declared permanently united under the government of one sovereign, with all their ancient rights severally secured.

During a four years' residence among his Netherland subjects, for the settlement of affairs, Philip did nothing to gain the love of the people, but disgusted them with his bigotry, and his austere and chilling manners. When about to depart for Spain, in 1559, it became necessary to appoint some one to govern the provinces in his absence, and it was a question of vital interest to the people on whom the choice was to fall. Two men rose prominent before them, around whom their hopes and affections most fondly clung, and both of whom were destined to figure largely and fearfully in coming events. One of these was William, Prince of Orange. In his wisdom, foresight, and integrity the people had unbounded confidence, though as yet he had seen but twenty-six years. He was thin, pale, and thoughtful, and acquired among his enemies the surname of the Taciturn, keeping his secrets profoundly locked within him, yet pleasing and affable to all who approached him. The other

* This is the Philip familiarly known to English readers as the husband of the "Bloody Mary," and the real adviser and author of the Marian persecutions.

was Lamoral, Count of Egmond, whom we have already had a glimpse of, as the youth of frank and generous bearing, but who has since become the brilliant military commander. He was a Dutchman by birth, but had the warm Southern temperament and love of profusion and show. Though older than William of Orange by fifteen years, he lacked his judgment and penetration into the motives of men; he was generous and confiding, his countenance still open, fresh, and blooming, and his heart full of the unchilled enthusiasm of his childhood. He had a wife whom he tenderly loved, was the father of eleven children, three sons and eight daughters, all of whom regarded him with a warm idolatry. His wealth was unbounded, being Count of Egmond in Holland, and Prince of Gavres and Steenhuyzen in Flanders. There was a well-known saying, — "Brederode the noblest, Wassenaar the oldest, and Egmond the richest, of the noble families of Holland."

Overlooking both these idols of the people, and probably for the reason that they were such, Philip placed at the head of the government Margaret, Duchess of Parma, his natural sister, whom accordingly he had summoned from Italy. She was a woman of masculine appearance and strong understanding, though not without natural goodness; of stature tall and large, and with "something of a beard on the upper lip and chin"; but what recommended her to Philip was that she was a most devoted Catholic, having been a pupil and penitent of Ignatius Loyola. She took up her residence at

Brussels in Brabant, and a Council of State was appointed to assist her in the conduct of affairs. The Prince of Orange and the Count of Egmond were both made members of this council. Separate Stadtholders were placed over all the Provinces, except Brabant, in which the Governess herself resided. The Prince of Orange was made Stadtholder of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, the Count of Aremberg of Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen, the Count of Megen of Guelderland, and the Count of Egmond of Flanders.

Through all these smooth appearances the keen eye of Orange saw a black speck in the horizon. The Governess had been received in the country with great pomp, and in a public audience the King professed his paternal care for the welfare of his states; but at the close of his address admonished the Governess, and every member of the government, *to be diligent in executing the edicts against heretics.* Coupled with this declaration was the fact that some twelve thousand Spanish troops were left in the Netherlands. This alarmed the Deputies of the Provinces, who were then assembled at Ghent, and they presented a petition to the King, headed by the names of Orange and Egmond, that the troops might be removed, and the execution of the edicts intrusted solely to Netherlanders. He consented, but those two conspicuous and illustrious names seared his eyeballs, and he never forgave it.

All things being arranged, however, the King set sail from Flushing. As he was about to embark, a number of the principal nobility came to bid him

adieu, Orange among the rest. Philip, who before had well dissembled his resentment, now in parting bent an angry countenance upon Orange, and charged him with impeding the execution of his measures.

"It is not my act, sire, but that of the States," said Orange.

"Non los Estados," exclaimed Philip, seizing his wrist and shaking it violently, "mas vos, vos, vos!" *

Philip embarked, however, with flattering expectations on either side, in a fleet of fifty large and forty smaller vessels. Just before he reached the port of Laredo, a violent tempest overtook him; the ship in which he sailed foundered and went down, and all his baggage and jewels with it. He barely escaped with his life, and in a small boat reached the land. He bowed in worship before the miraculous Providence that had preserved him, and made a vow to devote his life to the extirpation of heresy. As soon as he landed in Spain, he signalized his gratitude by assisting at the burning of a number of heretics, among whom were fourteen ladies of gentle blood, the savor of whose dying agonies he sent up to the throne of mercy.

It very soon became evident that the "Council of State" in the Netherlands was the merest shadow, and that none but the creatures of Philip had any share in the government. Among these creatures there was one man who stood conspicuous, and who alone had the ear of the Governess. This

* "Not the States, but you, you, you!" The form of expression was one of contempt among the Spaniards.

was Anthony Perrenot de Granvelle, a man of almost unparalleled resources and abilities, and fit to be made the iron tool of oppression. He spoke seven languages, and was eloquent in all of them, dictated at once to five amanuenses, worked all night without fatigue, was an unscrupulous and bigoted Papist, and had complete control of affairs. One of his first measures was to thrust upon the people fourteen new bishops, nominated by the King, and confirmed by the Pope, and get himself made Archbishop with a cardinal's hat, and bring in the Inquisition with all its hateful cruelties. On all sides came up murmurs from the people, that grew louder and louder, and broke in a storm of hatred around the person of Granvelle. The whole country teemed with lampoons and pasquinades, and the new bishops were threatened with death if they attempted to enter upon their sees. As the foreign troops had not been withdrawn, agreeably to the promise of the King, the States refused to contribute funds for their support, and the Zealanders declared they would leave the dikes unrepaired, and their land to be swallowed up by the ocean, rather than preserve it to be overrun by a foreign soldiery. Orange and Egmond, finding themselves entirely disregarded in the government, withdrew in silent dignity from the Council of State, addressed a letter to the King, described the threatened ruin of the country, and prayed for the removal of Granvelle.

For the present the storm was stayed. Granvelle was not recalled, but voluntarily withdrew, and the troops were removed from the country. Orange

and Egmond returned to the Council, and were consulted by the Governess as the representatives of the "patriot" party. The edicts remained unexecuted, and the enjoyment of security and liberty of conscience diffused universal contentment among the people, and the angry waves of turbulence sank down into a calm.

But it was specious and delusive, and owing to the prudence of the Governess, and not to the altered determination of the King. Despatches soon arrived from Spain, ordering the decrees of the Council of Trent to be published throughout the Netherlands, and enforced to the letter, the Inquisition to be pressed down upon the people with the whole authority of government, and the penal edicts to be executed with rigor. Surprised and chagrined as she read the despatches, the Governess spread them before her Council for advice. She knew the temper of her people, and she saw the blood that must flow. A stormy debate arose. The King's partisans advised that the despatches be kept secret till an ambassador be sent to explain to Philip the state of the country. Then Orange rose, and by a stroke of policy for which he incurred afterwards the censure of both friends and enemies, precipitated the crisis which he saw must come. He and his party insisted that the King's pleasure should immediately be made known, and the despatches published. That he saw the result cannot be doubted. That he advised wrong is not so clear, since he knew the temper of the King and of the people, and that a collision must come at last. Right or wrong, his

advice prevailed; the decrees were sent to all the Stadtholders, and the magistrates were commanded to aid the inquisitors and enforce the edicts.

Everywhere the people answered the despatches with lowering anger, which soon burst into tumult. Inflammatory pamphlets were circulated; placards were posted on the walls of the towns, exhorting the people to resist the Inquisition and the Spanish tyranny, and every effort to discover the authors was made in vain. The nobles saw that an insurrection must come, and that they must either guide and control the rising turbulence, or else have their own estates plundered and involved in the ruin. They banded together in a confederacy, which was signed by some hundreds of the nobility and principal merchants, pledging mutual support in resisting the Inquisition and defending the lives and property of each other. They went up to Brussels with a petition to the Governess for a redress of grievances; they went through the city on foot, unarmed and plainly dressed; others joined them and swelled their numbers; they formed a procession numbering from three to four hundred, and marched to court four abreast, slowly and in solemn silence, while the crowds stood mute and the streets were hushed before the imposing spectacle. Seeing them plainly dressed as they came up, the Count of Barlaimont remarked to the Governess: "Fear not, they are only a troop of beggars (*gueux*)." The taunt was taken up by other lips, and turned into a watchword of liberty. The answer of the Governess did not satisfy them, and they assembled in the evening at

a feast, where their vows of patriotism became fervent and strong. "Long live the Gueux!" rang round and round the apartment, amid mirth and wine; and the name of contempt became their boast and glory. It was adopted everywhere by those who opposed the measures of the government. They dressed themselves in a beggar's costume of gray, with a wooden cup bound in their caps, such as mendicant monks were used to carry, and made these the honored badges of liberty.

Orange and Egmond did not sign the petition, and they kept aloof from all violent measures. They even informed the Governess faithfully of the confederacy, and pledged themselves to support her. But the people were aroused, and nothing could now stay the tide except the repeal of the edicts. Margaret, the Governess, sent to the King for instructions, suspending their execution meanwhile. The Council petitioned for a moderation of the edicts. The King consented to soften the decrees, in that Reformed preachers, composers, and printers should be hanged instead of burnt, and that the punishment of death should be changed to banishment only, for the common people. "This moderation is *murderation*," said the populace, and the Reformers went on more boldly than ever. Instead of meeting in woods and by-places, they assembled in the broad fields outside the walls of the cities, flocking together in thousands, to show, they said, "how many the Inquisition would have to burn, slay, and banish." The first of these assemblies was held near Oudenarde. The people, to the number of

seven thousand, went out of the city into an open plain; the wagons formed a circuit, and girded the enclosure, on which guards of armed men were stationed; a pulpit of rough planks was raised in the centre; women and children formed round it, while about the women stood serried ranks of stern men; one Herman Stryker, a Reformed preacher, mounted the platform; a death-like silence was on the sea of faces while the deep intonations of the preacher were borne upon the wind, and rolled over the vast multitudes; their red-hot passions took mould and form beneath his words, and became settled resolves; the congregation lifted a psalm together against the blue heavens, and then wound slowly to the gates of the city, and dispersed, every man, with closed lips and a knit brow, to his home. Such scenes as these occurred through nearly all the towns of Holland.

Disgraceful transactions ensued. A congregation at Ypres in Flanders, returning from their field-worship without the walls, passed by Catholic churches with their crosses and images. "Why," thought they, "should we be driven in disgrace to worship God outside the walls, while the Papists sit secure amid their splendid mummeries within?" And the crosses and images became in their eyes the hateful badges of a religion that sought to crush them. They fell upon the churches, and emptied their sacred furniture into the streets; the ways became strewed with torn pictures and broken statues. The fury was contagious. It spread from city to city, and from town to town. The cathedrals were plun-

dered and shattered, and their contents trampled in the streets by maniac mobs, and a scene of iconoclasm spread over the Provinces which good men beheld with shuddering. Never were outrages more ill-timed or more ruinous to a good cause. The native Catholics, who before had sympathized with the popular mind, now took sides with the government. Margaret found means to raise troops and suppress the riots. She brought the ringleaders to condign punishment, and before many months she had restored order in the Provinces, completely broken up the confederation of the nobles, and abolished the public worship of the Reformers. They had built several churches. She had them pulled down and made into gibbets, on which dangled the corpses of image-breakers!

CHAPTER VII.

"Saith Saint Augustine, though the devils be wolves that strangle the sheep of Jesu Christ, they do worse than wolves; for soothly when the wolf hath filled his wombe, he stinteth to strangle sheep; but soothly the destroyers of holy churches goodness do not so, for they never stint their strangling." — Chaucer.

The city of Brussels stands on a theatre, across which have passed the thrilling events of the drama of history, from the days of the resignation of Charles the Fifth to the day of the most decisive battle of Modern Europe. The river Senne flows through a valley of beautifully diversified scenery, flanked on either side by sloping heights, and on one of these slopes is the city of Brussels. As you approach it from the west, you see it rising from the Senne as a splendid amphitheatre of houses, till it covers the summit like a queenly crown. At the foot of the hill, where are the quays and canal basins, the city swarms with commercial life; but as your eye rises up the acclivity it meets with green parks and squares, surrounded by ducal palaces. At two of these squares we will pause for a single moment. The Grand Place, sometimes called the "Horse-Market," is in the centre of the upper city, a noble

square, containing the gorgeous old Hotel de Ville, —a civic palace in the florid Gothic style, with its quaint sculptures and pointed turrets. Its pyramidal tower rises to a summit of nearly four hundred feet, from the top of which you look away over the level country and along the whole valley of the Senne, and nine miles to the south see the Waterloo plains, two hundred and fifty years from the events we are describing, to be watered with the blood of Europe. There is another square, the large palace garden called the Park, surrounded by four uniformly built streets, which compare well with the finest streets of European capitals. On one of these, the Rue Bellevue, or the Street of Beautiful Views, is a spot consecrated alternately with as much domestic happiness and anguish as any spot in the world. Here stood the residence occupied by the Count of Egmond, overlooking the palace garden, whose statuary gleamed through linden-trees, overlooking, far below, the soft luxuriance of the valley of the Senne. Hither he was wont to come from the debates in the Council of State, to caress his infant son and be the sunlight of his family and bask himself in its charms. He had now four daughters in the freshest bloom of early womanhood, the oldest one happy in her recent betrothal, and he had several younger children, who kept his home alive with their prattle and play. Of his son Philip, now about nine years old, we shall hear again. In this domestic scene, which caught its sunshine from the exuberant joyousness of his own heart, he was called to decide between

two courses of action, on which a prudent man would have pondered well. He was summoned to the presence of the Governess, and a new oath was demanded of him and the Prince of Orange. They had not joined the "Gueux"; they had both been active in suppressing the recent disturbances. Both were Catholics.* But they were opposed to the Inquisition. They were idols of the people, and both their names were on that petition for the removal of the troops which first roused the secret ire of Philip.

The new oath required of them "to use their utmost endeavors to uphold the Catholic Church, to punish the sacrilegious, and *extirpate heresy;* and that they should treat as enemies all those whom she declared such in the King's name." Egmond and most of the Council took the oath. Orange steadily refused it.

Soon after, a private interview took place between these two nobles, and long and earnest was the conference. Orange charged Egmond with deserting the cause of the country, and painted in glowing colors the bloody future that was not far off. Both had received letters from the King, containing most gracious assurances of the royal favor. But the keen eye of Orange looked through the whole. Beside his unrivalled sagacity, he had secret sources of knowledge. He had a spy in the court of Philip, who kept him informed of all the counsels and purposes of that wily bigot. He knew that a

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* Orange became a Protestant afterwards.

Spanish army was to be sent into the Netherlands, and he knew the work they were to do.

"I assure you, my dear Egmond, that we have safety only in two things. We must form a league among the nobles, and oppose the coming of the Spaniards, or we must fly."

"No, no," said Egmond. "Away with these gloomy suspicions! I shall do nothing to offend my sovereign. I have offended him too much already. But I have abundant assurance of his grace and clemency, and I know, from the important aid I have rendered in suppressing the riots and punishing the image-breakers, that I have everything to hope. Our hope is in the royal goodness, which I know to be great."

They separated. Orange revolving his gloomy thoughts, Egmond with a buoyant spirit seeking again his family on the Rue Bellevue, and rejoicing in conscious security. Pomp, luxury, ease, emolument, the favor of a court, domestic peace, were not to be given up without the sublime philosophy which raises man above the present; — and this belonged not to Egmond. With his defection from the popular side, and the withdrawal of his immense influence, the cause of liberty in the Netherlands was hopeless for the present.

But Orange was to be gained over if possible. Margaret knew well that all Holland and Zealand waited upon his word. She plied every art to retain him and induce him to take the oath. A last memorable meeting was appointed. It was at Willebrock, a place on the Rupel, between Brussels

and Antwerp, and such important consequences were thought to hang on the decisions of the conference, that a Calvinist spy concealed himself in the chimney to hear it. Along with Egmond, Margaret sent her secretary, Berti, and the young Count Mansfeld, that their combined argument and eloquence might shake the resolve of the Prince. Orange appeared with the same pale and thoughtful face, and with all the secrets of Philip's cabinet buried in his breast, where his spirit brooded upon them by night and day. Of course the combined eloquence of the three fell on him as on a rock of flint. Then Egmond took him one side to a window, and used all the entreaties of ardent friendship.

"It will cost you your estates, Orange, if you persist in your purpose."

"And you your life, Egmond, if you change not yours. To me, at least, it will be a consolation in my misfortunes, that I dared in deed as well as in word to help my country in her hour of need. But you, my friend! you are dragging friends and country with you to destruction."

"You will never persuade me, Orange, to see things in the light in which they appear to your mournful prudence. The King is good and just. I have claims upon his gratitude, and I must not forget what I owe to myself and my wife and children."

"Well, then," said Orange, with bitter anguish, "trust if you will to this royal gratitude; a mournful presentiment tells me that you, Egmond, will be the bridge by which the Spaniards will pass over

into the Netherlands, and when they have used you for that purpose, they will destroy you without mercy."

Then Orange drew him to his breast and clasped him in his arms. Long and tenderly, as if the sight was to serve him for a lifetime, did he keep his eyes upon him, till the tears were flowing fast.

They parted.

"Adieu, Prince, *sans terre*," said Egmond.

"Adieu, Count, *sans tête*," said Orange.*

Orange resigned his seat in the Council the next day, and retired to Holland.

Egmond went on towards the awful and bloody chasm whose mouth was concealed by the pendent flowers and lilies.

Order has been restored, the band of the Gueux broken up, the image-breakers punished, and Margaret is now expecting to enjoy her regency with her people. But the hate of Philip is not satisfied. An army of twenty thousand Spanish veterans is on its way to the Netherlands, men hardened to the work of carnage in the wars of Italy. They are led on by the Duke of Alva, already famed as the wholesale butcher of men. They march at leisure with two classes of attendants, — priests and courtesans, — nevertheless under admirable discipline. So the vindicators of the true faith are coming! In vain does Margaret remonstrate. In vain does

* These last words, given on the authority of Aubery du Maurier, Davies discredits on account of their "coarse and cruel irony." They sound rather like words of desperate and bitter anguish.

she represent to Philip that the troubles are all suppressed, and no foreign troops are wanted. In vain does her woman's heart prompt her to plead for clemency and conciliation with the gloomy council at Madrid.

The Netherlands wait breathless before the coming destruction, yet with vague hopes of conciliation. One hundred thousand persons leave the country while the storm is yet distant. Egmond is full of hope, declaiming of the royal clemency and justice, soothing the fears and exciting the hopes of the people. He puts himself at the head of the nobles, and they go to the frontier with a pompous retinue to meet Alva.

"We bid your Excellency welcome," said Egmond.

"Welcome or not, I am here," said Alva.

Alva was a man of consummate abilities, of distinguished eloquence, of great military skill, and sternly faithful to his king. He was tall and gaunt, his face long and cadaverous, his eyes deep sunk in his forehead, whence they lowered rather than looked. He had been the most successful commander of his time, and had learned to shed the blood of his fellow-men with as little compunction as a beast of prey. He leads the Spanish army into Brussels amid silence like that of a tomb. Business leaves the streets, the windows of the houses are closed, and the Grand Place in the centre of the city is made a garrison for Spanish soldiers, while a deep gloom, like the pause before the thunder-crash, spreads over the city and thence over all the Provinces.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "So as she thus meláncholicke did ride,
> Chawing the cud of grief and inward paine,
> She chanced to meet, toward the even-tide,
> A knight that softly pacéd on the plaine."
>
> *Faerie Queene.*

VERY good and proper people say that young women have no right to get in love, until some particular gentleman kneels to them, and thaws out their hearts with a profession of particular passion; of which rule all young women will doubtless take due notice. You are to behave well and proper towards everybody, but you have no business to know there is any such thing as love, and the young, handsome Duke of Castle Hall is to be precisely the same to you as Tom Snooks of Shoveldom, so far as all this matter is concerned. You are to be like Maud, and wear a cold and clear-cut face, "faultily faultless and icily regular," till some one undertakes to find the perilous way to the warm springs away in your inmost hearts, through successive layers of frost and snow. We cannot say, then, that we fully approve of the conduct of Bessie in the exuberance of her affections.

Then as to unmarried men in general, if you mean

always to maintain a cool independence, and never be taken off your feet, never fall sick away from your mothers and sisters. As surely as you wake up elsewhere, and see that other eyes have been watching you; or as sure as you take your fever-powders from fairy fingers; or as sure as too soft a hand fixes and smoothes your pillow; you become completely magnetized, and your senses from that day forward are not like the senses of other men.

But enough of advice. It comes too late for poor Bessie. In the warmth of her goodness, she took care of a sick man, till she saw health blossoming on his countenance, and she listened to his stories, told in tones quick and tremulous with gratitude. He went away, but the vision has staid with her, and she has looked many times down the bay where the sail disappeared. But it is a year ago. And Captain Hawkins is gone, too, on another perilous voyage, and Mrs. Hawkins and Bessie both are bending anxious eyes over the bay for his returning sail, and trembling at every storm that sends its wailings into the Catwater. They are sitting at the south window one warm October afternoon. Mrs. Hawkins has been particularly tender towards her little flamingo, for she cannot help seeing that her brightness has somewhat faded, and mirth has departed from her song.

" Is not that the Jesus of Lubec, mother, beating up the bay ? "

" Nay, my bird, the Jesus is longer and deeper; and don't you see she has not the sign of St. George upon her colors ? It 's a Dutchman."

Sure enough, a dozen Mynheers were on the wharf in less than an hour, greeted by divers other Mynheers from the town, with their "Hoe gaat het," and "Bin uw be kant mit Mynheer," blending with endless and undistinguished jabber. It was not long before a tall and comely gentleman was making his way to Mrs. Hawkins's door.

"Why the mercy!" said Mrs. Hawkins, "it 's Nimble John," — and all the color went out from Bessie's cheek.

"And how is my good mother?" said he, as he entered the room, kissing her reverently; and then, turning to Bess, and taking both her hands in his: "May I kiss her too?"

"Why yes! and bring back into her cheek the crimson blossoms"; and the long-smothered secret of both hearts found its full utterance.

He looked into her face, and the pent-up feelings of twelve months melted into her eyes as they gazed into his. He saw indeed that the laughing roses had left her cheek, once so round and full, and that the delicate lily had come in its place, and the whole meaning of Mrs. Hawkins's words flashed upon his mind.

"Why, I did wrong, very wrong. I never ought to have left you with this secret smouldering in both our hearts; but upon my word I did not know how it was with you. When I first woke out of that horrible fever, I thought you was the angel of my dream, and when I found that I was broad awake, and that you did not melt into air, you seemed more of an angel than ever. But I did not dare to

tell you so, for I expected what the sailors call a young furicano with Captain Hawkins. I thought when we parted company that he would be for putting me into one of his arquebuses, and blowing me up against the sky. So I would not think of doing anything that looked like plucking his bird out of his bosom."

Inquiries now are made concerning the mother of the young man, and the story of grief and wrong has to be told over.

"And the young Lamoral Egmond?"

"Not young now, Bessie, but grown to be the Stadtholder of Flanders. He lives in Brussels, on the Rue Bellevue, where I saw him not a month agone, and three of his daughters, in whom his own joyous and sunny nature has been copied. Two of them, Maria and Magdalena, are not far from your age, and their wit, mirth, and bird-like songs are the life of Palace Garden. I was fitting out a merchant-ship to sail for the ports of Spain. The times looked squally, and I went to the Count for passports from the government, knowing that he stood high in the King's confidence. He was profuse and generous as ever, and procured me all I wanted. But just as I was leaving Brussels, this letter was put into my hand.

"'My Good Cousin:—

"'Put your faith in no one! The Prince knows every name on the Roll of Blood in the King's bureau. The dragon's jaws are wide open. See that you are not between them. Leave the Netherlands. J. S., Kt.'

"This letter I knew to be from my kinsman, Sir John Sayer, page to the Prince of Orange.* How much it portends, we shall see. But my ship has left Amsterdam, and I am here."

Nimble John and Bessie are among the old haunts again, in the communings of the most delicious of friendships, sitting once more and looking over into the Southern Yams of Devonshire, now brown and golden under the colorings of an October sun, when an old face appears upon the scene.

"What do you here, my nimble fellow?" said the new-comer.

"Whence now, Bullhead? Anything in the wind?"

"Yes, a good deal," he answered, with a big oath.

"Softly, if you please. Swear in Dutch, if you swear here. This is Miss Hawkins."

And the burly-headed fellow made a bow, and both sputtered Dutch for the space of half an hour. He was a stout fellow, with a red face, thick neck, and fist like a sledge-hammer, which he swung in the air when he wanted to emphasize his words. Bessie surveyed him from head to foot, with a girl's wonderment, till he turned on his heel and disappeared.

"Is that another specimen of the tropics?"

"That, Bessie, is William van der Mark, the

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* The Sir John Sayer who was in the employ of the Prince of Orange probably belonged to the Colchester branch, and if so was cousin of John Bourchier Sayer, though we do not know in what degree.

Dutchman. He is a kinsman of the Peter Mark who was one of the crew of the Jesus, and a very bulldog for negro-catching. He has left a letter with me, which he thinks important. I will open and read it to you.

"'My Good Cousin: —

"'If the Count of Egmond is to be saved, it must be done quickly. He is in the dragon's jaws. His friends must snatch instantly. A few thousand men in arms might do it. The Prince will help.

J. S., Kt.'"

"And what, pray, can you do?" asked Bessie.

"Mark says the Flemings will rise if anybody will head them. And that, at the worst, the Gueux can arm in secret, and watch for a chance of rescue. I told him I had a ship at his service for transports. He is a reckless fellow, and would shake his fist at a thousand thunderbolts."

CHAPTER IX.

> "From these may grow
> A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
> Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

EGMOND is indeed in the dragon's jaws. Alva at first affected to treat him with confidence, and seek his co-operation. He is summoned to the sittings of the Council; all his suspicions, if any he has, are lulled under fair appearances. He is asked into a private room, as if for secret consultation, where he is suddenly arrested for high treason. At first he is stunned and turns pale; but he recovers himself and delivers up his sword, saying, "That sword has done the King some service." He is taken off to Ghent, under a guard of four thousand Spaniards, and kept for trial.

The trial comes on. Before whom? Not before his peers, as he had a right to demand, in virtue of the ancient privileges of his order, but before the creatures of Alva. Alva had organized what he called the "Council of Troubles," but which soon got the name of the *Council of Blood*. It consisted originally of twelve; but such was the work demanded of it, that all decent men left it, and it

came to consist of three, — two of them bloodthirsty fellows named John di Vargas and Jacob Hessels, and the third a Spanish priest. Hessels generally slept during the consultations, only when a vote was to be taken he roused up enough to belch out, "To the gibbet! to the gibbet!"

Before this tribunal Egmond is summoned. He denies its jurisdiction; but his plea is of course disregarded. He is charged with high treason on ninety different counts, all of them either groundless or frivolous, and he is convicted and sentenced to die.

On the 5th of June, 1568, was enacted that scene in the Grand Place or Horse-Market of Brussels which turned the land pale. A scaffold is there erected, covered with black, and around it are formed the Spanish soldiers in serried ranks. Outside of the soldiery all Brussels has gathered, and among them many of the Gueux, disguised and secretly armed. Through the serried columns Egmond is led forth to execution, attended by the Bishop of Ypres. He shows a desire to address the people. "You would excite an insurrection, said the Bishop, and plunge your friends in destruction."

He desists, but paces the scaffold with noble dignity, having on a black Spanish cloak fringed with gold lace. But he cannot even yet believe that he is to die, and turning to Romeo, the officer in attendance, — "Is there no hope of pardon?"

Romeo shrugs his shoulders and looks upon the ground. Egmond throws off his cloak, kneels and prays, and gives his neck to the fatal stroke. The

blow fell on every heart, and loud sobs broke the appalling silence. Tears rolled down the stolid faces of the Spanish soldiers themselves, and even Alva, who watched the execution from a window of the town-house, wiped his eyes as his victim died. As the ranks of the soldiers began to give way, the people rushed in from every side to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood, and take the secret vow that blood so noble should be avenged. In that crowd two men found themselves side by side. The fierce countenance of Mark meets the pale face of Sayer, on the spot stained with the sacrifice. "Are you here then, my nimble fellow?" said William Mark. "I swear to you that this beard shall not be cut till this blood has been avenged." "It will be avenged, Mark, as true as God is looking down."

It was Egmond's last wish to die honorably for his country. But never could he have died in a manner which was really more propitious to her cause. Not all the horrors of the Inquisition, not all the blood which thus far had flowed, inspired men's minds with so much of detestation, or wrought within them such mighty resolves. Every drop of the blood now shed was to spring up an invincible army.

As Sayer was retiring from the Grand Place, a paper was put into his hand from the crowd, having on it the picture of a gibbet, and under it the single sentence, "Beware! — your name is before the Council of Blood." It had no signature, but he knew the handwriting. Nevertheless, he passed over into the Palace-Garden Square, and down the

Rue Bellevue, and paused before the house whose windows were hung with black. All was silent, for grief too deep for utterance turns the face to marble. He sent in these words: "My vessel is at Antwerp, and at the command of the Lady Egmond," — and received in answer, "The Lady Egmond and family will sail for Amsterdam to-morrow night."

To-morrow night came, and an aged woman, the one who had been the friend of Lady Anne and her orphan boy, has come to Antwerp, under the protecting shadows that tenderly veil her grief from human gaze. Her grandchildren are with her, — the children of the murdered Count. The sunshine has left the Rue Bellevue, the bird-like songs are hushed for ever, and beneath the black mantle of sorrow these female forms, with their young charge, tread the deck of the vessel, which soon bears them away to Flushing, and thence to Amsterdam.

What a scene do they leave behind! All Flanders and Brabant have become a charnel-house. Besides Egmond and Van Hoorn, eighteen of the Netherland nobles were executed. Eighteen hundred persons perished in a few weeks, and yet the cry every day by the Council of Blood was for a hundred victims more. Every one who had either joined the Gueux, or at any time sympathized with them, was declared a traitor; and that included nearly every man and woman in the Netherlands. All the ways leading to Brussels and the principal cities were lined with gibbets; yea, the trees were loaded with corpses, and the living walked through

the fetid avenues of the dead. Alva declared that the whole land should be a desert rather than a single heretic remain in it. The very men who had brought in the Inquisition fell victims to it, several being put to death on the charge of remissness, and none but Alva's bloodhounds themselves were safe. The Gueux, who lurked in all the provinces, were hunted out with tenfold ferocity. Thousands of them escaped out of the dragon's jaws, and crowded into the southern towns of England, — Maidstone and Canterbury were filled with them. Others lived upon the sea, — a terror to all Spaniards upon the deep, — and acquired the name of the "Water Gueux." So the country was emptied of its best population as the crimson billows swept over it.

Orange had retired to Germany in season to save his life. When Granvelle heard that Alva had the principal of the nobles in his power, he asked quickly, "Has he caught the Taciturn?" and on being answered in the negative, "Ah! then," he replied, "if he is not in the net, Alva has caught nothing."

Sayer landed his precious freight in Amsterdam, at the ancestral mansion of the Counts of Egmond. He belonged to the Gueux; the Council of Blood was scenting his track, but in a few days his vessel was safe anchored in the Catwater.

CHAPTER X.

"The devil, like an expert wrestler, usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw." — SOUTH.

IF we were writing a novel, we suppose we ought to begin with love, proceed through fearful labyrinths, and end at last with marriage. But we trust the reader has found out by this time that we are writing truth instead of fiction, simply because the former is the more marvellous of the two. We only reserve to ourselves a little background, and a small margin of romance, in order that the truth may look out in bolder relief in front.

Sayer is in Plymouth, safe from the scent of the Spanish hounds, though looking back with a bleeding heart to the horrible work of the Inquisition in his adopted country. The name of Gueux, assumed at first as a title of glory, has come, indeed, to express again what its name properly imports. Hundreds of thousands, who once gloried in the name, are now driven to starve in woods and hiding-places, or to hang on trees and gibbets; to live in wild adventure on the deep, or to beg for home and shelter in foreign lands. Happily for our adventurer, he has escaped, with his vessel and a

good share of his property, and is safe in his old asylum, which stands on the promontory that overlooks Plymouth Bay.

There is no news from Captain Hawkins, though the month of January, 1569, has set in. Any allusion to the voyage causes Mrs. Hawkins to sigh, and ejaculate a prayer. A sail at length is beating up the bay, before a stiff northern gale. But it is not the Jesus of Lubec. It is the Minion, and she looks shattered and forlorn enough; and as she comes into the Catwater, about twenty human beings, quite as shattered and forlorn, crawl out of her. And Captain Hawkins is among them. He reels and totters, but his foot has scarcely touched land before his flamingo is at his side. Pale and haggard, he comes up to the house, leaning on her shoulder, and breathing hard and short, and she hands him to the great arm-chair, and falls upon his neck with kisses. The strong man is bowed down, and weeps like a child in his daughter's arms. Mrs. Hawkins is full of tenderness, but cannot help putting in hints about her presentiments, and about the advice that she gave; but an imploring look from Bessie, which seems to say, "Not now, mother, — pray don't," prevents all this, and there is nothing but condolence and sympathy for the broken man. As Nimble John appears before his old master, a faint smile plays over his master's sallow face, while he takes the hand into his feeble grasp, and groans aloud: "O my good fellow, never cease to thank God for the misery you have been preserved from!"

And then followed the tale of woe. "Ah, goodwife Hawkins, you were a prophet, and I should have heard to ye. The Jesus gone down to the bottom, with most of her men, riddled with Spanish shot! Two thirds of the crew dead either from pirates or starvation, and the rest but just alive!" *

"Then you have been boarded by pirates," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"Yes, by the Don-devils and the Furicanos. But," he added, with a ghastly smile, "I must give

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* The last "troublesome voyage" made by the Jesus of Lubec, the Minion, and four other ships, in the years 1567 – 8, ended in signal disaster, and verified all Mrs. Hawkins's predictions and presentiments. Hawkins and his men took between four and five hundred negroes from the coast of Guinea, sailed with them to the West Indies, and there disposed of them. But passing by the west end of Cuba towards the coast of Florida, they encountered the "Furicanos," which shattered the fleet, and they put into the Spanish port of St. John de Ulloa, to refit. Soon after, a Spanish fleet of thirteen great ships hove in sight, and came into the harbor. Captain Hawkins made with them a treaty of amity, which the faithless Spaniards only used as a snare. When matters were ripe for an outbreak, the viceroy blew a trumpet, and, as Hawkins relates, "Of all sides they set upon us. Then all the ordinance upon the ilande was in the Spaniardes handes, which did us so great annoyance that it cut all the mastes and yardes of the Jesus and sunke our small shippes." The upshot was, that only the Minion, and a small bark called the Judith, escaped. Nearly all the men were either massacred by the Spaniards or perished miserably afterwards. This remnant of the fleet came into the harbor of Cornwall, January 20, 1569, "lean, rent, and beggared," both by Spanish shot and the strumpet wind. Captain Hawkins closes his melancholy narrative in these words: "If all the miseries and troubelsome affaires of this sorrowfull voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painfull man with his pen, and as great a time as he that wrote the lives and deathes of the Martyrs." And so ended Captain Hawkins's last missionary voyage for the conversion of Africa! See Hakluyt, Vol. III. pp. 618 – 623.

over the conversion of the heathen to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Under such nursing as he had, Captain Hawkins was not long in rounding out to his ancient dimensions, and recovering from the collapse of starvation. He is sitting in his chair, with Bessie in his lap, who is combing out the knots and tangles of his shaggy beard, and smoothing back his long hair from his temples, till she has made him look almost as apostolic as he claimed to be.

"I guess you won't be wicked any more, nor convert any more of those poor Sapies, as you call it."

"Nay, old Jack Hawkins will mind his little birdy, for the Lord has touched him with his finger. Old Jack must reef his sails a little," and a tear was starting in his eye.

"Now *will* you mind your birdy, though?" and she held his head between her hands, and looked with strange earnestness into his face, as if exploring his honesty.

"Yea, — yea. Old Jack has but just escaped the whirlpools that well-nigh had gulped him down. Yea, the Lord has lifted him up high and let him drop upon the rocks, and stove him all in, and let all the billows come over him, and he had clean gone down, if his birdy had n't hovered over the wave like a dove of mercy. Old Jack will do all she bids him, else by and by she 'll be flitting up to the skies, and leave him behind, away out of sight. Say what you will, and old Jack Hawkins won't cry you nay."

"And did you know your birdy was to flit away,

and leave her father with nobody to fly to his heart, when he comes home half killed with Furicanos and Spaniards?" And she crept into his great bosom and sobbed.

"What a' murrain! But ye ar' n't sick! ye 're a red rose that 'll bloom out this many a long day after poor old Jack Hawkins lies with a thousand fathom of ocean upon his breast. Nay, nay; we won't call ye a bird that 's for flitting up into the blue skies. And don't then be taking on for any such fantasy."

"Nay, but Nimble John has taken me and put me into his heart, and I 'm to go off with him among Spaniards and Inquisitions, and be his omen of mercy, he says; and now what will you do when you come home wrecked and a-weary?"

"But Nimble John won't do any such thing with my silly girl. He won't take her among Spaniards without asking me, nor steal her from her dear old father!"

"Nay, Johnny won't do that, but he will ask you, and you won't cry him nay."

The great breast on which the ocean storms had beat for so many years heaves convulsively, and the iron features are wet with the trickling rain. Nimble John, at length, is called into the room. "Take her, — take her, my faithful fellow! Old Jack ha' n't the hardness of heart to keep her from ye. She 'll be as sweet a dove to ye as ever hovered over the path of a weary mortal. Old Jack must take her from him, and sail on without her music. But know, my good fellow, by what he gives, how much he loves."

A few days have passed, and then our flamingo, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death," is nestling to the breast of Nimble John. Ah, you dear little bird! Are you thinking what all that means? and that the lightnings and the hailstorms and the fire-showers will come, when even that faithful breast you cling to will be small protection? Look over into the Netherlands!

CHAPTER XI.

"*Peasant.* — Pray, Philosopher, will you resolve me the thunder?

"*Phil.* — Thunders are nothing else but the blows and thumps given by the fires beating hard upon the clouds; and therefore presently the fiery chinks and rifts of those clouds do glitter and shine. Possible it is also that the breath and wind elevated from the earth, being repelled backe, and kept down by the starres, and so held in and restrained within a cloud, may thunder, whiles nature choketh the rumbling sound all the while it striveth and quarrelleth; but sendeth forth a cracke when it breaketh out, as we see in a bladder puffed with wind.

"*Peasant.* — I dislike that cloud coming up in the north."

Philosophical Transactions Revised.

The Netherlands were crushed and subdued. Alva had put garrisons into all the principal cities, those of Holland included, and the reign of terror and carnage was complete. Orange and his brother, Louis of Nassau, had raised armies, crossed over from Germany, and offered resistance. But Orange in the field was no match for Alva. His military skill by no means corresponded to his statesmanlike abilities, and his troops all melted away without accomplishing anything of moment. Alva has completed his circuit of confiscations and murders, and has come to Antwerp in triumph. There he orders a brazen statue of himself to be cast, and set up in

the market-place, with an inscription on it signifying that the rebels were subdued. Two heads lay at its feet, representing, some thought, those of the Counts Egmond and Hoorn. "The heads grin horribly," said the Duke of Aarschot to Alva, as they were both surveying the statue; "they will take signal vengeance if they ever rise again." Prophetic words!

Alva's troops must be supported, and for this heavy taxes must be levied upon the States. The States with some exceptions comply. Among these exceptions are Utrecht and the city of Brussels. He orders troops into Utrecht to harass the people, and he thinks Brussels will be overawed into compliance by his immediate presence and his hateful garrison. But the citizens of Brussels offer that passive resistance which is the hardest for tyrants to overcome. They cease their traffic. The shops are all shut, the inns are closed; the brewers will not brew, the bakers will not bake, and the garrison cannot be supplied with provisions. Then Alva determines to hang seventy of the principal shopkeepers before their own doors, and ladders and ropes are already prepared for the purpose. But before the hour comes, Alva hears news that makes him pause!

The Gueux had been driven from the ports of Sweden and Denmark, and England was the only country that gave them shelter. In her southern ports their vessels had sought a refuge from the Spanish rage. Alva remonstrates with Elizabeth against her harboring heretics and rebels, and de-

mands of her that they be driven from her dominions. Elizabeth is not now in a condition to break with Philip, and complies. She issues her proclamation, and commands the Gueux to leave the ports of England. Alva in his blind fury does not know the thunderbolt he is forging for his own head.

Sayer was watching anxiously the progress of events, when the mandate came which would eject both himself and vessel from the Catwater. Whither? The last refuge in Europe was now denied the Gueux; not a foot of solid land was left for the soles of their feet to touch upon, and they had only to betake themselves to the open sea and the God of nature. At the time of the Queen's proclamation, Sayer had resided three years in Plymouth, amid his own household, made bright with the love-light of Bessie, and musical with her song. *Another* Johnny Bourchier is just peeping into this troublesome world; a little fellow of two summers, who has stolen some of the rose, though none of the laughter, out of her cheek, and in that little paradise of wedded love is all unconscious of the wickedness outside. Sayer, on hearing of the proclamation, goes up to the old mansion by the Catwater, leaving his flamingo and her little charge at bo-peep with each other.

"I am to leave you, my old commander, and you, my best of mothers, and I must put my birdies under your wing for a little space. I may fall among the Spaniards, and I will leave these behind just now."

"What! are you going to fall single-handed upon the Don-devils? Don't fire your arquebuse too quick, man!"

"Nay, my old commander, but I must clear your port, and I'll take the best aim I can, when time and opportunity come."

Three days more, and he is sailing out of the harbor. There are sorrows and forebodings in all hearts but little Johnny's, who "dances up high" in his mother's arms as she looks her last. Sayer puts on his bravest look, for men are wanted now, and sails out of the bay and out of sight, and disappears from our story at present. May we meet him again!

Hunted out from their last places of refuge, the Gueux are mustering and preparing to quit the harbors of England. Dover is their place of rendezvous, and there twenty-four ships have come together laden with death, and with men ready to brave anything in the last struggle for a final foothold upon God's earth. What desperate-looking fellows they are! They have encountered all the winds of heaven, and all the storms of the deep; they have sailed a thousand times into the throat of destruction in the chase after Spanish galleons and transports; their faces are scarred and seamed, and frightful to behold; one has lost an arm, another a leg, and another an eye; but halt and maimed as they are, they are thirsting for revenge, and doubly nerved to get it. Their hatred of Spaniards amounts to a frenzy, but they are under admirable and exact discipline, and their red-hot passions kept under for occasion.

On the cap of each is a silver crescent, bearing the motto, "Rather Turk than Pope." Such is the force which Alva has driven together, and he demands of Elizabeth that they shall quit England. They will quit undoubtedly! Already they are lying off Dover, and lowering down upon the Netherlands more grim than the ferryman of hell. And the fiercest and grimmest among them is in command. It is WILLIAM VAN DER MARK, his hair and beard uncut for four years, — he who took the vows of vengeance over the smoking blood of Egmond, and who is now the Admiral of the "Water Gueux."

We trust the reader is not one of those foolish people who read histories and historical novels without a good map before him. Please then look down upon the little, devoted Netherlands, and search out the towns of Briel and Flushing. The first stands at the mouth of the Meuse, and commands its navigation; the second is on an island near the mouth of the Scheldt, and commands the navigation of that. These are the two principal rivers that drain the Netherlands. So that, even if you have not much of military genius, which we hope is the case, you may still see that these two seaports are the keys of the country, and that he who commands these, lets in destruction or keeps it out at pleasure.

The "Water Gueux" have left Dover, with Mark at their head; he who swore terribly in Flanders, and who swears terribly yet. They sailed for the island of Texel, at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, but stress of weather has diverted them, and brought

them around into the Meuse, and they suddenly appear before Briel. The Spanish troops have been removed into Utrecht to harass that province, and so Mark seizes upon Briel, in the name of the Prince of Orange; and within twenty-four hours, thirteen Romish priests and monks are hanging upon gibbets, and the Romish churches are stripped, and the images smashed in pieces. This news comes to Alva at Brussels, just as he has got his ropes ready to hang the seventy shopkeepers; but he stops suddenly. He has something else to do.

Flushing is next surprised and surrenders, and the Gueux take possession. Then one town after another in Holland raises the standard of revolt against Alva. The Spanish garrisons have been enfeebled, because the soldiers are wanted to crush Utrecht; Mark is on the watch, and sends in supplies and succors to the insurgents, and within three months from the capture of Briel not a single town in Holland, with the exception of Amsterdam, remains in subjection to Alva and his governor. The Gueux have come with a vengeance; they have liberated Holland from the garrisons; the little state stands erect and defiant to the Spaniard, and through all her towns the Orange flag is floating on the walls. Alva himself begins to quail. He asks the deputies of Holland to assemble, and offers to remit the tax. They do assemble, not in the spirit which he expected, but to assert their freedom, and throw off the dominion of Spain.

But a conflict is to come. As soon as Alva can settle affairs in the Catholic Netherlands, he rein-

forces his veterans to subdue once more the rebellious province. Sneering at the peaceful pursuits of the agricultural Hollanders, he expects soon to crush them again, and swears he will "smother them in their own butter."

Before we see the little state lie torn and bleeding under the tusks of the boar, let us look at it one moment as it is described by a contemporary writer, who resided among its people just before the troubles began. Guicciardini, who sailed over its canals, lined with rows of willows and industrious windmills, and looked down into its polders, and had intercourse with its inhabitants in town and country, says: "This little corner of the earth abounds with people, with riches and virtue, and everything that the heart of man can desire. Not the most minute portion of the land is without its production; even the sand-hills afford food and shelter to vast quantities of rabbits, esteemed for their delicate flavor; and on every creek of the sea are to be found incredible numbers of water-fowl and their eggs, both of which form a valuable article of export to the Belgic provinces." The men are described as "brave, active, and industrious, devoted to freedom, but faithful and obedient subjects." They are also "humane, benevolent, and affable, lively and facetious, but sometimes rather licentious in their jests"; they are "upright and sincere," but addicted to two vices, covetousness and drunkenness. They are fond of learning and the arts, and have large numbers of scientific men, and even the peasantry "can read and write well." The women

"have extraordinary beauty of shape and countenance," are remarkable for their chastity and purity, but are in no degree "timid, shy, or reserved." They "walk and travel alone in confidence and security"; they "mingle in all the active business of life, such as buying and selling," which, the author observes, with great want of gallantry, "must increase their natural love of domineering and grumbling, and there can be no doubt makes them imperious and capricious." *

Such are the peaceful Hollanders; but Alva will probably find it difficult to "smother" them. Their little strip of land measures some seventy-five miles by thirty, and could be laid snugly away in the State of Connecticut, with considerable room to spare. Philip is to force the Inquisition upon them, and for this purpose he has the strength of Italy, Germany, and Spain, the Southern or Catholic Netherlands, the most experienced commander of the age, and all the gold of Spanish America to carry on the war. Fearful odds! — but God is looking on.

* Quoted by Davies, Vol. I. pp. 486, 487.

CHAPTER XII.

"Nature provides exceptions to every rule. She sends women to battle, and sets Hercules spinning." — MARGARET FULLER.

THE troops of Alva are on their march towards the devoted province, and wherever they have passed there is a track of carnage and desolation. They have pillaged Zutphen, and now they are coming into Utrecht to the town of Naarden, close on the borders of Holland. Naarden surrenders, on the condition that the lives and property of all the inhabitants shall be preserved, and that they shall take a new oath to the King of Spain. The burghers are summoned to the guild-hall to take the oath, and the town overflows with Spanish soldiers. The hall is filled with the unarmed citizens, while the soldiers stand in front, headed by a priest, who turns suddenly towards the people, and bids them prepare for death. Then the muskets are levelled towards the defenceless multitude, and at a signal given five hundred lie dead on the floor of the guild-hall, which is immediately set on fire, and wrapped in flames. And then follows a scene of slaughter in all the streets, compared with which the policy of Herod were mild and humane ; all of which

meets with the highest approbation of Alva. Holland looks on aghast, and sees in Naarden her own portending doom; for the way is now clear, and the butchers march through Amsterdam, and invest the city of Haarlem.

The citizens waver, and hesitate at first whether to make a defence. They see the weakness of their fortifications, and the numbers and discipline of the enemy, whose hands are yet reeking with the blood of Naarden; and the government of Haarlem sends secretly to make terms with the Spaniards. But one Wybald van Ripperda stands up, and with his rousing eloquence touches every chord of heroism; the people answer everywhere with a shout of enthusiasm, and they arm for the defence of their town.

A memorable siege follows, in which the unconquerable spirit of the Hollanders begins to appear. They build an inner wall, higher and stronger than the old one, and for this purpose men, women, and children join in the work. There is a lady of noble blood, Catharine Hasselar, who forms a regiment of three hundred women, and they not only use the pick-axe and spade, but with the sword and musket they deal death to the enemy from the top of the walls. These probably are some of the "imperious" women whom Guicciardini speaks of, but who have learned to do something a good deal more practical than "grumbling," and who have no idea of being smothered in their own butter. For seven long months do the citizens of Haarlem hold out against the besiegers, in hope of succor from the

Prince of Orange. The besiegers try the effect of cruelty and intimidation, and hang their prisoners in sight of the town. Whereupon a row of gibbets appears on the walls, from which an equal number of Spanish prisoners dangle in the air. It is unchristian retaliation, but it is done. The besiegers throw over the wall into the city the head of one Philip King, whom they have taken prisoner in an unsuccessful attempt to relieve the city; and on it is this inscription of cruel irony: "This is the King who should have relieved Haarlem." They are answered with irony quite as sharp and cutting. Eleven barrels come rolling down from the walls towards the enemy's camp, bearing the inscription: "This is the tithe, with interest, for the payment of which Alva has besieged Haarlem." They open the barrels, and find them full of decapitated Spaniards. Unchristian retaliation again; but we cannot help it, for it was done. For seven long months this siege and defence are carried on, but no relief comes to the doomed city. It falls at last, but not till it has cost the lives of twelve thousand Spaniards. Ye could conquer the Inquisitors, but ye could not conquer starvation and pestilence, not the three hundred brave women even, with the noble Lady Catharine at your head. It capitulates, and the hateful Spanish garrison comes in with the usual bad faith and cruelty which render the Spanish name a stench in our nostrils.

And now comes the hour of despair to the little, devoted commonwealth. What can she do before the invading foe? Her army is no match in the

open field for the veterans of Alva, and the dispirited exiles who had returned to their country prepare for a second hight, and all the towns expect, in mute and gloomy despondency, to share the fate of Haarlem. Alva says, if they do not submit, he will exterminate them with fire and sword, and give the land to strangers.

Now then the powerful voice of Orange is heard, rousing all the energy of the little commonwealth, and touching that deep chord of religious enthusiasm which he knows how to touch so well. "The King of kings," says he, "is our ally, and in him will we put our trust. Is it because the misfortunes to which all men are subject have fallen upon you, that manly courage has fled entirely from your hearts? If God has done what it pleased him with Haarlem, is it therefore that his arm is shortened? Has he forsaken his Church, that it should deny him? Cast away from you all idle fears! Rouse within yourselves the courage of former days! Do your duty, and the blessing of God shall be yours!"

All murmurs cease; new fire rolls through all the veins of the little state; the towns and cities repair their fortifications; the finances are replenished; the army is put on a better footing, and they wait still, but determined and defiant, before the invaders.

The town of Alkmaar comes next in turn. Alva has sent his son, Don Frederick, to lay siege to it, at the head of 16,000 men. Look on the map and see it, lying up north of Haarlem some eighteen miles, amid meadows of sweet clover and fat kine, where Alva will find plenty of butter; a town well

fortified, with the canals flowing through it and all around it, shaded with beautiful trees. Thirteen hundred armed burghers have mustered upon its walls, with eight hundred soldiers, to welcome the invaders. And is this all ye have, ye gallant few, to oppose to Alva's sixteen thousand human bulldogs? No, it is not all. The spirit of those "imperious" women is up again. Companies of women, and girls without any consumptive symptoms, help drive back the onslaughts of the Spaniards, even where the fight is the thickest and the hottest. The wife and daughters of Mynheer hand to him the stones and burning missiles as fast as he can use them, and say to him, "Ply them surely and plumply on the pate of the Spaniard, or else make way for us." Plump and sure they fly, till not a Spaniard dares lift his pate above his bulwarks, or if he does, he gets it cracked in two. But a month has gone; no reinforcements can be conveyed into the town through Don Frederick's thick line of forts, and the provisions begin to fail. "What can we do now?" cry the despairing burghers; "for neither men nor girls can fight without food, and the Spaniard is gaining upon us." "*Drown him*," is the quick and desperate resolve. And no sooner resolved, than the dikes are opened; the canals are let loose from their beds; the polders are filled with water; the country around the town is turned into a lake; it rises higher and higher, till it surges over those of the sixteen thousand Spaniards, whose heads the burghers and the girls have left whole; the enemy's camp breaks up, and they crawl off, half drowned,

over the dikes, and slink, drenched and dripping, away to Amsterdam, appalled at the new method of defensive warfare. And the cry of victory goes up from the brave men and women of Alkmaar; and the windmills must now go to work and pump the polders dry again!

The potent touch of Orange has stirred up all the national life, and the blessings which he promised have begun to dawn. Mutiny breaks out among the unpaid troops of Alva; the remittances from Spain fail him, and his own bloodhounds turn against him and against each other. They prey upon and plunder the loyal and Catholic portion of the Netherlands, and Alva summons the Deputies of the States to assemble at Brussels, in order to obtain from them a vote of subsidy. They assemble, and Holland sends to them an appeal, which strikes on a chord of patriotism that vibrates as to words of fire. "Rise and join us, and free yourselves from Spanish slavery. If all the forces of Spain, Italy, and Germany have not been able to conquer this little strip of land that makes the Province of Holland, how easy would it be to emancipate all the Netherlands, if united in a common cause? If Holland is subdued, Alva will then take vengeance on all the Provinces. But we will not be subdued! We are determined to perish, *town by town and man by man*, rather than submit to so disgraceful a slavery." It had its effect. Not a single pistole will the Deputies vote for Alva and his bloodhounds.

Alva is chagrined at the result of his government,

which has become involved in hopeless confusion. He sullenly quits the Netherlands, leaving a name behind him which in all time to come is to pass human lips with hisses and execrations. And yet he was only the fitting tool of the royal bigot at Madrid, who approved of all that his agent had done.

Holland has a fearful crisis to come yet, but she has time to breathe a little now, — until a new commander is sent, and the troops are reorganized.

CHAPTER XIII.

"You will suffer my little doves and sparrows to take wing among your eagles, if you should have the same good opinion of them as they have of themselves; if not, you will kindly confine them to their cage and their nests." — PLINY.

BUT what has become of Nimble John? Alack, he has not been heard from for a whole year since his sail disappeared from the Catwater, and there is all the anxiety and agony and chronic grief of long suspense in the house of the "valiant and worshipp-full John Hawkins." The missing man sailed off with a crew of Water Gueux, among whom was Peter van der Mark, the old comrade of Sayer, and kinsman of the Admiral. He should have joined the Admiral's fleet off Dover, previous to their memorable descent upon Briel, but Briel was taken, and neither Nimble John nor his ship appeared there. Meanwhile, it goes not smoothly with our darling Bess, for she dreams of shipwrecks and truculent Spaniards, and her lost Johnny gone down among the ocean graves. Perhaps, however, he did not join the Water Gueux, not liking the command of their brutal and ferocious Admiral; perhaps he has sailed off on a private venture, and is

safe somewhere; but then again, perhaps, the Furicanos or the Inquisition have got him, and a thousand other dreadful perhapses disturb the peace of poor Bess and her mother. All the news from Holland, and especially from Amsterdam, is sought and sifted, but they do not sift out the name of Nimble John.

Meanwhile *young* Johnny has fallen ill, as young Johnnies are very apt to do. What ails him we cannot tell, only he keeps up a croupy breathing and barking; and if it is not croup of the most decided and malignant character, we do not know what it is. At any rate, we expect the poor little fellow will strangle and turn black and die before morning, and with the loss of both her Johnnies, we fear, indeed, that poor Bessie would quit for the skies.

The doctor is called by sunrise, and a great white cravat appears moving down the street, with Dr. Pomp peering over from behind it.

"Why can't he stir a little faster," said Bessie, "when the child is a-dying. He seems to be taking a pleasure walk of a summer morning, and he looks cool enough to be a moving refrigerator."

"Why, my sweet sister, you must consider that people die almost every day, and if Doctor Pomp ran always at such times, he never would get a chance to stop running." So answered Richard Hawkins, who has returned from a three years' cruise, to find his sister a wife and a mother meanwhile. He has a peaked chin, and a bland smile, and we suppose from his self-satisfied look that he has made a prosperous voyage.

But Doctor Pomp brings up at last to the sick child, whom he looks at for the space of a minute; and we infer from the motion of his under lip, that he thinks science will cure it; for he deals out his drops, and holds up the phial between his eye and the light, and looks through it with a profound squint, which counts every vitalizing particle in the mysterious compound.

"Ten drops every half-hour till vomiting begins. — Shocking work in the Netherlands, Mr. Hawkins."

"Anything in particular?" said Richard; and Bessie's eyes and ears opened wide.

"Well, sir, they make shocking mutilation there of the human frame, particularly of the osseous portions of it. A man breaks his leg through the regular operation of natural laws, and there is some pleasure in setting it. But it 's bad work when men break each other to pieces. I had a whole cargo of broken limbs and skulls to mend last night. But it 's little science can do, when her rules are so totally disregarded in the matter of wounding and killing."

"Were these men brought in from the Netherlands?" asked Richard Hawkins.

"Yes, sir. One man, sir, had the os frontis driven clear into his brain. A moderate blow would have made a fracture that science can deal with. But in this case the osseous portion was driven into the pia mater. Strange that men will fight so like demons, instead of taking it moderately. And there was another man who had the os pelvis smashed fine as pebble-stones. Impossible to do

anything with it but make a new one, and that, sir, is out of our province."

"Are these Spaniards that you have been patching up, Doctor?"

"No, sir. — Ah, the drops are working off the phlegm, — pulse not so wiry, — freer passage through the trachea. — These were some of the Water Gueux. They lie in wait off Flushing, and watch for the Spanish transports at the mouths of the Scheldt, as a cat watches a rat-hole. Then they bear down upon them, and snatch them, and bring in their prizes to Middleburg. Well, sir, it happened that one of their ships got separated from the rest, and was chased by the ships of Alva clear into the Channel. At length the Spaniard grappled the Dutchman; they fought desperately, and the latter was likely to be captured; whereupon one of the crew of the Dutchman, who sat grimly upon the powder-magazine, touched it off, according to his orders, and Spaniards and Dutchmen blew up into the sky together, and rained down promiscuously into the water. An English vessel happened along and picked up the fragments."

"But don't it kill people to be blown up?" asked Bessie.

"It 's very apt, madam, to injure the cellular tissues, and that too beyond the power of science to repair. However, some of these Gueux came down nearly as whole as they went up. They fight like devils, and are about as hard to kill; and it is their rule, I understand, to blow themselves into the air rather than be captured by the Spaniard. But

they are bad fellows to mend, madam,—very bad,—and it does seem to me a pity, after God has taken pains to make us so wonderfully, that we should unmake ourselves so shockingly, not to say shabbily.—Breathes easier, flesh softer. The little fellow will be jumping about the house to-morrow. Good morning."

But Bessie followed him out of the door, and, with a heart that doubled its beat, asked Doctor Pomp, "Did you hear anything of my husband and his vessel?"

"I put that very question to those fellows,—at least to what was left of them,—and they said they had heard of your husband doing service under the Prince of Orange, but they could not tell where. But," he added, in a kindly voice, touching her gently upon the cheek, "don't let this cheek lose all its rubies; your husband won't be blowing himself into the sky by physical force; he is too sensible a man for that, and when the time comes, and not before, he will go up there the natural way."

Small consolation was this to Bessie, for she knew very well that her husband's kinsman, Sir John Sayer, was in the service of the Prince of Orange, and that the two might very easily be confounded. But it is something to build a hope upon, and she forms the brave resolve of going to find him. But what can you do, Bessie, and how can you think of going, without chart or compass, into that sea of blood and storm? These considerations did not fail to occur to the whole family.

"Nay, nay! old Jack Hawkins will rather go himself than see his fire-bird put wing into such a tempest of hot thunders. I'll take the Minion and the Judith, and go and join Mark, and send the murrain among the Don-devils, and bring back Nimble John, if 's alive."

"Nay, answered Bessie, but I promised to be his dove of good omen, and hover about him in the hurricanes, and I shall certainly go along with you till we find him."

"Mad, — mad, — ye silly girl! What do ye expect to do among the Inquisitors that slashed women and children to pieces at Naarden?"

"But I'll hand him up stones and fire-missiles, as those women did at Alkmaar, or I'll take care of him when he's sick or wounded, and keep him from being snatched by the Spanish bulldogs."

"What a' murrain! Ye should have seen the Jesus of Lubec when she was grappled by two Spaniards at once, and when she had cut her head-fastes and gotten out by the stern-fastes, and the Minion were gotten about, and the ordnance from the island opened on the Jesus, and cut and whizzed through her; and the Spaniards fired two great ships, and sent them blazing down upon us, and they came a-crackling and a-roaring alongside of us, and scorched and blinded us with smoke and flame, and the men of the Jesus were seized with a panic, for they thought hell was agape and belching its cinders over them; and some of them got off in the boat, and left the rest to abide the mercy of the Spaniards and the fire. And we sailed

away while the waters of the harbor were red with the glare, and the shrieks and screams of the men we had left in the Jesus were ringing in our ears out of the fire. What could ye do in such a place as that, ye silly girl?"

"Jump into the fire, and bring my husband out to see his baby."

On one of the polygonal streets that form the outer circle of the half-moon, — the shape, as the reader will remember, of the city of Amsterdam, — was the house of the Lady Egmond. The street was called Heeren Straat, and was away from the noise and turmoil of the business portion of the great commercial city. The canal-boats passed along its silent and shaded highway; but no sound of wheels went by, and the gentle plashing of the canal-waters, or a footfall along the sidewalks under the chestnut and linden trees, was the only noise of passengers. Here in her old mansion is the Lady Egmond and a part of her grandchildren, sons and daughters of the ill-fated Count Lamoral. The eldest is Maria,* who at this time (1574) is some twenty-seven years of age. There are two other daughters who have arrived at womanhood, Magdalena and Christina, one about twenty-one and the other nineteen. Besides these there are three younger sisters who are yet in their girlhood, Anna, Sabina, and Jenne; and there are three sons, Philip, Lamoral, and Charles, their ages ranging

* That is, the eldest unmarried. There was an elder sister, Leonora, who was now married to the Count van Houtkerke.

from six to sixteen. The widow of the murdered Count, and mother of these children, was Sabina, daughter of the Count Palatine of Bavaria, and she has remained in Brussels, poor and desolate, since the cruel stroke that crushed her household. Lady Egmond, the grandmother of these children, is watching tenderly over them for a little space,—she whose benevolent face appeared before the Lady Anne Sayer to assuage the bitterness of her exile and that of her orphan boy.

Alas! the story of sieges and battles and public executions does not measure the depth of calamity produced by war. In this old mansion on the Heeren Straat is the unimagined sorrow which has sought its silent and protecting shades. Age has slightly bent down the Lady Egmond, and studded her hair with drops of silver; but there is the same curve of benevolence under each of her large and beamy blue eyes. There is one awful image that is never out of her mind, imparting its subduing power to her manner and tone, and even tinging the light of day with ashen hues. Among the six daughters whose melodies charmed the Rue Bellevue, the song is hushed and the lute is silent, and they look into each other's marble faces without speaking that one name which crowds all other names from their memory, or of that one event which crowds all other images out of sight. Three of them are to become nuns in the priories of Brussels, those retreats into which the noise of human cruelty and wrong cannot enter, and where the soul shall yearn upward till she sees the gates unbarred by the shin-

ing ones, and she shall pass through them, and they shall close and shut out the earth for ever, and all its hideous sights.

To this mansion on the Heeren Straat, covered thickly with the shadows of the linden-trees, a strange footstep has bent its way. It is a woman with a buoyant tread, and with a bright but anxious countenance, with a boy beside her, walking, like little Iulus, "haud passibus æquis"; and now we perceive it is none other than our little flamingo. She has found her way hither, notwithstanding her father's warnings; for she has come over in the Minion under the care of Richard, whose ship has sailed in the merchant service to the great city of commerce. And if she means to find her husband and hover about him in the storm, she could not do better than consult the Lady Egmond, and for this very purpose she enters the mansion of silent sorrow.

The good woman sat and listened to Bessie's story; and when it was finished, the light of her benevolent smile broke through and irradiated the lines of grief upon her brow.

"If your husband is in the service of the Prince, or even in the Netherlands, he can probably be found." And she sat down and dictated a line to the Prince of Orange, who was at the Hague. Then, laying her hand gently upon Bessie: "You will stay here, my good child, till we get an answer. Keep quiet with me, my pretty lamb, and don't go out needlessly among the wolves."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Water, water, everywhere." — *Ancient Mariner.*

Along one of the mouths of the Rhine, on either side, and extending inward some fifteen miles, lies the district of Rhynland, quite as remarkable as any in Holland, and for some of its features as remarkable as any in the whole world. In the midst of this district stands the city of Leyden; and if the reader has any Pilgrim blood in his veins, he will pause at that name with some degree of reverence and affection. The Rhine before it enters Leyden parts into two streams; these sweep round through opposite portions of the city, and reunite near its centre. These branches are called the Old and the New Rhine. From these streams the canals circulate through the city in all directions, cutting it up into innumerable islands, — the silent highways through all its principal streets and squares. But if you would get a view both extended and minute, you must come along with us to the top of the town-hall, and look out from its belfry; and now the whole city, with its environs, and nearly the whole of Rhynland, is unrolled beneath the eye.

What an odd city is this Leyden! What strange-looking houses, with their old gables, standing each with the end towards the canal, with the eave-trough projecting forward so as to empty itself into the water! What a queer jumble of brick inlaid with stone-work! What narrow streets and winding lanes, kept clean by stout women and girls, dashing over them their endless pails of water! How beautifully does the Rhine, with its divided streams, move along through the city, and how oddly do the canals gleam in silver threads all over it, wherever you can see them through the trees that are planted along the banks! How significantly do the churches point upward their turrets above the masses of houses, and how sweet is the noise of their chimes, as they break out almost every hour, and thrill through the air, and around the old gables, and down through the lanes, and along the lazy canal-waters, sometimes sad and sometimes merry, sometimes loud and sometimes soft, keeping the whole city bathed in an atmosphere of fantastic sounds! And then look over the walls of the city, and beyond through the charming region of the Rhynland, lying level as a floor, and therefore visible far away to where the green fields become hazy, and at length fade softly into blue. Seventy villages are under your eye, surrounded each by rich fields of corn and clover and endless herds of grazing kine. The polders are spread out before you, in soft, luxuriant green, checkered by the canals, along which the everlasting windmills swing their brawny arms. Away ten miles to the south you can see the city

of the Hague, and a little farther the town of Delft, lying under the half-transparent mantle of dreamy haze. A rich and teeming landscape is this district of Rhynland, with its seventy villages glittering out of the green foliage like gems from a velvet robe. But it is frightful to think that this whole fairy region lies lower down than the waters either of the ocean or the Rhine. What if those waters should break through the dikes, and blot out one by one these glittering gems, villages, polders, windmills, and all!

But alas for the devoted city! a worse calamity than that is impending now. The Spaniard, though baffled for a time, has mustered his forces and is coming again. Alva has left never to return, but his successor, Requesens, has been sent by Philip to take his place, reorganize the army, enforce the edicts of the Inquisition, and crush out the vital spark of liberty in Holland. Since the siege and capture of Haarlem, she has had a breathing time; the Prince of Orange has been present, to rouse and guide her energies by his masterly statesmanship. But she has lost the services of him who may be said to have been the founder of her liberty. William van der Mark, who made Holland master of the ocean, who took Briel and was made commander of the forces by sea and land, has been deposed from his command for his insolence and his cruelties. He came, at length, to defy the authority of the State and of the Prince himself; he would hang Catholic priests wherever he could find them, and the people complained that

his rule was not much better than that of the Spaniard. He was deprived of his offices and thrown into prison, but permitted ultimately to retire with his property from Holland; and so his name disappears henceforth from her glorious annals.

Requesens, the successor of Alva as Governor of the Netherlands, unlike his predecessor, is a man of clemency and humanity; but he comes with the fame of a skilful commander, and is fresh from his victory over the Turk. He will not practise the cruelties of Alva, but he will enforce the edicts and reduce Holland if he can. And as soon as he can subdue the mutinies in his army, and extricate affairs from the disorder in which Alva left them, Requesens despatches his general, Valdez, with eight thousand men, to lay siege to Leyden. They have taken possession of the Rhynland, and completely surrounded the devoted city with a cordon of forts, and wait the slow but sure effect of famine. Remembering the lesson which they learned at Alkmaar, they have left their artillery behind them; but they possess all the canals that enter the city; and since there are not three months' provision within it, Valdez feels sure of his prey.

The citizens of Leyden are taken by surprise. They have neglected to lay in a store of provisions, and they have no troops to defend the city but the burgher guards. But the burgher guards will defend it to the death. They are commanded by Peter van der Werff. The governor of the city is John van der Does. The names of these two men are not remarkably euphonious, and they would not

sound very well in Homer's verse, nor keep time with its thunder-tramp; but fortunately they do not need it to make their deeds immortal. Their pictures hang up to this day in the town-hall, and their faces look mild and benevolent, but at the same time full of calm and immovable determination.

Valdez summons a surrender. He sends a letter by the hands of some deserters, filled with flattering promises and offers of pardon. He receives from the governor a very short and pithy reply in Latin: "Fistula dulce canit volucrem, dum decipit anceps." *

Orange is alive to the emergency. Large collections of provisions are made for the relief of the besieged, but he has no force sufficient to break through the line of forts that invests the starving city. The three months' provisions are consumed, and dogs and horses and offal only remain to feed the inhabitants. The young girls eat the lapdogs with which they used to play. Women, with their faces covered, crawl through the streets, or sit on heaps of refuse in search of some morsel to satisfy their hunger. Plague, the attendant of famine, breaks out, and the haggard processions carry out the corpses to burial. Still the women urge on the defence, and keep alive the flagging heroism of the men. "Leave us to die with starvation rather than submit to the foe." And the burgher guard comes down from the walls at night, to find that

* "The fowler plays sweet notes on his pipe, while he spreads his net for the bird."

the wife or daughter who cheered him on in the morning is no more. There is no sound of battle, no din of arms. The Spaniard without awaits his prey in silence, and within there is the fixed and gloomy resolve, if need be, to starve and die.

In this state of things Valdez urges once more a surrender. "You have become eaters of cats and dogs, and these must fail you soon." And he promises again to grant them generous terms of capitulation. The burghers rush to the walls with their answer: "When the cats and dogs fail us, we will eat our left hand, and fight you with our right."

And that desperate extremity has well-nigh come, for they can scarcely drag their limbs to the walls. At length the spirits even of these brave men are subdued, and they raise a riot against their commander, Van der Werff, and demand a surrender of the city. They throng around him with imploring and piteous looks. "Give us food, or else treat with the Spaniards!" This memorable scene has been transferred to canvas by the pencil of Van Bree of Antwerp, and hangs up also in the Burgomasters' Hall at Leyden; but no pencil can paint the lofty heroism of the commander, as he looks around on his haggard company, and nerves their arms anew by his immortal words: "I have made an oath, which, by the help of God, I will keep, that I will never yield to the Spaniard. Bread, as you know, I have none; but if my death can serve you, slay me, cut my body into morsels, and divide it amongst you." The rioters slink away, silent and ashamed, and return to their duty on the walls.

As the Prince cannot break through the line of forts, and throw succors into the city, he meets the deputies at Rotterdam, and lays before them a new plan of operations. "Cut through the sluices," says he, "and let in the waters to flood the Rhynland, and on these waters we will float provisions up to the gates of Leyden." It was a desperate sacrifice to lay that fertile and lovely region under water. But let it be done, said the deputies; for "it is better that the country should be ruined than lost." Two hundred flat-bottomed boats are got ready, laden with ammunition and provisions, and Admiral Boisot is summoned with his men from Zealand, — the same Water Gueux who had taken Flushing, and commanded the mouths of the Scheldt.

The sluices are opened, and the Meuse and the Issel invited to pour their waters over the Rhynland. But alas! the wind and the tide have conspired with the Spaniard. The waters will not come in. The wind is dead northeast, and there it keeps day after day, and drives back the waters of the Meuse; and the Spaniards laugh at the feeble and desperate expedient. Day after day the starving burghers strain their eyes from the walls, but nothing comes over the Rhynland. The flat-boats, laden with provisions, wait in the waters of the Meuse, but they can get no farther. But a change comes at last; the wind on a sudden veers round to the southwest, and drives the Meuse over the polders! The waters rush on, flood after flood, and submerge the Rhynland, rolling around the gates of Leyden, and dashing against the forts of

the Spaniard, who looks around him appalled. But he has something to fear besides the Meuse, with its army of waves. The two hundred flat-bottomed boats float triumphant over the polders towards the walls of Leyden. Grim fellows they are that man them, breathing silent revenge to the motion of the oar, holding each in his hand a long pole with an iron hook at the end, and wearing upon his hat the dreaded motto, "Rather Turk than Pope." The Water Gueux are coming! On one of the flat-bottomed boats, bending silent to his oar, is the truculent fellow who took a Spanish soldier at Zoetermeer, tore his heart out of his body, and set his teeth into it, and then dashed it on the ground, saying, "It is bitter." And there are enough men of the same spirit, who are rowing the flat-bottomed boats over the polders.

The Spaniards abandon their forts, and fly in terror along the dikes and causeways. Over these they deploy in Indian file, drenched in the waters or swamping in the mud, but the Water Gueux are after them. With the long poles they hook them down one after another, and give them to the mercy of the sea. Wherever they deploy, the sound, "Long live the Gueux in spite of the Mass!" comes shouting after them, and then the fatal hook lays hold of them. In their disastrous retreat, a large proportion of them leave their carcasses to fatten the polders, and be turned into Dutch butter, — a better use, probably, than they ever were put to before! The Water Gueux have come again.

Among the boats that ride triumphant in this

artificial sea, there is one that has neither sail nor oar, but moves nevertheless with rapid motion, and leaves behid it a path that hisses with foam. It is the "Ark of Delft," so called because it was built there; it moves by a wheel worked by twelve men, and thus anticipates in part the invention of Fulton. And who is that burly-pated fellow who stands at the prow, with his long pole, which he uses sometimes to ease off the boat from some impinging chimney or church steeple, that peeps above the waves, sometimes changing ends as occasion offers, and hooking a Spaniard from his slippery foothold on the dikes, and sending him twirling through the air, as a boy would a salmon, till he comes plashing down in the boat's wake, uttering innumerable curses and Ave Marias? The burly-pated fellow looks very much like Peter van der Mark. And who is the tall man that stands on the deck, and directs the motions of the boat, keeping a keen look-out with his great black eye, that darts hither and thither, and giving orders to his men with earnest gestures of his long arms? It is Nimble John! His vessel is riding in the Meuse, filled with stores for the Leyden sufferers, and the Ark of Delft is transporting the stores over the flooded Rhynland, and hooking off Spaniards from their retreat by the way.

All the forts had now been abandoned but one. Fort Lammen stands about half a mile from Leyden, on a slight eminence, provided with enormous pieces of artillery. The waves do not come quite up to it, and it must be taken by storm. Admiral

Boisot is doubtful whether he shall master it, and he sends a carrier-pigeon into the besieged city, and requests the burgher guards to be ready on the morrow to make a sally at a given signal; and the burgher guards stand eager to obey. The morrow comes, and the Admiral has marshalled his boats, and is sailing towards Fort Lammen. Suddenly a cry of terror runs through the fort. "The Water Gueux are coming!" and the fort is abandoned, with nearly the whole of its baggage and ammunition, and the frightened Spaniards are cowering along the dikes, or sticking fast in the sedges to be fished up by the long poles, and so the last foe disappears from before the gates of Leyden. And now the feeble but joyful cry, "Leyden is saved!" runs round the walls, and down through the streets of the half-deserted city, and numbers come to the gates to hail their deliverers. The deliverers stand and weep at the sight. What skeletons are these that totter through the gates, or sit along the silent streets, where gaunt famine and despair have reigned supreme, without crushing out a spark of the heroism of the people! They pour in provisions upon the sufferers, which are devoured sometimes with a fatal eagerness; nevertheless the cry of thanksgiving and joy waxes louder and louder, "Leyden is saved!"

CHAPTER XV.

> "In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn;—
> Glory to arms!"

LEYDEN is saved! is the news which comes to Orange as he lies on a sick-bed at Delft, overwhelmed with the cares of the state, and revolving in his gloomy thoughts the salvation of his beloved people. He springs from his bed, his limbs made elastic by the glad tidings, and rushes into one of the churches of Delft with offerings of praise. Then he hastens to the afflicted city, to sympathize and rejoice with the late sufferers. For the first few days the care of the sick absorbed all the attention of the deliverers, who saw in all the circumstances of their deliverance a Divine and interposing hand. Immediately after the siege was raised, twenty rods of the wall fell down without any apparent cause; an incident which two days before would have been fatal to the besieged, but which now increased the speed of their flying enemies, who heard the noise behind them, and, ignorant of its cause, shouted again the panic-cry, "The Gueux are coming!" On the very day too that the siege was

raised, the wind veered round again to the north-east, and drove back the waters of the Meuse and the Issel into their old limits, as if God himself had mustered his armies, and called them off when the victory was won.

A Dutch poet celebrates the victory in these strains: —

> "Non opus est gladiis, ferroque rigentibus armis;
> Solæ pro Batavo belligeranter aquæ:
> Tolle metus, Hispane fuge, et ne respice terras,
> Pro quibus oceanus pugnat, et ipse Deus."
>
> No need of swords, nor steel, nor armor bright!
> Armies of waters for Batavia fight.
> Fly, Spaniard! look not back upon the land
> For which old Ocean wars, at God's command!

And now the famished men and women walk erect and strong again, and all the belfries of Leyden are answering to each other in joyful chimes, —

> "Low and loud and sweetly blended,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> Changing like a poet's rhymes."

The admirals are presented with a magnificent chain and medal of gold. The great Church of St. Peter is thrown open for religious service, and the deliverers and delivered together crowd thither, Orange at their head, to give thanks to the God of battles. Among the crowd is Nimble John, with his men that rowed the Ark of Delft, some of them truculent-looking enough, even when their features are relaxed and softened with devotional feeling. The Gueux themselves crowd into the church, and their features, seamed and scarred and

tanned with fight and wind and storm, become changed, and even tremulous, as they bow before the spirit of prayer and praise that sweeps all hearts before it, and mounts away to the skies.

"I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the sea.

"The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone.

"Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

"With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together; the floods stood upright as an heap.

"The enemy said, I will pursue, I will divide the spoil; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

"Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

These strains have rolled down the nave and back again, and seem to linger in the arches and the hearts of the multitudes as they leave the church and break away to their homes. As Nimble John is coming out of the door of St. Peter's, nearly the last of the dispersing crowd, a sweet face appears before him, and his wife rushes into his arms. He is taken somewhat by surprise, but he cannot doubt the waking reality as he scans her o'er and o'er.

"Did you fly hither, my bird? And how came

you to trust yourself to the storm and wind? And what have you done with the little fellow I left with you a year agone?"

"Yes, I did fly hither, for did you not tell me I should hover about you, and come down through the storm as your sign of blessed promise? I found you out through the Lady Egmond, and I know all you have done; how you sailed to Flushing and put your ships in command of Admiral Boisot; how you were stationed at Middleburg; how your fleet scattered the ships of Requesens when he came for the capture of Middleburg, and you drove them shattered to Antwerp; how you were coming for the relief of Leyden; and finally, how you did relieve it, and Leyden was rejoicing in her deliverance; and I left Johnny with Lady Egmond, and flew over here on purpose to alight upon you. Did you think I should not find you out?"

"You must indeed have been the blessed omen before which the storm was rolling away. I sent you three letters, all of which, doubtless, were clutched by Alva's spies. I did not join the fleet of Admiral Mark, as I first intended, for I heard of his brutality, and did not care to serve under him. But you must go back to Amsterdam, and not trust your pretty wings here among the thunderbolts."

"Nay, I shall keep about you, for by and by the thunderbolts will alight upon you, and the Spanish shot will get hold of you, and you will lie wounded in your hammock, with nobody to give you water or bathe your head when the fever rages; and then you will die without your birdy."

CHAPTER XVI.

> "No eye can follow to a *fatal* place
> That power of Freedom, whether on the wing,
> Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
> Within its awful caves." — WORDSWORTH.

IT does not fall in with our plan to write the history of these times, any farther than it connects itself with our family story. For a knowledge of the rest of it, the reader must look into larger books and learn its important lessons;—how Providence interposed directly, once and again, to save the little country of heroic men and women, and deflected the thunderbolt from them when actually descending;—how three hundred vessels, commanded by Don Pedro di Menendez, a "valiant and able captain," were got ready and lay in the Bay of Biscay, with fifteen thousand troops on board, all ready to sail, when the plague broke out among them, and swept off half their number, with Don Pedro himself, and Philip had to abandon the enterprise;—how Requesens had laid his plans of operation, and seemed already to have got Holland fast in his net, so that Orange himself despaired, and proposed to the people to collect all the vessels, put their

wives and little ones on board, and open all the dikes and flood the country with destruction, and then bid a last farewell to their fatherland, and sail away to some distant shore, on which the curse of Spanish tyranny had not fallen; — how just then a pestilential fever carried Requesens to his grave, and his unpaid troops mutinied and fell into disorder, and his last feeble garrisons in Haarlem and a few other Dutch towns were driven out, and left Holland never to return; — how the potent voice of Orange summoned the northern provinces to form a union against the Spaniard, and how the famous "Union of Utrecht" arose under his masterly statesmanship, embracing Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, to which afterwards were added Friesland, Groningen, Overyssel, and Guelderland, the seven northern provinces embraced in one indissoluble bond; — how, when she had paid out her last farthing, and her coffers were all empty, she found an inexhaustible mine in her unsullied probity and honor, so that her bills of credit were always at par, and more current than fine gold, and kept her troops paid and clothed and in discipline, while at the same time the King of Spain, who commanded the wealth of two worlds, but repudiated his debts, saw his troops mutiny and turn into bands of robbers to prey upon the provinces that had continued loyal to him, till even the Catholic Netherlands became disgusted with his service; — how Holland found at length a generous ally in Elizabeth, who sent both troops and money; — how Philip equipped new armies, and sent over as their grand commander the Duke of

Parma, the experienced and accomplished general; — how Parma worked ten years in the Netherlands, and reduced town after town, till the tide of conquest had rolled up to the very borders of Holland, and even crossed over it, and she seemed about to fall before it, when Parma was carried off by sickness, and the tide of conquest rolled back again; — how valiantly the burghers and their wives defended Maestricht, the key to the entrance of the Meuse from the German side, and how, when Parma's troops undertook to mount the breach in the walls, the Dutch peasants broke their heads with their flails, and the Dutch women poured over them burning pitch, so that those whose heads escaped unthreshed retreated, maddened and bellowing, and died miserably under their garments of clinging fire; — how Philip and his priests and generals sought the death of Orange by hired and secret assassins, since they could not conquer him in the field, till at last they succeeded, and Orange fell by the weapon of his own servant in his own house at the Hague, exclaiming, "God have mercy upon me and my poor country!" — how the Spaniard exulted, and how Holland sat down in grief and despair, and grovelled on the grave of her fallen martyr; — how the awful crime recoiled on the perpetrators, to their own defeat and confusion, since in the place of Orange came up his valiant son Maurice, who excelled his father in military skill, and never lost a battle with the Spaniard, and to supply the statesmanship of Orange arose Owen Barneveldt, "the advocate of Holland," whose wisdom, forecast, prudence, in-

tegrity, and patriotism have given a savor to his name throughout the world; — how, under Maurice and Barneveldt, Holland with the seven provinces rose along the little border around the Zuyder Zee, covered with strength and glory; — how her army drove the Spaniard over the Meuse, and kept him there; — how, while her right hand kept the enemy at bay, with her left she cultivated the fields, and the polders bloomed anew, and waved and nodded with golden grain, and the blackened waste where the Spaniard had trodden grew green and flourished; — how her commerce flourished too, and her merchant-ships doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and brought back the wealth of the Indies, and the wonderful anomaly was witnessed of a little state protecting her industry, nourishing within her borders all the arts of peace, and sending her sails around the globe, while at the same time she waged a defensive war against the richest and most powerful monarchy in Europe; — how thousands of the persecuted and oppressed of all nations, and especially of the Spanish Netherlands, crowded into the seven provinces, and more than all into Holland, to enjoy security and protection under her banners, and build up noble cities and factories within her borders, and make the arts of peace flourish within the very sound of war; — how at the same time the Spanish Netherlands over the Meuse, who would not throw off the yoke, but thought to have protection under it, were emptied of their best population and went to ruin; — how the once smiling pastures ran waste, and wild-boars and wolves prowled in the deserted

cities, and nourished their young on couches beneath whose gorgeous tapestry the nobility had slept, and dogs ran about and howled piteously for their masters, and the public ways were filled with copse and brier, and in the once busy towns of Flanders and Brabant the members of noble families crept by night out of their wretched abodes to search the streets for bones and offal; — how terribly the prophecy of Orange to Egmond was fulfilled, You will let in the Spaniard over your dead body to ruin your country; and that other prophecy over the smoking blood of Egmond, It will be avenged as sure as there is a God who is looking on; — how Philip made one desperate effort to conquer Holland, and avenge himself on Elizabeth, because she had aided his enemies, and how he sent forth the "Invincible Armada," which came into the Channel, spread out like a half-moon, sweeping the sea to right and left through a breadth of seven miles, and expecting to be joined at Dunkirk by the fleet in the Netherlands; — how Elizabeth's fore-admiral, Howard, and her rear-admiral, "the worshipfull and renowned John Hawkins," fell upon the Armada and scattered it to the four winds, which sent it in turn to the bottom of the sea, and how the fleet in the Netherlands never came to Dunkirk, because the Water Gueux lay watching it grim as death, and ready to pounce upon it; — how Spain, after a war of forty years, through which she tried in vain to force the Inquisition on Holland, and squandered her treasures and wasted her men, finally gave over, collapsed, exhausted, and poor, and cowered before

her foe, and drew off her troops, while Holland rose from the waves in her independence, wealth, and glory; — for all this the reader must consult the annals of the little state whose territory, as we have already said, might be laid within the borders of Connecticut. Wonderful people! we say again; — your history is fraught with more lessons, moral and political, than Thucydides or Tacitus has pointed out; your women had more of greatness than belongs to common men, and your deeds are worthy to be told in Homer's majestic rhythm, and to be set to his eternal music. This was the people that offered an asylum to our forefathers, and this is the way the asylum was procured and guarded, when there was no other spot in the civilized world that offered a protection from the wolves of persecution.*

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* The history of this marvellous people has never been popularized as it deserves to be. Schiller's "Thirty Years' War" is written with great spirit, but it stops short with the execution of Egmond and Hoorn, — the very point where the reader is most anxious to go on. Davies's "History of Holland," an expensive English work in three volumes, which we have referred to above, and often followed, is excellent.

Since this note and these pages were written, two works have appeared, — Prescott's Philip II. and Motley's History of the Dutch Republic. It would be superfluous to praise works of such unrivalled merit.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I have ever looked, when that in these long stormes and tempestes of warres, there would some fayre weather or clereness of peace shine upon us out of one quarter or other." — Udal.

Scene changes again. Bessie did indeed go back to Amsterdam. But through the eyes of Sir John Sayer, one of the secretaries of Orange, she kept a bright outlook over the passing drama, especially when the events crowded and thickened around her husband, who was serving among the Zealanders under Admiral Boisot. Once only did her prediction come near its fulfilment, for Nimble John is slung in his hammock, as his ship lies in the harbors of Flushing; and he is brought there, not by Spanish shot, but by a pestilential fever, and for more than a week has been counting the chances of life and death. His wife flies again over the waves, and makes her way among grisly Water Gueux, till she finds the hammock of the sick man; and she does not leave it till she has raised him from it, and seen him walking the deck of his vessel. But internal order and prosperity come at length to Holland, even while war is bristling and growling all along her frontier; for the last Spaniard is driven

out, and the young and valiant Maurice keeps him out with his little army of invincible Dutchmen. Leyden and Haarlem and Naarden rise elastic from the dust. A twelve years' truce is finally agreed upon, and the Spaniard retires, sullen and baffled, from the Netherlands.

On the Princen Graat the same old house is standing in which the exiles Richard Sayer and the Lady Anne looked their last upon this world, and in which Job sang to it his last snatches of song; and the same old chestnut-tree brushes its leaves against the windows. Hither has Nimble John retired at last from all his adventures; the house has passed into his hands, its walls fragrant with sweet and pensive memories, and into it he has transferred the flamingo, whose wing has hovered about him through all his escapes and troubles. His ships lie in the harbors of Amsterdam, among that endless forest of masts; they come and go, and bring to him wealth and prosperity. And here we must take our leave of the son of the exile, since we have seen him safe through all his adventures, returned at last beneath the shelter of his father's tree. But before we bid him a final farewell, the reader will step in for a single moment at the house of the Princen Graat, and see how it fares with the inmates. Have a care, however, for that great Dutch girl has trundled her water-engine in front of the house, and is ejecting its contents against the second-story windows, and the spray is descending all over the yard. We think she must be a relative of some of those women that threw rocks on the

heads of the Spaniards from the walls of Alkmaar, or gave them a hot-tar bath at Maestricht; and she does not look and act now as if she had any intention of "going into decline." But what means this hydromania of Katreen van der Speigle? for we cannot see that the house is on fire, and she is drenching us as she did the Spaniards before Leyden. It is only a trick which Dutch women have of keeping clean outside as well as inside; and as you enter the house, the trace of Katreen's hand is everywhere seen. There is no grain of dust, except what you are bringing in yourself, — no speck on the white curtains; and from the polished brass on the doors and andirons your own distorted face is shining bright. You find at last our friend Bessie in the midst of her household, but the rose colors are less brilliant on her cheek, and she is no longer the *red* flamingo. But she has not lost her native mirthfulness, nor any of the genial sunshine from the open and benevolent face that first rayed into the heart of Nimble John when he came out of the long delirium of his fever. Little Johnny Bourchier is grown up into great Johnny, spite of teething and croup, and three younger specimens, Henry, William, and Richard, have all come, to go through teething and croup in their turn, besides measles, mumps, influenzas, and the whole train of juvenile calamities. How they all get through safe is a wonder, and why babies were not born with teeth ready made was always a painful mystery to us. Reasoning metaphysically, and taking the "*a priori* road," you would not come to the conclusion that Nature

would turn out her work unfinished, and leave a very important implement of our human economy to be painfully furnished at the hands of Doctor Pomp, but so it is; and John, Henry, William, and Richard have all got furnished at last, at somebody's hands, and are tumbling at large in the leadings of Providence. Nimble John, after all his adventures, is happy at home in the peace and the love-light which Bessie diffuses through his household. His black hair has become threaded with silver; some wrinkles have gathered on his brow, but his eye looks out from under them bright and piercing as ever. But he has roamed the world till he is satisfied, and will be content to leave it amid the angel sympathies that first shed their beams around his pillow from the face of Bessie Hawkins.

Lady Egmond has bent lower and lower under the weight of sorrow and years, the curves of benevolence under her eyes growing larger and deeper to the last, till her aged frame has sunk into the grave, and the gentle touch of Death has turned the woman into the angel, or rather disclosed the angel that tabernacled in mortality, in brighter robes. Of her eight granddaughters, four have become married and three have become nuns, — one of them, Jenne, is Prioress of St. Elizabeth's cloister in Brussels. The unmarried one is living at the Hague. The three sons, Philip, Lamoral, and Charles, are living still, and we shall hear of Philip by and by.

As for "the renowned and worshipfull John

Hawkins," he recovered from the disasters of his last missionary voyage, did valiant service for the Queen in the fight with the Invincible Armada, and became knighted therefor. He was promoted to the office of Treasurer of the Navy, was much consulted in maritime affairs, was sent with Sir Francis Drake against the Spaniards in the West Indies, was unsuccessful in the expedition, and died at sea. Whereupon Mrs. Hawkins wept and prayed, and said she always knew that an evil star was to hang over him since those dreadful missionary voyages, for which she hoped God would forgive him before the coming of the great day. And for this forgiveness she spent the rest of her life in making supplication, and died happily under the assuaging influence of Doctor Pomp's powders and the brightening hopes of a benevolent and pious mind.

As for Bessie, she has enough to do at present in bringing up those four boys, and we cannot help sympathizing with her in such a charge. How will they turn out, and what will become of them? What use will they make of their teeth, now they are all fairly and safely through? Will they use them for the purposes intended, or will they gnash with them upon Spaniards, or, what is worse and more inexcusable, upon mankind in general? Will they turn the world upside down and downside up, as they do the nursery and the parlor, or will they help set the world at rights, which certainly needs righting if ever a world did? Alas! we cannot tell; for we have no horoscope which we can cast, and we and Bessie must wait anxiously for your devel-

opments, O John, Henry, William, and Richard! One thing is certain, — and it is a very important thing in juvenile education, — ye never will be lacking in external order and purification so long as Katreen van der Speigle has charge of the kitchen and the laundry, and trundles the hydraulic engine.

PART III.

THE PILGRIM.

"I vow to God I would sooner bring myself to put a man to immediate death for opinions I disliked, and so get rid of the man and his opinions at once, than to fret him with a feverish being, tainted with the jail-distemper of contagious servitude." — Burke.

"We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart, like glow-worms in the woods of Spring."

Wordsworth.

CHAPTER I.

> "We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
> With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,
> And Appenzel's stout infantry and Egmond's Flemish spears."
>
> *Battle of Ivry.*

On the evening before his execution, when the Count of Egmond was repeating the Lord's Prayer, as the words most befitting his awful condition, the thoughts of his family interrupted him. They clung tenderly to the loved ones he was to leave behind him. His devotions were suspended; he called for pen and paper, and wrote two letters, one to his wife and one to the King. That to the King was as follows: —

"Sire: — This morning I received the sentence which your Majesty has been pleased to pass upon me. Far as I have ever been from attempting anything against the person or the service of your Majesty, or against the only true, old, and Catholic religion, I yet submit myself with patience to the fate which it has pleased God to ordain I should suffer. If, during the past disturbances, I have omitted, advised, or done anything that seems at

variance with my duty, it was most assuredly performed with the best intentions, or was forced upon me by the pressure of circumstances. I therefore pray your Majesty to forgive me, and, in consideration of my past services, show mercy to my unhappy wife and my poor children and servants. In a firm hope of this, I commend myself to the infinite mercy of God.

"Your Majesty's most faithful vassal and servant,

"LAMORAL COUNT EGMOND.

"Brussels, June 5th, 1568, near my last moments."

The "unhappy" but faithful wife who was thus the object of such tender solicitude to her husband in his last hour, was Sabrina of Bavaria, daughter of the Count Palatine John, and sister of Frederick, afterwards Count Palatine and Elector. She was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, and she tried every art which affection could devise to save her husband from his fate. After sentence had been passed, she sought an interview with Alva, and begged for his life with all her womanly eloquence. "Take comfort, madam," was Alva's reply, "your husband shall be released to-morrow." She did not see the cruel irony that lurked in these words, and went away in the belief that he was to be pardoned and restored to his family.

She was overwhelmed by the event, being reduced to abject poverty and despair. Egmond's letter seems not to have touched the heart of the treacherous bigot at Madrid. Alva himself was affected at the sight of her misfortunes, and relieved

her wants from his own purse, and wrote to the King in her behalf. He tells the King that she is the most wretched of women, and has to beg her daily food after nightfall, or pick it up in the streets of Brussels. Relief from poverty, however, came at last. The family were afterwards placed in possession again of the property, which by virtue of the sentence had escheated to the King.

Philip, eldest son of the murdered Count, was born in 1558, and was therefore about ten years of age at the time of his father's death. The intolerable wrongs which the tyrant had inflicted upon his family, a father's blood crying from the ground, and a mother's woes appealing even to the marble heart of Alva, ought to have roused the son against the tyranny that was crushing the Netherlands. But it did not. He must have inherited his father's disposition to fawn upon royalty, and live only by its favors. He had no sooner reached manhood, than he espoused warmly the royal cause against the States, much to the surprise and mortification of the friends of his late father.

There had been a temporary lull in the disturbances of the Netherlands, after the famous truce called the "Pacification of Ghent." But it was soon broken, and a party called the "Malecontents," under the lead of Montigny, raised again the royal standard, and renewed the war. He succeeded in drawing over young Egmond to his party, and gave him command of a regiment of infantry.*

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* Davies says that Charles Egmond, son of the murdered Count,

Before his change of sentiments was known, he brought his regiment into Brussels, with the design of making himself master of the city. He marched into the Horse-Market, and, by a most remarkable coincidence, halted on the very spot where his father had been executed, and on the same day of the month, just eleven years before. The wary burghers, suspecting his intentions, quickly barricaded all the streets leading to the Horse-Market, so that he remained closely cooped up within it, without the power of escape. There for twenty-four hours they kept him and his men, without food or drink; and they did not fail to assail his ears with taunts the most cutting and bitter, for his defection from the popular cause. The populace thronged the streets and the tops of the buildings, or mounted the barricades, and poured their jeers upon him till he wept for vexation and shame.

"Do you remember that in that place your father lost his head?"

"Have you come in that guise to visit his grave?"

"Lift up two or three stones, and you will see your father's blood."

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is the person here alluded to. This cannot be, if my genealogy is correct. I have a list of all the children of the Count, with names and dates specified so minutely, that it must have been copied from authentic family records. According to this, Charles was an infant child when his father was executed, and therefore could not have been in command of infantry eleven years later, — whereas Philip was ten years old at his father's death, was his eldest son, and was therefore twenty-one years old when these transactions occurred. I infer, therefore, that Philip, and not Charles, was the person alluded to.

The burghers had him completely in their power; but on *that* spot they could not raise a hand against the son whose father's blood they had sworn to avenge; and after these bitter reproaches they threw down the barricades and let him go. He marched out with his infantry, being stung with chagrin, and perhaps remorse; but he met with better success a few days after, in surprising and capturing the town of Ninhoven.

During the progress of the war in the Netherlands, France became the scene of civil strife between the Catholics and the Huguenots. The Catholics had formed the celebrated "League," under the lead of the Duke of Guise, had triumphed in every part of the kingdom, and were in possession of the capital. The Huguenots, with Henry of Navarre at their head, lately proclaimed King on the assassination of Henry III., were gaining strength and besieging the capital, when Philip of Spain ordered a detachment from the army in the Netherlands to support the Catholic cause. "If," he writes to Parma, "you wish to make me forget the destruction of the Armada, succor *my* good city of Paris."

Parma, therefore, sent a strong detachment under the command of Philip Egmond, who joined the Leaguers just before the battle of Ivry. In that battle Philip Egmond was slain, and nearly all his troops cut to pieces, and the Huguenots gained a complete and brilliant victory. It is the subject of one of Macaulay's most stirring ballads, in which Egmond is alluded to.

"Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail."

So ended the life of Philip, eldest son of Count Lamoral Egmond. Ingloriously it ended we should say, for it was devoted to a cause whose injustice had crushed his father, broken the heart of his mother, and sent his sisters into convents to pine with sorrow. He is said even to have insulted his father's memory for the sake of gaining the royal favor. He had his reward. He obtained that favor, and his paternal estates were restored to him; but he lost his life fighting side by side with those whose hands were yet red with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for such were the Leaguers who fell at the battle of Ivry. He was thirty-two years old when his career closed. He had married Marie van Horne, sister of the Count of Houtkerke, who had married Leonora, his eldest sister.

The histories say that Philip Egmond died without issue. My genealogical memorials say "without issue male," and that he probably left an only child and daughter, Marie Lamoral Egmond. Certainly we find Marie Lamoral Egmond, daughter of Philip Egmond, living soon after at Amsterdam. God be merciful to her, and shield her from the storms!

John Bourchier Sayer, whom we have surnamed the Nimble, died in Amsterdam, and we suppose that he and his beloved Bessie slept together at last with the English exiles. What became of all their

children we do not know. But their little Johnny, who first opened his eyes at Plymouth on his mother and Doctor Pomp, came up bravely in some way through croup and scarlet-fever, and ripened into manhood. Through the hydraulic operations of Katreen van der Speigle he came forth healthful and strong, and meeting somehow and somewhere Marie Lamoral Egmond, the orphan girl, we suppose they went through all the preliminaries of love and courtship. At any rate, they were married, and lived, as we imagine, in the old house on the Princen Graat. The accounts say that he acquired through her a large fortune, principally in money. He made long and strenuous efforts to recover also his own ancestral estates in England, but in vain.

A few years after this marriage, a little boy who was the fruit of it might be seen in the streets of Amsterdam, playing on the Princen Graat, plashing in the canal, and lounging under the linden-trees. Fortunately, his face has been preserved by the painter, and it appears to us as if more of Egmond blood than English were mantling in his cheeks. He has a mild blue eye, a florid countenance that looks inexpressibly sweet, ruby lips, bright yellow hair that hangs curling down his neck; and he wears the appearance of a sensitive amiability that shrinks from the wrongs and conflicts of this turbulent world. Ah! he has come into it at the wrong time, and in the wrong place, as we shall very soon have occasion to see. This is Richard the Pilgrim, the subject of the story which we now have in hand. The dates of his

birth are provokingly variant and irreconcilable, but the true date must have been something earlier than 1600. The Spanish war was soon over after that, but upon what other conflict scarcely less fierce and virulent did the amiable little fellow open his eyes! or how did he get startled by it from his boy-dreams, as he plashed in the lazy canal!

CHAPTER II.

> "Backward to the Past I wandered,
> To the old, white-bearded Past;
> Then he bade me sit beside him,
> By the hand he held me fast."

JOHN BOURCHIER SAYER, the son of Nimble John and his wife, Marie L. Egmond, were Catholics. Long and bitter and unavailing was the controversy with his Protestant kinsfolk at Colchester, England. They were determined to keep him excluded from his paternal estates, and they even charged him with complicity in the "Gunpowder Plot," and threatened to bring him to punishment for it, should be set foot in England. Our young Richard, then, the pensive boy with the yellow locks, is to be educated in the Catholic faith, through the instructions of both the parents. A difficult task they will have of it, we imagine, where the whole air is reeking with Protestantism. We imagine, too, that, when the boy gets old enough, he will ask who murdered his grandfather, and who killed the Prince of Orange, and by what means.

The forty years' struggle of the Netherlands with Spain had now come to a close, and tales of indi-

vidual prowess, heroism, and suffering had become nursery stories, to fire the imagination of the next generation, and make its hatred burn unrelentingly against the Spaniard and his religion. Such tales make a more indelible impression upon the young mind than histories of sieges and battles, and the times just ended had an inexhaustible fund of anecdote for the fireside through generations to come. They have more to do than the Catechism in giving to the young their biases and impressions, and we shall give a few which must have gone a good way to modify Richard's ideas of Catholicism.

Among the inventions of cruelty which the Catholic Inquisitors had brought into the Netherlands, there was a mode of punishment by burying alive. In the year 1597, there was a single instance of it, which was related for years afterwards, and probably had as much influence in fomenting in young minds a hatred of Popery, as the woodcut of John Rogers's martyrdom in the New England Primer had among the children of the Puritans.

Executions for heresy had become infrequent, and loud professions of the clemency and mercy of Philip II. had been made, and it was in the very midst of these professions that a spectacle was exhibited at Ghent that thrilled the people with new spasms of hatred and revenge.

A woman named Annette van der Hove, aged about forty years, in the humble station of a servant, but of unblemished reputation, was tried for heresy, condemned, and sentenced to be buried alive. She was educated in the Reformed religion, and had re-

ceived it in the simplicity of her heart. While in prison, the priest called upon her, as usual, to make her retract her opinions. The wisdom and becoming modesty with which she answered him were reported to the admiration of all.

"As far as I am capable of judging, I believe myself to be right; but if not, I am guilty of a mistake, which in one so ignorant may well be pardoned; but I shall merit the just vengeance of Heaven, if under the influence of fear I should subscribe to the truth of what I believe to be false, even though it should prove to be true."

The pit was dug, and she was led forth to it, and let down in a standing posture. As the executioner filled it up, the Jesuit priest who attended her had ample time to ply her with arguments for her conversion. The earth had reached to her shoulders.

"Are you willing now to change your faith?"

"I will not fear," she replied, "this dreadful death, — it is for the truth. Into the Lord's hand I commend my spirit."

The executioner continued to stamp the earth around her and above her. The crowd heard her groans and cries of agony stifled more and more until the dreadful business was over.

It is said that all the blood which had been shed before the commencement of the war had less influence than the death of this one poor woman. It passed into nursery tales; it was told with pale cheeks and quivering lips; it reached undoubtedly our boy with the bright locks on the Princen Graat, and sank down into his pensive spirit.

Among the many incidents in the destruction of Naarden, there was one which took a despotic hold of the imagination, and passed also into the nursery tales. The town had been surrendered to Alva's troops, on the express condition that the lives and properties of all the inhabitants should be preserved, and the citizens take a new oath to the King of Spain. The burghers were summoned, and came unarmed to the town-house for the purpose of taking the oath, while their wives were busy in preparations for the entertainment of the strangers. The town-hall was filled with the peaceful burghers, and surrounded with Spanish soldiers. A Catholic priest walked to and fro before the town-hall for some time, and then turned suddenly upon the burghers and bade them prepare for death; whereupon the soldiers fired upon them, and instantly five hundred lay dead upon the floor, and the building was set on fire. Then commenced the slaughter through the city. One Herbert Williamson, a hardy blacksmith, snatched up a three-legged stool for a shield in one hand, and a sword in the other, and defended the entrance to his house till several Spaniards were laid dead in the passage. But he sinks overpowered by numbers, grasps with his horny hands the blades of two swords that are plunged into his body, severing his fingers in their way His daughter rushes out and kneels for mercy, and for answer the quivering fingers of her father are flung into her face. The women of Naarden are thrown into the wells and drowned. Alva approved of the proceedings, and Philip and the Pope both

gave to Alva their "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Tales of which these are a specimen were among Richard's first lessons in Catholicism!

Stories of adventure and personal heroism were equally abundant, and for a long time formed the staple of nursery anecdotes, setting forth the prowess and magnanimity of the Reformers. Among these was the story of "the boatmen of Liere."

The town of Breda was in the hands of the Spaniards, and it was important that it should be recovered. Some boatmen of the village of Liere were accustomed to supply the garrison of Breda with fuel, and they intimated to Maurice that the town could be taken. One Charles Heraguire was intrusted with the execution of the plan. He hired a vessel, contrived in the bottom of it a place of concealment capable of holding seventy persons, and covered with boards, over which was placed a cargo of turf. Sixty-eight persons were picked for the enterprise, nearly all beardless boys, but full of courage and patriotism. They were stowed away under the boards, and had to sit close, and in a stooping posture. The vessel sprung a leak, and filled with water up to their knees, and in this state they came into the harbor of Breda. The corporal of the citadel came on board to inspect the cargo. One of the men concealed under it, in the cold and wet, is seized with a propensity to cough, which would betray them all to certain destruction. Whereupon he gave his poignard to one of his fellows, saying, "Kill me instantly the moment I make a noise." Fortunately it was not necessary. The cargo is in-

spected, the ship unladen by soldiers of the garrison, and the silence of midnight has ensued. The ship, like the Trojan horse, then empties its fatal contents. They encounter the sentinel at the gate, and run him through; they seize the garrison, and in a short time are in complete possession of Breda.

The story of "the baker of Antwerp" and of "Regnier Klaaszoon," who blew himself up in the midst of the Spanish galleons, belonged to the same class, and helped to make up that body of tradition which more than general history tends to fire the young mind with admiration of personal bravery, and detestation of the tyranny that called it forth.

The twelve years' truce was agreed upon in 1609, when Richard Sayer might have been about nineteen years old. If the events which had preceded, and which furnished every tavern, street, fireside, and nursery with their fund of traditional lore, were not adapted to draw a sensitive and thinking mind towards Catholicism, those which immediately followed were adapted quite as little to draw it towards the Reformed religion of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER III.

"Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne."

LOWELL.

AFTER the Spanish war was ended, a religious one followed,—a war of sect with sect; and the passions of the human heart blazed aloft as fierce and lurid as before. The boy was educated in the midst of its tumults, and its contentions constituted his daily surroundings, at the period when the mind receives its first religious ideas. It was the famous controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians, which ended in the subjugation of the latter, and the judicial murder of Barneveldt. This controversy probably had something to do in causing Richard to quit the country. We will give as distinct an idea of it as we can, in the brief summary of a single chapter. The following are the principals among the *dramatis personæ* of the controversy.

MAURICE OF NASSAU, son of the Prince of Orange, was only seventeen years old when his father was assassinated. But he soon manifested military talents unrivalled by any commander in Europe. He carried Holland successfully through the long Span-

ish war. He scarcely ever lost a battle, and he kept the Spaniards at bay, while his countrymen cultivated the fields; indeed, all the arts of peace flourished within the sound of arms. But the noblest virtues are not nourished in a camp. Maurice became imperious, ambitious, and impatient of all opposition; and when peace returned was the most dangerous man whom a free state could have among its citizens.

John Owen Barneveldt was the great statesman of Holland after the fall of Orange. He was first in council, as Maurice was the first in the field. Pure, wise, patriotic, and just, the whole country looked up to him as its venerable and benignant father. When the truce with Spain was under negotiation, Maurice opposed it, and was in favor of a continuance of the war. Barneveldt saw through his ambitious designs, and thwarted them by procuring an auspicious and glorious peace. Maurice from that time became his secret enemy.

There were two Professors at the University of Leyden, who were destined to open a religious controversy of wide-spread and fearful consequences. Francis Gomar was a man of sour temper and turbulent disposition; a teacher of theology, but delighting less in its flowery fields than its tangles of thorns and briers. His face looks out from one of the huge woodcuts of Brandt's folio history of the Reformation; his eye appears hard and stony, and his features have evidently been shaped under the influence of ghastly contemplations.

The other Professor was James Arminius, a man

of vast learning, mild and amiable manners, and a persuasive and silvery eloquence. In one of his lectures, he seemed to call in question the doctrine of Calvin on predestination, and excited the opposition of Gomar. The dispute waxed warmer and warmer, the students took sides, and the University became a scene of strife. At first, the dispute was carried on in Latin. But the ministers took up the controversy, and fulminated from the pulpits in the vernacular tongue. The people took it up after them, and in a short time men at their business, ladies in the drawing-room, washerwomen at their tubs, girls at school, and boys in the streets, were spluttering fiercely in Dutch about "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute." The dispute waxed hot and virulent, and all Holland was involved in the blaze.

From a war of words, it became a war of blows, and Amsterdam was the first scene of violence. There the Calvinists were in a decided majority, and the city government was in their hands. The Arminians had hired a large warehouse as a place of worship, and one Sunday morning they had assembled within it for divine service, to the number of eighteen hundred. Scarcely had the preacher opened his lips, when a mob collected outside, broke in the windows, and rushed upon the preacher to drag him from his desk. The women, quite as brave as Jenny Geddes, formed a guard about him, and defended him with their stools. The assailants then withdrew, and nailed up the only door of the building, and were about to set fire to it, and

roast the Arminians alive together. But the latter broke through the door and made their escape, the minister at the peril of his life, when the building was plundered, and the tiles stripped from the roof. The magistrates, being Calvinists, refused to punish the rioters.

Encouraged by this impunity, the mob assembled in the streets the next Sabbath, at first in knots and companies that stood in evil consultation. Passing the house of a wealthy Arminian by the name of Bishop, a brother of the famous Episcopius, some one cried out, "Here the Arminians preach." It was the signal for assault. They broke into the house, and plundered it from garret to cellar, the police refusing to defend it or stop the rioters. The family escaped with their lives through a back door. The next day the mob assembled for fresh outrage, and the principal merchants threatened to leave the city. Considerations of *trade* brought the magistrates to a sense of duty, and soldiers were immediately stationed to restore order. It is mentioned as a curious instance of sectarian conscientiousness, that the Calvinist clergy, who had preached with great solemnity against dances, and gay dress, never expressed the slightest disapprobation of these attempts to rob and murder the Arminians.

The example was contagious. In other towns and cities where the authorities were Calvinist, mobs rose upon the Arminians, and were encouraged in their violence. At last, the persecuted sect appealed to the government for protection. Barneveldt was at the head of the State Council, by

whom a decree was issued, that there should be a new levy of troops in all the principal towns, who should enforce order and keep the peace.

Maurice had watched his hour, and it had now come. He allied himself with the Calvinists, in opposition to Barneveldt, and formed his plan to subvert the government, and rise to despotic power on the down-trodden liberties of Holland. He favored the scheme of the Calvinists, of a general synod to condemn the Arminians, and he put himself at the head of two companies of infantry, marched into the towns and cities where the new levies had been raised, and disarmed and disbanded them. This open defiance of the civil power was followed by more atrocious outrages. Barneveldt and three of his friends were arrested by the body-guard of Maurice, and thrown into prison, without the least color of legal authority.

The famous Synod of Dort was convened, composed of the most violent enemies of the Arminians. It was backed by the authority of Maurice, and was a clear usurpation of the rights of Holland. By the terms of union between the seven provinces, each retained the exclusive control of its own religious affairs. But the Synod assumed that control, and condemned the Arminians, who, by the States-General, the Assembly of the seven provinces, with Maurice at their head, were sentenced to silence or banishment, and they generally chose the latter.

Then followed a scene, which sent a shudder through the civilized world. The aged Barneveldt,

grown gray in his country's service, the incorruptible patriot, Christian, and sage, around whom, in the hour of distress, the people had clung for protection, as children around a father, was led forth from prison to a mock trial, and condemned to die. His only crime was the levy of the new troops, to protect the citizens from Calvinist mobs, — a course perfectly legal and necessary, — though other charges of a frivolous nature were brought against him. It was a most affecting sight, when the old man was led forth to execution, leaning on the arm of a faithful servant, through the multitude, many of whom averted their faces and wept. Had Washington been led to the scaffold at the close of his glorious services, the sight could hardly have been more afflictive to good men. As he ascended the platform, he repeated the lines of Horace: —

> "Justum, et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida." *

In front of the saloon of the court-house, where the ambassadors of the haughty Philip had come to him and sued for peace, the old patriot and sage bared his neck to the axe, and his gray head rolled upon the scaffold.

The tragedy moved on till the reign of terror under Maurice and Calvinism was complete. Every

* "Not the rage of the people commanding wicked measures, not the face of a threatening tyrant, can shake the settled purpose of the man just and determined in his resolve."

Arminian clergyman was deposed from office, and the Arminian assemblies were broken up. To attend their worship subjected the offender to heavy penalties. Still they assembled. Outside the city walls, in woods, in deserts, at midnight and under the watching stars, they lifted up to the naked sky their low and tremulous song. But the hunters were ever on the scent, and armed men would break in on their lonely devotions, and turn the place of worship into a scene of massacre. The old Spanish cruelties were acted over again, and Calvinism, with the decrees of the Synod of Dort, committed precisely the crimes against human nature that it had complained of so bitterly when Philip, with the decrees of the Council of Trent, was forcing the Inquisition on the Netherlands.

CHAPTER IV.

> "Then the good old Past would leave me,
> With the full tears in my eyes,
> That our pathway is no longer
> Hand in hand to Paradise."

THERE is no period in the life of the individual so decisive and so full of interest as that in which he chooses between diverse and conflicting forms of religious belief. Those who receive a traditional belief, or those whose minds are sluggish and earthly, have no such struggle to go through. Richard, now a young man, not only rejected the traditional faith; but, identified as it was with Spanish cruelties, it must have haunted his sensitive mind with frightful horrors. But the dominant religion of Protestantism, as he had seen it exhibited in Holland, had features equally frightful and repulsive. He had seen it denouncing the natural sports of childhood, and then mobbing peaceful citizens; he saw its robes crimson with the blood of Barneveldt, and he saw that it kept in its employ, and as a part of its establishment, a pack of hounds to smell out Arminians and hunt them to death. Even when the civil power relented, he

saw the clergy urging them on with a zeal that had settled down into chronic hate. If the penal edicts were relaxed, they petitioned the States-General, and, calling themselves the "Sorrowing Church," deprecated calling off the hunters from their appropriate work. With his warm religious temperament, what must have been the feelings of our young man, when he found himself cut loose from the religions of his day, and adrift on a sea of doubt and speculation! The question must have pressed painfully upon him as he walked the streets of Amsterdam: "Is there any religion which is true, amid this tumult, bloodshed, and wrong?"—and, with his constitutional love of peace, he must have sighed for some far-off spot over which the waves of bitterness had never rolled.

He found it. I do not know what first called him to Leyden, or at what precise point of time. But we find him there during the troubles described in the preceding pages, joining his fortunes to those of an obscure company of strangers, who had fled to Holland out of England for protection. As Richard Sayer was never a Calvinist, but held in after life the tolerant sentiments of the Arminians, there is some reason to believe that he sympathized with them at this time, and it is quite possible that the schouts and bailiffs may have been upon his track.

At any rate, we find him at Leyden joined to a small but meek company of worshippers, who met every Sunday at a private house, and whose sim-

ple worship, primitive manners, and loving spirit were calculated to charm a young mind which had a tinge of religious romance, and was yearning for a communion which had never been tainted with the principles of intolerance.

A company of three hundred persons came to Leyden in 1609, — just about the time of the armistice with Spain. They must have been there several years when Richard joined them. They excited little notice at Leyden, except as an industrious and sober people, honest in their dealings, plain in their dress, pure in their lives, at peace among themselves, and warm in their affections towards each other. Public worship was not allowed them, as only the Presbyterian form was tolerated by the government, but they met unmolested at the house of their pastor. This was none other than John Robinson, a man who leaned on the bosom of his Lord all the year, there to get comfort and strength in his many and bitter trials. Never since the primitive days had there been such a flock with such a pastor as assembled in that house at Leyden. Trial and hardship had pencilled their features with the lines of care, but at the same time it had clothed them in the meekest of the Christian graces, made them patient and gentle, forgiving towards their enemies, and tolerant towards all the disciples of the Lord Jesus. Common dangers and hardships had knit them to each other by the strongest ties of love, and even a stranger, as he looked in upon the little company while they were engaged in worship, would be touched

with sympathy, especially during the singing and the prayer; for their faces would be rapt like Stephen's with visions of supersensual glory, and their fervid psalms, touching a thousand memories of dark dangers and Divine deliverances, would bring the tears of gratitude from all their eyes in a sweet and gentle rain. "It was the sweetest melody," says one of their number, "that ever mine ears heard." While the noise of tongues was sounding everywhere else, and the billows of strife were dashing on every side, this flock at Leyden occupied a charmed spot, which was never disturbed, as if "Peace, be still!" from the lips of the Master, were breathed over it in perpetual benediction.

The reader will please take his map and cast his eye over the northern counties of England. You will find two counties, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, lying adjacent, and both cornering up on the line of Yorkshire. There, as you perceive, a pin's point touches upon those three counties; and about that point there are three towns which were never large enough to have a place on the maps, but which nevertheless contained the elements of a mighty empire. These towns were Austerfield, Scrooby, and Bawtry, — lying near to each other in the three counties severally; the first in Lincolnshire, the second in Nottinghamshire, and the third in Yorkshire. They are agricultural towns, and the whole region surrounding is an agricultural region, and in the times of which we write was occupied by a population in a happy medium between poverty and riches. It contained a class of

sturdy farmers with their families, who worked through the week and worshipped God in neat attire when Sunday came round. Away from court influence, away from the town with its luxuries or its destitutions, they dwelt amid corn-fields and sheep and kine, read little, saved something from their hard earnings, and thought somewhat about God and futurity.*

The English Church had been established. Conformity with its rites of worship was required by act of Parliament, and non-conformity punished with fine and imprisonment. Wealth, rank, station, and respectability were with the Established Church; the throne, and the aristocracy next to it, were firmly allied with prelacy, and they pressed down with a weight that either crushed out non-conformity or ground it to the earth. The English Episcopal Church had also its bloodhounds, that sought out and worried the non-conformists in a manner much as we have described that of the Calvinists in their treatment of the Arminians in Holland.

But in that class which constitutes the middle stratum of English life, made up mainly of the Anglo-Saxon element, there was a growing number who desired a more ascetic religion, and a more severe morality, than were to be found in the Establishment. Its May-days, its dances, its bear-baitings, its theatre-going, were opposed to their notions of godly living; and its robes and surplices were in

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* See the pamphlet containing the late researches of Rev. Robert Hunter. It is in the library of Harvard College.

their eyes no better than the rags of Popery. This growing number of people who kept the Sabbath, and who prayed not by reciting from the prayer-book, but wrestled with God in secret, got the name of Puritans; and so early as the reign of Elizabeth were said by Sir Walter Raleigh to comprise twenty thousand people throughout England. These were the descendants of "the men that wore fagots," and their co-operators and co-thinkers, described in a former page. Puritanism was simply Lollardism getting ripe and going to seed. They had no visible organization, and they sought safety in obscurity. We find them now and then gathering to a head around some nucleus of a conventicle, and among the earliest of these manifestations were those in the neighborhood of the obscure towns in the North, — Austerfield, Scrooby, and Bawtry.

CHAPTER V.

> "Till men's persons great afflictions touch,
> If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
> Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
> That value which in threshing they may get."

There was a man by the name of Davison, Secretary in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who fell under the sore displeasure of that royal termagant. It is a curious story, and is not generally told truly in the popular histories. Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of her cousin, the Queen of Scots, and gave it to Davison that he might take it to Walsingham to receive the royal seal. Meanwhile, before the warrant was to be despatched, she devised means of getting Mary taken off, so as not to bear before the world the fearful responsibility herself. She foresaw the odium it would bring upon her. She therefore ordered Walsingham and Davison to write to Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, keepers of Fotheringay Castle, and let them know that it was the Queen's pleasure that they should have Mary put out of the way secretly, and on their own responsibility. The horrified keepers refused the business. Still Elizabeth brooded over a private mur-

der. Meanwhile, her Council, knowing the fact, and fearing that the Queen would shift the burden on their shoulders, or delay the affair from time to time, and die before the deed was done, sent off the death-warrant privately, and without her knowledge. Mary was thus executed at the very hour when Elizabeth was lamenting that some one who professed to love her would not take the business off her hands; and she actually did not know of the execution till she heard the bells of London ringing in honor of the event. She was enraged with her ministers for deceiving her, but she vented her wrath principally on Davison. She imposed a ruinous fine upon him, and sent him to the Tower.*

This event had an influence on the fortunes of another person, very interesting to those who like to trace the causes of events, and the inter-connection of each with all. Davison while in favor at court had in his employ a private secretary named William Brewster. He was a man of good abilities and unswerving honesty, and withal given to religious meditations. After the fall of Davison, he still clung to his patron as a friend, visited him in prison, and did everything in his power to soothe his grief and alleviate his misfortunes. But he had seen the vanity of human greatness, and in the mock-sunshine of the court had learned thoroughly the lesson which Wolsey learned too late, and Davison after him.

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* All this is proved beyond doubt by the "State Papers," and by private letters given in Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens, Vol. VI. pp. 50 – 64.

> "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
> I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched
> Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
> There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
> That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
> More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
> And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to hope again."

Brewster, being now about thirty-eight years old, sought a place of retirement, far away from court, where he might give up his mind, unmolested, to religious exercises and contemplations. He selected the little town of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, already described. There was an old manor-house in the village, which had formerly been occupied by the Archbishops of York, but which had fallen into neglect and decay. Brewster rented it, and retired thither with his wife and family. The parish church was close by, but Brewster did not attend it, preferring private worship in his own family; and on Sunday, around "the old blessed Bible that lay on the stand," he and his wife, with the children, Jonathan, Love, Wrestling, Patience, and Fear, gathered for a special exercise of exhortation and prayer. Godly neighbors came in and joined them, — people whom the formalities of the Church ritual did not satisfy, while they hungered for the bread of life. The old manor-house gradually gathered within it a little congregation, that hung with rapt attention on the prayers and prophesyings of Brewster. He was something of a scholar, had studied at Cambridge, was fully imbued with the Puritan theology, and withal had a singular gift

"in ripping up the heart and conscience before God." It was not long before the congregation gathered at his house so regularly, as to require the work and oversight of a regular pastor.

Not far off from Scrooby, in the town of Babworth, lived a gray-haired old man by the name of Richard Clifton, who had been a rector of the church in that place, but had embraced Puritan sentiments, and probably been silenced for non-conformity. At any rate, he came to Scrooby, and was chosen pastor of the congregation that met at Brewster's house; and such was his sanctity and his gift at exhortation, that he drew to him devout people from the rural towns in the neighborhood. He had "a great white beard" hanging down upon his breast, and with such power and pungency did he send home the arrows of truth, that it seemed as if one of the old Apostles had risen from the grave.

Among those drawn to Brewster's house by the preaching of Clifton, was a boy from the neighboring town of Austerfield, which lies just over the line in Lincolnshire. Mark the boy well, for Providence has great designs in bringing him hither! He is not more than twelve or fourteen years old; has a pale, meek face; sickness has made him thoughtful, and the opposition of his own friends and relatives has given him a pensive air. His father died when he was only two years old, and left him in the charge of two uncles. Austerfield was a place of licentiousness and wickedness, and the boy has grown up in sight and hearing of it; but his long-continued sickness has kept his mind fixed on bet-

ter things; he has read his Bible much, and, as some one conjectures, has had access to a choice library in possession of one of his uncles, where slaking his early thirst for knowledge has only made him thirst the more. He walks every Sunday over the Idle, — a brook that flows languidly between Austerfield and Scrooby, and the sermons of the old man with "a great white beard" have made an indelible impression on his soul.

His uncles oppose the course he is taking, and there are profane wits enough in Austerfield to scoff at the young Puritan for his precocious pietism. But it is all in vain. A special Providence is training him and leading him on; for that little band at Brewster's house are to colonize a mighty empire, and that pale boy is to be its guide and stay through its first dark and perilous years. This boy is William Bradford, — the future Governor of the Plymouth colony.

Not long after this, the congregation received another accession. John Robinson had been a preacher of the Established Church near Yarmouth in Norfolk, but he had been "harried" for nonconformity, and his friends almost ruined in the ecclesiastical courts. Seeking obscurity and the quiet and unmolested worship of God, he also found his way to Scrooby. Never since the apostolic days was there a character in which the opposite qualities of firmness and meekness were more beautifully blended. He separated from the English Church without a particle of bitterness towards its communion; he embraced the rigid theology of the

Puritans, which he held with a gentle and an all-comprehending charity. The hardest trials made his temper more mild, and his piety more serene; and persecution and wrong only set free in a more signal manner that spirit of toleration which breathed from his heart like a heavenly perfume. He was associated with Clifton in the pastorate of the church in Brewster's house, and when Clifton removed to Amsterdam, Robinson was left in sole charge of it.

Thus and in an obscure corner originated the congregation which in a preceding chapter we have described as being at Leyden, where Richard Sayer found them, and joined their number. Why they left Scrooby and removed to Leyden, and through what perils and hardships, has been described by Bradford, who became the historian of the Pilgrim church. It will be readily conceived that the old manor-house at Scrooby did not conceal them a great while, or shield them from the tender mercies of the bishops and the officials of the ecclesiastical courts. They were fined, imprisoned, and worried, till they finally resolved on removal to Holland. They went in separate companies, first to Amsterdam, where some of them remained, the aged Clifton among the rest; but most of the Scrooby congregation came finally to Leyden; Brewster, Robinson, and Bradford being the leading spirits of the enterprise, and infusing through its affairs an immortal energy.

CHAPTER VI.

> "Wild heather floors and rolling convex skies
> Their temples now."

With what delightful emotions must the hero of our simple narrative have listened to the preaching of Robinson, as he first joined the Pilgrim congregation at Leyden! Except in the persons of the persecuted and almost extinguished Arminians, Christianity had been exhibited to him only as a gloomy and bloody superstition. We have reason to suppose that he sought Robinson at Leyden, and was drawn to him by the magnetic power of spirit upon spirit, much as Bradford had been drawn to Clifton at Scrooby. The longing heart and fond imagination of his dreaming boyhood had pictured on his fancy a church and a Christian polity which had nothing corresponding to it in the state of things around him. From what fulness of heart must he have poured into the ear of the Pilgrim pastor the story of his ancestral wrongs, and the sighings of his soul after a religion that came to bless, and not to curse! And what a contrast must he have felt as soon as he crossed the threshold into the sphere of that meek and loving fellowship, which was like an "orb of tranquillity" in the midst of storms!

Robinson believed substantially with the Calvinists of Holland, but his whole spirit was that of the Arminians, and their fundamental principle of "God's word above the Catechism and Confession," he adopted, defended, and impressed on the minds of his people. He disputed with the Arminians, held a controversy with Episcopius in the University, wrote in defence of Predestination; but no barbed words ever fell from his tongue, and no drop of gall ever flowed from his pen.* He was a ripe scholar, and his piety was not less constant and fervent than his learning was varied and profound.

It is probable that the struggle was long and severe, before the final separation of the tie between Richard and his kinsfolk at Amsterdam. We have no record of that struggle; but his parents being Catholics, and therefore regarding the obscure band of Separatists at Leyden with no favorable eye, it must have been a grievous disappointment when their son joined the despised company of Pilgrims. How many times he travelled from Amsterdam to Leyden before he finally embarked his hopes and his fortunes; how the love of home and friends struggled with religious convictions and aspirations; how his spirit was charmed with the apostolic benignity and heavenly eloquence of the Pilgrim pastor, and thrilled and melted by the quivering pathos of the worship, and "the music sweeter than ear

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* Bradford says he "non-plussed" Episcopius in debate. He must have been a remarkable man to accomplish, single-handed, what the whole Synod of Dort could not, even when backed by the States-General. Bradford's account, however, is evidently colored.

ever heard," is easy enough to be conceived, in the absence of any record which has been left us. But at the time Richard joined them, they had come to the determination to quit Holland, and seek a home beyond the Western main; and his imagination was just the one to be captivated by the dream of a Utopia beyond the waters, far away from rumors of strife and dissension, where brethren should dwell together in unity, and worship God free from the pest of the schouts and bailiffs. There they would establish a commonwealth where humanity should start anew, and the Church of Christ arise in the purity and splendor of her primitive days, with no wrinkle on her brow, and no blood-spot on her robes.

The Scrooby church had been in Holland only about eleven years, when they resolved on a new emigration. Their lot in Holland was a hard one, for though they were at peace among themselves, and their worship was unmolested, yet poverty always stared them in the face; they were strangers and sojourners, and the jargon of a foreign language was always sounding in their ears. What grieved them most of all, their children grew up and left them, sometimes assimilating to the native population, adopting their habits and customs, which were often corrupt, "some becoming soldiers, others taking them upon far voyages by sea, and others some worse courses, tending to dissoluteness and the danger of their souls." They saw that, if they remained in Leyden, they should ultimately disappear, melting away as a soluble element in the foreign pop-

ulation, instead of establishing a Church that from small beginnings should grow mighty, and invite the poor and oppressed to its sheltering bosom. This was their fondest dream, — not only to establish a true church for themselves, but one that should endure and be a blessing to all posterity.

But whither shall they go? Sir Walter Raleigh a few years before had published his "Discovery of Guiana," and the gorgeousness of his description had well-nigh captivated the sober imagination of some of the Pilgrims. He calls it "a mighty rich and beautiful empire, lying under the equinoctial line," — its capital "that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the natives Manoa, and for greatness, richness, and excellent seat, it far excelleth any of the world." He sailed up the Orinoco in 1595, in quest of this imaginary city. "On both sides of the river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld, — all fair, green grass, the deer crossing in every path, the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, and every stone we stopped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion. For health, good air, pleasure, and riches, I am resolved it cannot be equalled by any region either in the East or West." * Some, and "none of the meanest" of the company, were earnest for this land of eternal summer; but they were outvoted by the majority,

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* Raleigh's Works, Vol. VIII. pp. 381, 398, 427, 442. Quoted by Young, Chronicles, p. 52.

and Virginia was finally fixed upon, not without misgivings on the part of many. What a future was depending on that debate and that decision!

It comes not within our scope to detail the heart-sickening perplexities which intervened between their purpose and the execution. After delays and difficulties, the Speedwell is got ready, and is lying at Delfthaven waiting to take its sorrowful freight on another and more perilous exile. The younger and more vigorous portion of the company, numbering about one hundred and twenty, are to go first; the elder and more infirm are to tarry behind, and follow on when Providence shall prepare the way. But among those who are going are Brewster and Bradford, not now the pale-faced boy, but the grown man of thirty, schooled in misfortune, unconquerable through faith, and wise and prudent by experience.

Richard Sayer may have been present to witness that scene, memorable in history, and described in Bradford's style of Hebrew simplicity and pathos. Delfthaven is the harbor of the fine old city of Delft, lying on the Meuse, about fourteen miles south of Leyden. This fourteen miles the Pilgrims are to pass over by the canal. It is the last of July, and the barge takes them over the polders alive with thriving industry, and past the neat cottages with tulips and roses beneath the windows; but the beautiful prospect on either side must have looked sad enough to the departing exiles. They pass through the city of Delft, and thence the barge comes into the "Haven," which is

simply a canal, extending from the city down to the river, lined on either bank with old trees and antique houses with gable ends. And now the barge has reached the wharf, where the Speedwell lies ready to receive them.

Many of the company who are to be left behind, Robinson among them, have accompanied them to the ship, to bid them farewell. They all kneel down together upon the wharf, with faces turned heavenward, and the tears streaming down their care-worn cheeks, while Robinson in tones of beseeching earnestness sends up his parting prayer under the open sky, and before its last plaintive tone has died away the whole company with breaking hearts are sobbing aloud. Some burly Dutchmen who stood not far off brushed the tears from their eyes as they witnessed the holy scene.

Then, after embracing each other again and again, they parted, — many of them never to meet more. Those left behind waved their hands till the bark faded away on the Meuse towards the open sea, straining their eyes after it till it melted in the blue distance, and then returning with heavy hearts to Leyden. Bartlett says, an old mill is standing on the point of land that juts out into the river, and marks the spot where they must have watched the vessel as it faded from their view.

CHAPTER VII.

> "There never needs to chant their deeds, like swan that lies a-dying,
> So far their name by trump of fame around the sphere is flying."

THE reader knows well enough the result of the embarkation just described; how the Speedwell touched at Southampton, and was there joined by the Mayflower, and how both set sail together for the New World; how the Speedwell put back as unseaworthy, while the Mayflower took the passengers of both ships, with the exception of about twenty, who with another sorrowful parting were left behind in England; how the Mayflower held on her course alone for Virginia, but the Lord in his providence shaped her end otherwise, since Cape Cod projected its encircling arm into the sea, and arrested their course and brought them safely into its harbor; how after various soundings and debarkations they came into Plymouth Bay and stepped upon Plymouth Rock; how, on that bleak and barren shore, and not on the paradisiacal banks of the Orinoco, chilled by wintry storms, and not fanned by breezes that wafted the perfume of eternal flowers, they laid the foundations of their church, which was to gather the unborn generations

into its fold, and of an empire that was to stretch from sea to sea. What a wonderful Providence was that, which led on the little company that met for prayer in that old manor-house at Scrooby! The pale-faced, conscientious boy, who walked over every Sunday from Austerfield to hear Clifton preach, has come in the Mayflower, a full-grown man; he has prayed much and studied much,—has learned Greek and Hebrew from an insatiable desire to read the Divine oracles in the original tongues, and "see them in all their native beauty."

Meanwhile Richard Sayer is with the remainder of the congregation at Leyden, and with them is waiting a favorable opportunity to join the new exiles. His father had made strenuous exertions to recover the paternal estate at Colchester, and a long and bitter controversy had been the consequence. It ended in total alienation between the Sayers of Holland and the Sayers and Knyvets of England, and the former were threatened with a criminal prosecution if they set foot again in the land of their fathers. This, with the motives already given, may have urged him to quit Holland for ever.

His father died in 1629, and not till then does the way seem to have been clear to him to embark his fortunes with the Pilgrims. He then came in possession of his paternal inheritance, and he made immediate preparations to carry his purpose into execution. Robinson, the sainted pastor, whose character must have won upon his heart, and whose congregation answered so fully to his ideal of a

true Christian polity, had gone to his rest. He died in 1625, longing for a reunion with his absent flock. The portion left at Leyden, and the portion who had gone to New Plymouth, seem to have been like two lobes of a heart torn cruelly asunder, and seeking to be joined again, and to beat in unison.

Robinson's letters to the absent portion show the most ardent affection and tender solicitude. Why he never came over does not appear very clearly in Bradford's History, or in the letters which passed between the two divisions of the Pilgrim church; but it since appears that the jealous eyes of James and his bishops were upon the whole enterprise, watching all its movements, and that the agents of the Virginia Company had secret and positive orders to keep Robinson separated from his Plymouth flock. Always longing to look once more upon the faces so cruelly parted from him at Delfthaven, he yet died without the sight, and tears of a truer and more tender affection never fell upon a good man's grave.

After Robinson's death, the remnant of the Leyden congregation came over and joined their brethren. In 1629 came thirty-five, with their families. In 1630 came sixty more, and among them was Richard Sayer. He had settled his affairs at Amsterdam, after his father's death, given up all hope of recovering his paternal estates at Colchester, become heart-sick with the controversy and with the selfishness of man, sick with the noise of sects that filled the country with strife and had but recently

stained its beautiful fields with blood; and, sighing for a peaceful retreat, and a pure and unmolested worship, he gathered up his fortune, which must have been considerable, and embarked with the Leyden exiles, with whom he landed at Plymouth, May 8, 1630. His company was the last that came over from Leyden, it being the last of the Scrooby congregation that remained in Holland, and with them all of it that survived in this world was gathered once more in sweet and loving fellowship in the Western wilderness. How joyous must have been the first songs which they lifted up to the cold sky, when no hounds were on the scent, and only God and his angels were listening!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Among the watching hills a nook they found
Where the hushed winds a holy Sabbath keep;
Where war's red foot had never dyed the ground,
Nor ravening wolves disturbed the gentle sheep."

THEIR first settlement at New Plymouth was along the street still known as Leyden Street, made up at first of rudely-built houses, surrounded by a palisade. In the midst rose a larger building, which served both as a council-house and a place of worship; and here, until they found a pastor, they gathered as at first around the godly "Elder Brewster," who in teaching "was very stirring," and "had a singular good gift in prayer." Among the commendable qualities of his prayers, brevity was one; and perhaps to this he owed that other of pith and searching pungency already described, whereby he "ripped up the conscience before the Lord."

Outside the palisade the field was staked out into lots, in which each family cultivated its patch of beans and Indian corn. Notwithstanding their trials and hardships, sometimes from the winter cold, sometimes from the drouth of the summer heat, sometimes from sickness and famine, and

sometimes from fear of the savage, their cheerful faith never deserted them; their hymn rose every morning over the forest woods, and those who sank into the grave departed hence full of the hope of immortality. They never looked back with regrets or repinings, being, as one of them had said, "well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange and hard land."

It soon appeared, however, that they had pitched upon a spot whose soil was poor and barren. We fancy that those of the company who had been strenuous for removal to Guiana thought their counsels had been unwisely set at naught, as they contrasted in imagination the sand-fields of New Plymouth with the banks of the Orinoco, and their plains of refulgent green, where the birds sang a thousand tunes, and "the deer came down feeding by the water's side as if they had been used to a keeper's call." At any rate, they began to grow discontented with their situation, and file off in little companies in search of greener spots and a kindlier soil. Hence we find, that, within fourteen years after the last remnant of the church at Leyden had been brought over, serious apprehensions arose lest it should be dissolved, because many of the inhabitants had left the town, and others still contemplated leaving on account of the "barrenness of the place." Not less than three little sub-colonies had gone out from the parent colony, so that, in the language of the records, "this poor church was left like an ancient mother grown old and forsaken of

her children, in regard to their bodily presence and personal helpfulness; her ancient members being most of them worn away by death, and those of later times being like children translated into other families; and she like a widow left only to trust in God. Thus she that had made many rich, became herself poor."

Oddly enough, however, as it seems to us at this distance of time, they sought better situations by removing farther down the Cape, over its downs and sand-hills. Two sub-colonies went forth in this direction, and formed settlements near to each other in localities known by the Indians as Sursuit and Mattakeese, the sites severally of the present towns of East Dennis and Yarmouth.* These two settlements were seven or eight miles from each other, and were both at first included in the same township. One of them, that of Sursuit, it lies in my way to describe.

As you travel eastward from Plymouth, passing down the Cape on the northern shore through the modern towns of Barnstable, Yarmouth Port, North Dennis, and East Dennis, you very soon discover what must have been the attractions which drew the children away from their poor mother at Plymouth, till she felt forsaken. Between the gentle elevations along the shore, and the sand-hills that rise farther inland, there is an interval which contains rich alluvial deposits watered by unfailing springs. They form some of the best soil in Massachusetts,

* Mattakeese, however, extended some distance within the present limits of East Barnstable.

and are like oases in the desert. Along these hollows and basins lay the region of Mattakeese. Passing farther on through Yarmouth into Dennis, and ascending an elevation called Scargo Hill, you look over into green meadows, with rank waving grass, through which "Sursuit Creek" and "Quivet Creek" wind with soft music to the sea. These are the meadows of Sursuit, on whose margin the pretty village of East Dennis now stands, but which in the Pilgrim days had only here and there an Indian wigwam with its smoke creeping lazily into the air.

About the year 1643, a company led by Richard Sayer left Plymouth, passed down through Mattakeese, which had already begun to be colonized, kept on to Scargo Hill, and looked down upon the meadows of Sursuit and Quivet, shut in on three sides by sand-hills, and open on the left to the sea. Could there be a more charming retreat from schouts and bailiffs, or a place less likely to be disturbed by the noises of the world and the strife of tongues? Descending into this quiet nook, he and his company pitched their tents and selected the sites of their future habitations.

Between the two creeks whose Indian names we have given above, there was a tongue of land called "Quivet Neck," made up in part of alluvial deposits, and forming therefore the best and most fertile soil. Richard Sayer purchased the greater part of this neck of land, and built his house upon it. On this gentle swell he could hear the crooning of the two brooks on either side of him as they wound

through the meadows, and he could look over the green interval into the broad blue ocean, always sounding with the march and countermarch of its waves. After two hundred years, the house which he built has disappeared; but the precise spot is still to be seen where his household gods found undisturbed repose. We do not know all the names of the first company, but some time afterwards we find among his neighbors and associates John Wing, Kenelm Winslow, John Dillingham, and Zachariah Paddock. Kenelm Winslow was a brother of Governor Winslow, and settled afterwards at Marshfield. Of Zachariah we shall get a glimpse in the following chapter.

Notwithstanding his peace-loving habits, the Pilgrim, as tradition says, held a military office, and lost an arm by a gun-shot wound in some conflict with the Indians. He also appears on the records as constable of Yarmouth, and once on some committee in ecclesiastical affairs.

CHAPTER IX.

"And may the sun of life, when near its setting,
Clothe in more beauteous gleams the distant hills."

Richard Sayer, before he left Plymouth, had married Dorothy Thacher. She was a sister of Anthony Thacher, who removed from Plymouth to Mattakeese, and whose name is familiarly known in the Pilgrim annals. The children of this marriage were three sons, Knyvet, Paul, and Silas, and one daughter named Deborah.

With this family gathered about him, he passed the latter half of a long life in this peaceful retreat, whose seclusion seems to have been fully congenial with his gentle spirit. Before we take leave of him, we will endeavor, from what material we have, to reproduce his surroundings, and put them as distinctly as we can upon the canvas. It is a picture of primitive manners, which contrasts strangely enough with those two hundred years later among the descendants of the Pilgrims.

On Quivet Neck he has built a house one-story high, roofed with thatch, and fronting south with such precision as to serve as a sun-dial and indicate the hour of noon. The fireplace is made of rough

stone; the chimney, of boards, plastered over inside with clay. Both the fireplace and the chimney-flue are of immense capacity, so that, after a rousing fire has been kindled on a winter's evening, the family can occupy both the spaces on each side of it, and look up through the chimney opening, and gaze at the stars. What visions of other days must have come over the old Pilgrim, as he sat there and heard the whistling winds and the roaring on the sea-beach, and looked up through his chimney-flue and saw the same planets that twinkled upon him on the Princen Graat of old Amsterdam! But the neighbors come in during the long evenings, to talk over the news of the Colony, and be regaled with mugs of cider and barley-beer. John Wing, John Dillingham, John Grey, Richard Taylor, and some others, have also nestled into the quiet nook of Sursuit; but of all the neighbors Zachariah Paddock comes oftenest and stays the longest, yea, gets close up to Deborah in the chimney-corner, and stays there till all the rest have retired; and they two look up together through the flue and count the stars. Zachariah is the son of Robert Paddock, who was the son of Zachariah, who came over, say my family papers, in the Mayflower; but he certainly did *not*, for his name is not on the list, as everybody may see by looking at it. But no matter. Zachariah Paddock got over some way, and his grandson Zachariah is bent on star-gazing in the chimney-corner with Deborah Sayer.

Deborah has grown into a comely and healthy maiden, without any hacking cough, and with no

occasion for either valerian or homœopathic globules. Well she might, for she wears in cold weather a flannel gown, and in warm weather a gown of linen homespun, both of which she had to spin and weave herself; the latter from flax which the boys, Knyvet, Paul, and Silas, raised on Quivet Neck. It is very fortunate for Deborah that she is thus getting strength and bloom for future years, for by and by she and Zachariah will have eight children to bring up as a contribution to the rising Colony.

A meeting-house had been built between the two settlements of Mattakeese and Sursuit, but much nearer to the former, and there the inhabitants of both villages met together on Sunday, to listen to Rev. Marmaduke Matthews; an exceedingly good man, but whose goodness sometimes lacked the ballast of common sense. It stood not far from the site of the present Orthodox meeting-house in Yarmouth, and thither on Sunday morning the people might be seen wending their way, from either settlement, for the worship of God. The meeting-house has neither bell nor steeple, but a thatched roof, and perhaps port-holes, with the muzzles of muskets, if need be, grimly pointing through; for though there is no danger of interruption from police officials, yet there may be from Indian savages. The Colony Court has passed a law, that, "if any lazy, slothful, or profane persons, in any of the towns, neglect to come to the public worship of God, they shall forfeit for every such default ten shillings, or be publicly whipped," for our good

ancestors judged that people had better be brought to a knowledge of Christianity through flagellation, than not at all. As South says, ironically, of the Roman Catholic penance, they made thongs and whipcord essentials of salvation.

Imagine, then, on a calm summer's morning, the people of Sursuit summoned to the place of prayer. No bell pours out its solemn music, but in the place of it some one "beats upon the drum," and that is the roll-call to church which is borne on the breeze over the Sursuit meadows. It is six or seven miles to church, and there is not a vehicle in the place, for they had not yet come into use, and both the old Pilgrims and young must go to hear Marmaduke Matthews. The procession is soon on its way; Richard Sayer is on horseback, with his wife Dorothy behind him; and they ride just half the distance, and fasten the horse by the way-side for Goodman Wing and his wife to take it and ride in their turn. By this arrangement the same horse accommodated two or three neighbors, the elderly people always riding a part of the distance, while the young men and maidens walked the whole six or seven miles without weariness. In this way came the procession, winding round Scargo Hill, the old people riding and walking alternately, the young people walking the whole distance, which was short enough when such persons as Zachariah Paddock and Deborah Sayer happened to fall into company with each other. Deborah has doffed her homespun, and appears in clean calico, one dress of which serves her for a lifetime. It has short sleeves,

with three ruffs on each arm, and she wears long gloves, made of horse-hair, that come up to the elbow. Her shoes are made of broadcloth, with wooden heels and peaked toes turning up at the end. But she carries her shoes in her hand till she arrives at church, except when Zachariah has the gallantry to relieve her of the burden. Arrived at church, how grateful and fervent must have been the devotions of these people, after all their sacrifices, escapes, and labors. Their songs of praise need not be suppressed now, but sound full and joyous over the woods and hills. They sit in their plain and neat attire under Marmaduke Matthews, who measures out his sermon to them by the hour-glass. The sexton turns the glass when the sermon begins, and the preacher must keep on till the sand runs out, whether his ideas have run out or not. It is not a very difficult rule, however, for Father Matthews, who is said to have used words without much reference to thoughts, and to have been called to account by his brethren for preaching heresy when he was not aware of it.

Richard Sayer lived to be the patriarch of the little colony of Sursuit, and to see his children and his children's children settled around him. Fields of corn, of beans, and of flax covered the gentle acclivities, and the tall grass waved along the green margin of the brooks; and without wealth or want the little community thrived and prospered. Industry and frugality were in the place of riches, and piety and virtue brought down the Divine bless-

ing without interruption. These homebred virtues were guarded by strict laws and social maxims. It is related by an old chronicler, that a certain neighbor of his father had four sons, whose habits of profusion excited the alarm of the village; "for the oldest got a pair of boots, the second an overcoat, the third a watch, and the fourth a pair of shoe-buckles"; and the neighbors all shook their heads, and whispered to each other, "That family is on the high road to insolvency." * The possession of any one of these articles of luxury would perhaps have done serious damage to the suit of Zachariah Paddock.

Richard Sayer was once or twice summoned from his seclusion, as Deputy to the Colony Court at Plymouth. But he seems to have found what he sighed after amid the strifes and the tumults of the Old World, — a place far away from the rumors of oppression, deceit, and bloodshed, where he might worship God with a free conscience and breathe out his soul in peace. He lived to a green and honored old age, and died in 1676. He had seen eighty-six years ere he rested from his labors; and the people of the village of Sursuit that grew up around him followed him to his peaceful grave. Children and children's children were there to talk of his virtues around his bier. His ashes repose in the old Yarmouth churchyard, where one of his descendants, with filial reverence and affection, has erected a costly monument to his memory.

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* Pratt's History of Eastham, pp. 177, 178.

Pass through the modern village of East Dennis, or roam among the monuments of its churchyard, and you find that almost every third person, whether among the living or the dead, belongs to the line of the old Pilgrim and patriarch. Look around there on the cultivated fields, or the industrious, virtuous, and thriving community, and you see the best monuments of his sacrifices and toils. Pass through the land, north, south, east, and west, and you meet with his innumerable descendants among the busy and teeming population.

CHAPTER X.

"They lay down two grand ground-works on which their following fabric is to be erected; — first, only to take what was held forth in God's word, leaving nothing to church practice or human prudence, as but the iron legs and clay toes of that statue whose head and whole body ought to be pure Scripture gold; — second, because one day teacheth another, they will not be tied on Tuesday morning to maintain their tenets on Monday night, if a new discovery intervene." — FULLER on the Pilgrims, *Church History*, Vol. III. p. 462.

WE will not take our final leave of the good men whose labors and sacrifices we have been reviewing, without a filial tribute to their virtues. This we do, because, with all the eulogy bestowed upon them by popular historians and orators, we doubt if their principles are yet fully understood. They are constantly confounded with the Massachusetts Puritans, whereas they were entirely different in character, temper, principles, and policy.

We have already stated that the three leading minds of the Scrooby church were Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford. Their spirit and doctrines became the soul of the Pilgrim enterprise from the beginning. Of the first we have said enough pertaining to his large, heavenly, and tolerant spirit. Brewster lived to a serene old age. He died in

1644, aged 84 years. With all his perseverance and energy, he was a man of great kindliness and modesty. Eminently qualified for the pastoral office, his diffidence and profound reverence for it prevented his assuming it, though in the humbler station of "Elder" he virtually discharged all its duties up to the year 1629, when a regular pastor was settled at Plymouth. More than any other man the originator and father of the Pilgrim church, he shared as a private citizen in all its toils, spent his fortune in the enterprise, and almost to the day of his death worked with his hands in the field. But all the more for his meekness and modesty did his example shed its hallowed light and diffuse his benignant and pious spirit through the rising colony. Almost to the day of his death he kept about his humble duties, and at the last he seemed not so much to die as to subside into the bosom of God's love, like a wave sinking into the bosom of the sea. He took one day to his bed, where he lay without a pang or a groan; but as the evening was coming on "he drew his breath short," and some minutes before his last he "drew his breath long," and on that tranquil sigh his spirit was wafted away.

Bradford died in 1657, aged 69. He was born and bred to agricultural pursuits; and if the words of the aged Clifton had not touched his youthful heart, he would probably have lived and died among the yeomanry of Old England. As Governor of the Colony through most of the first thirty years of its existence, he managed its affairs with consummate wisdom. He was just even to a scruple in all his

dealings with the Indians; his energy was tempered with mildness; he had all the sagacity of the practical man, with the dove-like simplicity of the Christian. As a writer and historian, he has rare merits, for he tells his story with the perspicuity and ease of the scholar, yet with the unconsciousness of the child. With none of the pedantry of Cotton Mather, his style has sometimes a peculiar charm and pathos on account of its artlessness, and steals on the reader's heart like the plaintive narratives of Scripture, which must have been his classic model. More than all, though the faith of Bradford was strongly puritanic, it had not the least tinge of fanaticism, but glowed with the ardors of Christian charity.

Other names will readily occur to the reader, especially those of Winslow, Cushman, and Carver. But the men now described, more than any others, stamped their characters on the young Colony, and shaped its ends. And it is not a violation of historical verity to say, that no people ever carried out their principles more faithfully than the Pilgrim church and its dependencies. Constantly confounding the Plymouth men with the Massachusetts men, it is common for writers and speakers to apologize for their "bigotry" and "intolerance" with that stale and wretched excuse, "the spirit of the age," as if it were not the very purpose of a true church to rise above the age, and illumine its darkness and reform its abuses.* These men need no such

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* A late writer, referring to this impotent plea, though totally

apology, and there is not a church of the nineteenth century which is competent to teach them a first lesson in the principles of toleration.

It will be seen from the preceding narratives, that the Scrooby church was gathered from the middle and humbler walks of English life; from a class that had never been corrupted by the possession of power. After they were "harried" out of England, they dwelt twelve years in Holland, shut in from the great world among themselves, and drawing closer than ever around the Head of the Church. During that twelve years, those who were children and youth when they came out of England had grown up into men and women under the influence of the saintly Robinson, so that when they came to Plymouth these were the active portion, the very muscle of the Colony. They had imbibed the spirit of Robinson, as it glows through his farewell address. The church at Leyden owned fellowship with all other churches that owned Christ as their head, and they brought the same principle with them in the Mayflower. So early as 1641, an ordinance passed the General Court at Plymouth, that "NO INJUNCTION SHOULD BE PUT ON ANY CHURCH OR CHURCH-MEMBER, AS TO DOCTRINE, WORSHIP, OR DISCIPLINE, WHETHER FOR SUBSTANCE OR CIRCUMSTANCE,

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misapprehending the Pilgrims, says, with much pith and force of argument: "If a persecuting model may thus be copied or pleaded as ample palliation, why may not the Church of England refer her accusers to the persecutions of the Church of Rome, and the Church of Rome hers to the persecutions of the Pagans, and the Pagans theirs to their persecutions of each other?" — Coit on Puritanism, p. 85.

BESIDE THE COMMAND OF THE BIBLE." * They made the acknowledgment of the Bible as supreme authority a fundamental principle; the State as well as the Church was founded upon it; but they left each man free to interpret the Bible for himself. They required no relation of private experiences, no assent to special articles of faith, but godly living alone, as preliminaries to admission into the church. They were friendly to all sects, not excepting the Quakers and Anabaptists; and when Roger Williams had been driven from Massachusetts, Winslow sought him out in his exile, to cheer and comfort him. He made a journey from Plymouth to Providence, to take him by the hand. "That great and precious soul, Mr. Winslow," says Williams, "melted and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife for our supply." †

The Massachusetts Colony came over nine years later than the Plymouth, and it was gathered from an entirely different class of people. Its leaders were men of rank, wealth, and legal acquirements. They were descendants of earls, gentlemen, and lord mayors. At the time they came, Puritanism

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* Thatcher's Plymouth, p. 291.

† I have said nothing of the church of John Lothrop, which settled early in West Barnstable, and became a constituent part of the Plymouth Colony. But Lothrop and his flock were also refugees from persecution; and though they originated in a different part of England from the Plymouth people, they were of a like temper with them, and had learned the same lesson from adversity. It is said that most of them came originally from Kent.

was rising rapidly into power and consideration in England, and was soon to overturn the throne. The Massachusetts Company was formed in London, and men who were "large proprietors" embarked in the enterprise. They were not separatists from the Established Church, and some of them were in full communion with it. They came from amid the refinements and comforts of English life, and had never been schooled in poverty and persecution. They had high notions of church prerogative and infallibility. They encountered no hardships in emigration which can be compared with those of the Pilgrims, but came over, fifteen hundred in a year, bringing their wealth with them. What a contrast have we here with the humble congregation of Scrooby!

The leader of the Massachusetts enterprise, before the arrival of Winthrop, was John Endicott, a hard, cruel, and persecuting spirit, and the complete opposite of William Bradford. Hence the whole bearing and temper of the Massachusetts Colony were in contrast with those of the Plymouth, and its spirit from the very beginning was one of persecution and intolerance. The Pilgrims naturally looked up with deference to the Massachusetts men, and the only time when they swerved from their principles was when they followed the evil counsel of their neighbors.

This was in 1657–60, when the excitement against the Quakers ran high in the Massachusetts Colony, and cruel laws were enacted against them. Some of the persecuted sect found their

way into the Plymouth Colony, and letters came down from Massachusetts, urging the Pilgrim settlements to adopt the same policy. Prince was Governor. The just and pious Bradford had gone; and, with few exceptions, the first generation of the Pilgrim church had passed away. Some of the magistrates, among whom appear the names of Allerton and Cudworth, rose in opposition to the proposed measures. But they were overruled. At first the Massachusetts influence prevailed. Prince yielded to it, and the odious law was enacted. But the rebound was sudden and universal back to the first tolerant principles of the Colony. The odious law was blotted out, the discarded magistrates who had opposed it were restored to favor, among whom was a son of John Robinson, who had imbibed the principles of the Quakers. No blood was shed within the Plymouth jurisdiction, and the few punishments inflicted were more for contempt of court than on account of religious opinion. Tradition says, that in all these controversies the patriarch of Sursuit was on the liberal side.

The early legislation of the Pilgrim Colony was statesmanlike, just, and liberal. Hardly an instance will be found among the laws on the Plymouth records of that meddlesome interference with private rights, or that espionage over household matters, that disgraces the records of Massachusetts and Connecticut. No code of "blue laws" was ever enacted by the Pilgrims. An enlightened forecast, and a severe and practical common sense, are everywhere apparent. We have alluded to the law for

the fine or the flagellation of non-attendants on public worship; but it applied only to "lazy, slothful, or profane persons," who were sometimes found hanging about the infant settlements, to corrupt the morals of the youth, and it was designed to put them in the most direct way for a better course of life.

In all their dealings with the Indians, the Pilgrims treated them as men, — not as Pagans and Canaanites, to be preyed upon by God's people; and they scrupulously observed with them the obligations of humanity and justice. Once, in the extremity of hunger, they found and appropriated a quantity of corn that belonged to the natives, but afterwards took the earliest opportunity to seek out the owners, tell them what they had done, and render to them the most ample remuneration. If any Englishman wronged the red-man, he was sure, if found out, to be brought to punishment. In one instance, three men who had robbed and murdered an Indian, and who came back to Plymouth for protection and security, were apprehended, tried, and sentenced, and expiated their crime upon the gallows. In the eye of the Pilgrim, every man, heathen though he was, belonged to the same brotherhood with himself, and had equal rights and immunities before the Eternal Justice. Such a case of shocking barbarity towards the Indian as may be found detailed in Savage's Winthrop,* and which Coit cites with much point in his attack on Puritanism, could never have occurred within the jurisdiction of Plymouth.

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* Vol. II. pp. 130–134.

The Massachusetts people grounded their rights on the Charter, and on their prerogatives as Englishmen, or as God's only true Church. The Plymouth people derived their ideas of government from the inherent rights of man. To the latter belongs the undying honor of originating and diffusing the principles of Congregationalism in New England,—the doctrine that each separate church is complete in itself, is responsible to no synods or councils, but to Christ alone. Before they left England, and while yet in the humble seclusion of Scrooby, they "shook off the yoke of Antichristian bondage"; and they pledged themselves to each other, "to walk in all the ways of the Lord made known, or TO BE MADE KNOWN, unto them, according to their best endeavors." * Thus from Brewster's old mansion in Nottinghamshire they brought away the doctrine of the sacred rights of the human mind. No church had any authority over it, but Christ alone, nor could any church shut out from its own members the light "to be made known," and thus deprive them of a glorious future, — living doctrines to them, struggling away from the cold prison and the wintry night of prelacy into Christ's free Gospel, which they hailed as a reviving spring.

These doctrines were the precious freight of the Mayflower. The Massachusetts men brought with them no such principles. They had not separated from the Church of England, and they fell into its intolerant practices. They believed in the highest

* Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims, p. 21.

governmental prerogatives, both in the Church and the State. The individual was of no account before the Juggernaut of Arbitrary Power; and the ecclesiastical polity of Massachusetts was at first, in point of fact, a church despotism of the most absolute kind. A good many others besides Roger Williams and Ann Hutchinson found out this to their own bitter experience.

The spirit of the Plymouth men, however, in some measure diffused itself as a boon of priceless value to the sister colonies. "Some of the chief of them," writes Winslow, "advised with us how they should do to fall upon a right platform of worship, and desired to that end, since God had honored us to lay the foundation of a commonwealth, and to settle a church in it, to show them whereupon our practice was grounded; and if they found upon due search it was built upon the Word, they should be willing to take up what was of God. We accordingly showed them the primitive practice for our warrant, taken out of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, together with the commandments of Christ the Lord in the Gospel, and our other warrants in every particular we did, from the book of God. Which being by them well weighed and considered, they also entered into covenant with God and one another to walk in all his ways revealed, or as they should be made known unto them, and to worship him according to his will revealed in his written word only." *

* Young's Chronicles, p. 386.

In nothing do the Plymouth men appear with more honorable distinction than in their freedom from the wretched and drivelling superstitions which afflicted Massachusetts, and fixed an ineffaceable blot upon her fame. They were not only men of piety and liberality, but of that broad and clear common sense which secured them against the delusions of their day. It is not generally known that there were trials for witchcraft in the Old Colony also, as the account of them is only found reposing in her ancient records. It is not a record that she has reason to be ashamed of; and one of her sons has recently searched it out and held it up as a specimen of Pilgrim legislation, on a subject that requires the historian of Massachusetts Bay to plead "the ignorance of the age." It is short, but pithy and to the point.

In 1676, Mary Ingraham was tried for witchcraft, and promptly acquitted by a jury of twelve men. But sixteen years before, there was a trial which exhibits yet more signally the beauty of justice as it was administered in the Old Colony. In 1660, Dinah Silvester, of Scituate, accused the wife of William Homes of being a witch. An examination is held, and Dinah is produced as a witness. We condense the account, and give the substance of it.

Court. You say that William Homes's wife is a witch. What evidence have you of the fact?

Dinah. She appeared to me as a witch.

Court. In what shape?

Dinah. In the shape of a bear, your honor.

Court. How far off was the bear?

Dinah. About a stone's throw from the highway.

Court. What manner of tail did the bear have?

Dinah. I cannot tell, your honor, as his head was towards me.

Court. Let this examination be recorded for the clearing of William Homes's wife. Ordered, THAT DINAH SILVESTER BE PUBLICLY WHIPPED, or else pay the sum of five pounds to William Homes. Or in case the said Dinah make a public acknowledgment of her crime, she shall only pay William Homes the charge he has been at.

And then follows the acknowledgment of Dinah Silvester, that her accusation was false and malicious.*

Such in the Pilgrim courts was the summary disposition of a matter which, with precisely the same beginnings, in the sister Colony went on till it involved the whole community in a contagious fanaticism, turned the wits of the clergy and the lawyers, and doomed twenty innocent men and women to a horrible death. The "ignorance of the age," which lay like an Egyptian night on the fields of Massachusetts, did not even for a moment obstruct the sun's clear shining on the sand-hills around Plymouth Bay.

The transactions at Salem are generally excused on the ground that the age believed in the reality of witchcraft. Indeed! and so does every age, though the form of the belief may be somewhat

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* The account of these trials may be found in the books of "Public Records," kept in the Court-House at Plymouth.

variant. Its vital element was the idea of an infernal world in such proximity to the natural that it had the power of projecting its sorceries into the minds of men and women who were willing to receive and entertain them,* — an article of faith cherished as extensively now, perhaps, as it was in the days of the fathers. The Plymouth people held it, and passed a law which made "solemn compaction or conversing with the Devil by way of witchcraft or the like" a capital crime. But the difference between them and their neighbors of Massachusetts Bay was this, — that, when a case presented itself for trial, the former applied to it the wisest rules of evidence and the most enlightened principles of common sense; the latter outraged all the rules of evidence and all common sense, and so plunged without chart or compass into the most hideous and bewildering superstitions.

In these remarks, we mean no disrespect or disloyalty towards Massachusetts. We mean simply to rescue the name of the Pilgrim from an odium that does not belong to it, and, so far as we are humbly concerned, to place it before the world in that meek but unstained and immortal lustre which is all its own.

The Plymouth Colony, comprising the Pilgrim church, with her several daughters about her, was

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* Consult Cudworth on Sorcery, Intellectual System, Book I. Chap. IV., and especially Mosheim's notes. Augustine regarded theurgists and sorcerers as "deluded by the fallacious rites of demons under the name of angels," — a belief in harmony with his whole system of theology and pneumatology.

"swallowed alive by Massachusetts" in 1692. It had an independent existence of only seventy-one years. It was merged in Massachusetts against its own will. But to this day the Pilgrim blood flows with less foreign intermixture than elsewhere through the veins of the people of the Cape; and in tolerant principles, genial spirit, and generous bearing, in religion without bigotry, and faith warm with the ardors of charity, may be traced, after two hundred years, some moral lineaments of the Scrooby congregation.

APPENDIX.

Richard [illegible]

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[illegible] from a Portrait in possession of the Van Egmont family.

GENEALOGIES

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

Ancestry and Descendants

OF

RICHARD SEARS, THE PILGRIM.

"In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore." — GEN. xxii. 17.

"Old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Reviewed his mustered race and took the tale,
With studious thought observed the future throng,
In Nature's order as they pass along,
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates and successful war." — ÆNEID, Book VI.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY.
1857.

PREFACE.

THE following chapters are supplementary to "Pictures of the Olden Time"; but some of them being of private, and not of public interest, they are printed in a separate form for those who wish to preserve them in family archives. Most of the facts pertaining to the Colchester Sayers and their ancestors are taken from Burke's "Visitation of Seats and Arms in Great Britain and Ireland." The Genealogy has been carefully collected and arranged from public and private records. The facts in the life of "King Sears" were gathered from contemporaneous history, from a biographical notice found in the Pictorial History of the United States published by Robert Sears, Esq. of New York, from Sketches of Revolutionary History published a few years since in the New York Express, and from private letters and documents.

These facts are arranged in their present form for those of the family name who may desire to preserve some memorial of their ancestors. The "Pictures" are more full and complete in matters of early contemporaneous history. These family sketches are so printed that they can be preserved with or without the "Pictures," as occasion may hereafter require.

E. H. S.

GENEALOGIES.

CHAPTER I.

SURNAMES.

"In the authentical record of the exchequer called Domesday, surnames are first found, brought in there by the Normans, who not long before first took them; but most noted with De, such a place, as Godfredius de Mannevilla." — *Camden's Remains.*

SURNAMES were used, doubtless, from time immemorial, but they did not become fixed in English families as hereditary titles until about the time of the Conquest, which was in 1066. They did not come into universal use as hereditary additions to the Christian name until about a century later. They had a fourfold origin. First, they were formed by simply adding the word *son* to the name of the father. Thus, William Johnson was William son of John; Peter Richardson was Peter son of Richard. Secondly, they were taken from a man's trade or occupation. Hence the trades or occupations of smith, carpenter, baker, brewer, tailor, tinker, fuller, farmer, and so on, have furnished the hereditary names of innumerable families, and the truly honorable titles of honest labor, John the baker, became contracted to John Baker, and Samuel the tailor to Samuel Tailor; and when the Norman conquerors, who formed the aristocracy, introduced the fashion of making titles hereditary, the mechanics and laborers followed them, and made their titles hereditary also. A third origin of sur-

names was from some peculiar virtue or quality of the individual, or even his personal appearance. Thus Edmund, one of the Saxon kings, was called Edmund Ironsides, from his personal bravery. In this way, John the Strong would become John Strong; and even the matter of complexion, color of costume or equipage, as white, black, brown, and gray, would furnish a variety of additions to the Christian name. Fourthly, surnames originated from the locality in which a man lived. John who lives on the hill became John Hill; John who owns the dale, John Dale; George whose house is by the thicket became George Bush, and George who lives by the creek, George Brooks. In this way originated in most cases the titles and additions of the landed gentry and aristocracy; for they were called after their manors, estates, or counties, as my Lord Rochester, the Earl of Essex, and the Duke of Salisbury.

In the preceding work, I have used uniformly the name Sayer. This I have done for the sake of convenience and euphony, and because it is *one* variation of the original orthography. But the name in its onward course has undergone various changes, as was always the case in those ages when there was no fixed mode of writing, aud orthography depended in a great measure upon the ear and the fancy. In the present instance we find the patronymic spelt variously Sarre, Sarres, Syer, Sayer, Scears, Seers, Sears; but the original name was Scearstan or Seerstan, the termination being Saxon and the last syllable being at length dropped. On the monumental memorials in the churches of England, the name is sometimes differently written, even in the same inscription. On the beautiful marble monument in the chancel of the Church of St. Peter in Colchester, it is first spelt Seares, and afterwards Sayer.

Seerstan, literally rendered, is PROPHET-STONE. Perhaps it was applied originally to a spot of Druidical rites,

and some one who lived near it may have taken his name from the locality. John may have become John of the Prophet-stone, or John Seerstan, and again, by contraction, John Seers. Seerstan was the name of a place in Wessex, a shire of the old Saxon heptarchy, within the present limits of Glostershire, and it may have been so called because men of that name resided there. Be that as it may, here is where the name first appears on English records. Scears or Seers first occurs among the knights and liegemen of Scearstan, where Edmund Ironsides, the son of Ethelred, encountered Canute, king of Denmark, in a memorable battle, which is celebrated by the English annalists. For an account of it, see Turner's Anglo-Saxons, Book VI. Chap. X. The date of this battle is 1016.

The Scearstan family, traceable through its various changes of orthography, and from whom are descended the numerous branches resident in England, were, in remote times, the owners of the manor of Sarre, the Ville de Sarre, and the village of Sarre. The Ville de Sarre, or Serre, lies within the jurisdiction of Canterbury. In the reign of Henry the Third, a weekly market was granted to the manor of Sarres, to be held on Thursday, until the King should be of full age.

The children of Richard the Pilgrim first spelt the name SEARS, and hence his descendants in the American line preserve that orthography. Therefore when we come to the American branch we adopt the change.

CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH ANCESTRY.

"He that cares nothing for his ancestors deserves to be treated with contempt by his posterity." — *Genealogical Register.*

A GREAT many disconnected facts, and names which stand in broken lineage, occur in the early English annals. But the ancestor of the Colchester Sayers, and therefore of the American line, was ADAM SAYER, who died possessed of the manor of Hougham, near Rochester, in the county of Kent, in 1346. John Sayer, his great-grandson, was one of the barons returned to serve in Parliament for the town of Sandwich, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and Thomas Sayer, the youngest son of John, was created a Banneret by Henry the Seventh, after the battle of Stoke, in 1487.

The first name among the descendants of Adam Sayer, which we find standing at the head of an unbroken line, is that of

I. JOHN SAYER OF COLCHESTER, Alderman of that city, a man of wealth and dignity, who died in 1509, and was buried in St. Peter's Church, under the south aisle, a mural brass memorial recording, in old English letters, his name and honors. He was a remote descendant of Adam Sayer, of the county of Kent. At what time the Sayers removed from Kent to Colchester we do not know, but

long before the above date they had held the highest offices in the corporation of that city, and exerted an extensive influence in its affairs. By Elizabeth, his wife, who died in 1530, John Sayer had three sons, viz.: —

II. JOHN, Robert, and George. The eldest of these, John, died in 1562, and was buried near his father, with a similar brass memorial. He left two sons, viz.: —

III. RICHARD and George. The eldest of these, Richard, is the subject of the first of the sketches in "Pictures of the Olden Time." He was born in Colchester in 1508, married Anne Bourchier, daughter of Edmund Knyvet of Ashwelthorpe in the county of Norfolk, who was second son of Sir Edward Knyvet, representative of the ancient and distinguished family of Knyvet. It was during the time of Richard Sayer that religious animosities and persecutions attained their height, excited by the violence of Henry the Eighth, and other concurrent causes. Richard became a warm and zealous partisan on the side opposed to his own relatives, as well as the existing government, and found it necessary to escape with his wife and other refugees into Holland, where he settled in Amsterdam. This was in the year 1537. He died in Amsterdam in 1540. The sketch entitled "The Exile" aims to give a picture of his times, and of his own trials and sufferings, and some idea of his life and character. We believe the picture is a faithful one, and gives a true impression of his character and that of his wife, the Lady Anne. Her lot seems to have been a hard one, and nobly and cheerfully borne. Because she clung faithfully to her husband in his adversity, she seems to have incurred the lasting displeasure of the Knyvets. It is inferred that her father became so bitterly estranged from her, as to erase her name from all his family records, that she might be forgotten for ever; for he gave to a younger daughter the name of Anne while she was yet living.

There is a single anachronism in the text of Part I. of the "Pictures" which, though slight, ought to be mentioned here. Richard Sayer is there made a witness of the scene of Father Bache's execution, whereas Father Bache was not executed until about a year after Sayer left the country. But the execution took place precisely as related, and was anticipated a little in the narrative to make the picture more complete.

George Sayer, in consequence of Richard's flight, secured for himself possession of the patrimonial inheritance. This George died in 1577, and was buried with his ancestors in St. Peter's Church, Colchester. A beautiful marble monument, erected to his memory in the south side of the chancel, bears a quaint epitaph.* His descendant and eventual heiress, Esther, married Sir John Marsham.

Richard the Exile left an only son, viz.: —

IV. JOHN BOURCHIER SAYER, the subject of the second of the sketches. He was born, say the family papers, in 1528. I suspect, however, that this is a mistake, and that the date is too early; for it would make his father but little more than nineteen years of age at the time of his marriage. Another date has it in 1535. He became, at the death of his grandfather, heir to the family estates in Essex; but the same difficulties that forced

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* The following are the first ten lines: —

"O happier Seares that here in grave doth lie,
Whose body resteth now in Earth, whose ghost with Christ on high,
His youthfull race he ran with travayle and with troth,
His middle and his aged years with wealth and worship both;
Full thirty years or more, cheef rule or place he bare
In this his native ancient town whereof he had great care;
With justice he did rule, and eke with mercy mylde,
With love he lyved many years of man, woman, and child.
A monument he made, for ever to remain,
For ayde to poor and aged wights which are oppressed with payne."

his father to quit England still existed in full force, and he was excluded from the succession. Nor do we find that the youthful heir made any effort to regain his ancestral rights. Of a bold and adventurous disposition, he preferred to seek renown for himself by his own exertions. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Hawkins, the distinguished navigator and admiral, and accompanied his father-in-law in many of his voyages. He lived through the trying times of the war in the Netherlands, in which he is said to have taken a part. In the sketch under the title of "The Adventurer," I have endeavored to paint the times and the character of the man. He died in Holland, leaving by Elizabeth Hawkins, his wife, four sons, viz.: —

V. JOHN BOURCHIER, Henry, William, and Richard. Of the last three we have no facts, except that they were born in Plymouth, England, and that they settled in Kent. Plymouth was probably the temporary residence of their mother, while their father was engaged with Hawkins as a navigator. Of John Bourchier I have given some account in the "Pictures." The date of his birth is given in the family papers as 1561. I have put it a little later for several reasons. He married Marie L., daughter of Philip Lamoral van Egmond, and acquired with her a large fortune, principally in money.

It has been supposed that this Philip van Egmond was the son of Count Egmond, the victim of Alva, and the very same Philip who fell at the battle of Ivry. This is assumed to be the fact in some of the family papers, — and in writing Part III. I supposed it was probably so. But since then I have found a memorandum which gives the dates of the marriage of John Bourchier Sayer and Marie L. van Egmond, and the births of their children: —

"John Bourchier Sears (Sayer) married Marie L. Egmond, Amsterdam, 1585. — Marie L., born 1587, RICHARD, 1590, John, 1592, Jane Knyvet, 1596."

These dates are copied from the family papers of the Searses of Chatham, and I think they are correct. Such a series depending upon each other would not be all wrong. If they are correct, then the wife of John Bourchier Sayer was not the daughter of the Philip Egmond slain at Ivry, and therefore not a descendant of the murdered Count. Philip was slain at Ivry in 1590, and was then thirty years old. Of course he could not have had a daughter marriageable in 1585. The Philip L. Egmond of Amsterdam must have been a different person, though doubtless he belonged to a collateral branch of the same family. I have therefore retained the name of the hero of Ivry in the "Pictures," with the account of him, because, though not the father of the wife of Sayer, he was doubtless her kinsman, and the known connection between the Sayers and the Egmonds serves an important purpose in the narrative.

John Bourchier Sayer purchased, with his wife's fortune, property in England adjoining the lands which he hoped soon to recover. Among the estates thus bought were Bourchier and Little Fordham manors, both of which had in former times belonged to his ancestors. But his return to England was resisted by those who were deeply interested in keeping at a distance so formidable a claimant to many of their broad acres. The following letter, addressed originally to Daniel Sears, Esq. of Chatham, Mass., shows us the nature of the controversy, while it causes us to regret keenly the invaluable documents which have been lost.

"Yarmouth, June 20, 1798.

"Daniel Sears, Esq.: —

"Dear Sir: — I am under a strong impression that there are several curious and important documents relative to the subject you mention, which, if they are anywhere to be found, must now be in possession of some of your relatives in England.

"I have heard from your brother Richard, that Knyvet Sares, or Sears, before he went to London, and some years before his death, collected and arranged these valuable papers with the intention of using them. They had long remained neglected and uncared for. Among them was a list of marriages, births, and deaths, similar to that which I now send, and many original deeds and letters, with a long correspondence between the Sayres, the Knyvets, and others in England.

"These letters discussed various points of church and state government, and were written in terms of excitement and feeling. They showed on the one side a stern resolution not to allow any worldly consideration to interfere with the performance of a duty; and on the other, an obstinate self-will, with a threat of an open controversy for social rights, and an entire exclusion from family intimacy. It seemed to be closed by a letter from John Bourchier Sares, dated Leyden, 1614. Your brother always speaks highly of this letter. A part of the correspondence was in writing so peculiar, and in expressions so quaint, as sometimes to excite a smile; but it was very evident that a serious quarrel had taken place, on religious and family matters, between your ancestors in Holland and their respective families in England. It was apparent, also, that this quarrel involved not only points of faith, but a question of worldly honors and a fair inheritance. It never was adjusted, and in 1618 the families came to an open rupture, and all further intercourse ceased.

"A highly interesting manuscript was compiled from these papers, and came into the possession of Daniel Sears, your father. The original letters were taken to England by Knyvet, and are possibly still there in the hands of some of the family. The manuscript was seen and read so late as 1760, but neither the one nor the other are now

to be found. It may be that the originals are not lost, but the copy, your brother thinks, was either burnt or carried away when the family mansion was nearly destroyed in 1763.

"I send you such facts as I have been able to collect, assisted by Richard and Mr. Colman. . . . . .

"Believe me, your affectionate relative and friend,

"J. HAWES."

John Bourchier Sayer died in 1629. By Marie L. Egmond, his wife, he left two sons and two daughters, viz.: —

VI. RICHARD, John, Marie, and Jane. The three latter went to England and settled in Kent. Richard the Pilgrim — the subject of the third of the sketches in the "Pictures" — was the founder of the American branch, and as such we place him at the head of the American line.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMERICAN BRANCH.

"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" — *Macbeth.*

In the following genealogical notices, I adopt the excellent method found in the "Appleton Memorial." The numbers inserted in the parentheses on the left are the numbers of the paragraphs, each of which contains a notice of one entire family. The Roman numerals immediately after, indicate the generation of the family, reckoning from Richard the Pilgrim. The descendants are doubly numbered, first, in consecutive and unbroken order from Richard the Pilgrim downward, and, secondly, by each family separately. The figures in brackets after the name refer *back* to these numbers of the descendants, indicating the family to which the individual belongs. The numbers inserted in the parentheses on the right refer *forward* to a subsequent paragraph, where a notice of the family of such child may be found. By a very little care, the method will be clearly understood.

FIRST GENERATION.

(1.) I. Richard Sayer or Sears, son of the second John Bourchier Sayer and Marie L. Egmond. Nearly all

that is known of him is embodied in the "Pictures," under the title of "The Pilgrim." His birth is variously given, but 1590 we think is the true date. He married Dorothy Thacher, at Plymouth, in 1632. The likeness of him was taken from a painting in Holland, in possession of the Egmond family, and is supposed to be correct. It is strikingly indicative of his character, expressive of great mildness and goodness, having the Grecian features softened by the Christian graces. We find him a member of the Plymouth Colony Court in 1662. His property must have been considerable, as his name appears with the colonists at Plymouth among those who were rated the highest. He died in 1676, his wife in 1680. By her he had the following children: —

2. — 1. Knyvet. (2.)
3. — 2. Paul. (3.)
4. — 3. Silas. (4.)
5. — 4. Deborah, m. Zachariah Paddock. Their children were, 1. Ichabod, b. 1661; 2. Zachariah, b. 1664; 3. Elizabeth, b. 1666; 4. John, b. 1668; 5. Robert, b. 1670; 6. Joseph, b. 1674; 7. Nathaniel, b. 1677; 8. Judah, b. 1681. Ichabod taught the Nantucket people "the art of killing whales." (Palfrey's Address at Barnstable, p. 15.)

SECOND GENERATION.

(2.) II. Knyvet Sears [2. — 1.] was born in 1635; m. Elizabeth Dymoke. Unlike his father, he had a strong faith that the family lands in England might yet be recov-

ered. Full of hope, and furnished with such deeds and documents as seemed to him to place his claim beyond question, he went to England. He was kindly received by some of his relations, but was not successful in the object of his visit. Yet this failure did not subdue his hopes or his spirits. He made a second voyage in 1686, but in the same year, and before he had time to bring forward the proofs in his possession, he died at the residence of his relative, Catherine (subsequently Baroness Berners), daughter of Sir John Knyvet, and wife of John Harris, Esq. The evidences he carried with him were never recovered. He left two children: —

6. — 1. Daniel. (5.)
7. — 2. Richard. (6.)

(3.) II. Paul Sears, [3. — 2.] b. 1637. He inherited most of his father's property, and always lived in that part of Yarmouth since set off as East Dennis. He adopted the children of his brother Knyvet, after the death of their father in England, and they were brought up in his family. His will is on the Old Colony records, in which his brother's children are named as his own sons. On the Yarmouth records there is a list of rates for defraying the expenses of Philip's war in 1676, by which it would appear that he was one of the most substantial men of the town. He married Deborah Willard. He died in 1707. His will bears date February 20th of that year. In this will he devises from three to four hundred acres of "land and meadow" to his three sons, each of whom was to pay out of his portion forty-four pounds to his other (adopted) sons, Richard and Daniel, to enable them to purchase Monomoy, now Chatham. He makes his eldest son and his "loving wife, Deborah," executors of his will. He had daughters who are remembered in the will, but their names are not

given, at least in the imperfect copy before me. The names of his own sons were: —

8. — 1. Samuel. (7.)
9. — 2. Paul. (8.)
10. — 3. John. (9.)

(4.) II. Silas Sears, [4. — 3.] b. in 1639. The name of his wife is not known. He was for many years a selectman of the town, and also a member of the Colony Court, which latter office he held at the time of the junction of the Plymouth Colony with Massachusetts Bay. He also held a military office, and is named on the records with the title of "Lieutenant." He died in Yarmouth (now East Dennis) in 1697, leaving five sons and two daughters, viz.: —

11. — 1. Silas. (10.)
12. — 2. Thomas. (11.)
13. — 3. Richard, m. Barshaba Harlow of Plymouth, in 1696.
14. — 4. Hannah, b. 1672, m. Thomas Snow of Eastham, had issue, Elizabeth.
15. — 5. Joseph. (12.)
16. — 6. Josiah. (13.)
17. — 7. Elizabeth, m. John Cooke.
18. — 8. Dorrity.

THIRD GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Knyvet, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(5.) III. Daniel Sears, [6. — 1.] b. 1682. He was but four years old when his father died, and when he and his brother were received as adopted children into the family of their Uncle Paul. He and his brother received

one hundred and thirty-two pounds from their uncle's estate, for the purchase of a large tract of land in what was then called Monomoy, but now Chatham. Thither the two brothers removed in 1707, and were among the early settlers of what has since become one of the wealthiest towns on Cape Cod. Daniel married Sarah, daughter of J. Hawes of Yarmouth. He died in Chatham, in 1756, leaving the following children: —

19. — 1. Rebecca, b. 1710.
20. — 2. Daniel. (14.)
21. — 3. Sarah, b. 1714.
22. — 4. Mercy, b. 1716.
23. — 5. Richard. }
24. — 6. David. } The hereditary misfortunes of the English ancestry seem to have attended these two young men. They went to England, possibly on the luckless errand of their grandfather Knyvet, to recover the family estates. They arrived at the time when Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James the Second, known in history as the Pretender, was invading England. He landed an army in Scotland, was joined by some of the Highland clans, and had penetrated into England, after successful battles and sieges, and at length found himself within one hundred miles of London, which trembled at his approach. In an evil hour these two brothers joined him and became officers in his army. They both fell at the battle of Culloden, April 27, 1746.
25. — 7. Deborah, b. 1722.

(6.) III. Richard Sears, [7. — 2.] b. 1684, m. Hope Howes, 1706, d. 1718. He left one son: —

26. — 1. Paul. (15.)

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(7.) III. SAMUEL SEARS, [8.—1.] b. 1663, m. Mercy, daughter of Samuel Mayo and granddaughter of Rev. John Mayo, d. 1741. He was one of the earliest inhabitants of what is now Harwich. His house was just over the line that separates Harwich, now Brewster, and East Dennis, and was standing until a very recent date. He had the following children:—

27.— 1. Hannah, b. 1685.
28.— 2. Samuel. (16.)
29.— 3. Nathaniel, b. 1689, m. Susannah Grey, 1712, d. 1720.
30.— 4. Tamson, b. 1691.
31.— 5. Jonathan. (17.)
32.— 6. Joseph, b. 1695.
33.— 7. Joshua. (18.)
34.— 8. Judah. (19.)
35.— 9. John. (20.)
36.—10. Seth. (21.)
37.—11. Benjamin. (22.)

(8.) III. PAUL SEARS, [9.—2.] m. Mercy Freeman, and lived on Quivet Neck; d. 1740. He had the following children:—

38.— 1. Ebenezer. (23.)
39.— 2. Paul. (24.)
40.— 3. Elizabeth, b. 1697, m. Crosby of Harwich.
41.— 4. Thomas. (25.)
42.— 5. Rebecca, b. 1701, m. Joshua, son of Joshua Hall, d. 1791.
43.— 6. Mercy, b. 1702, m. Joseph Blackmore.
44.— 7. Deborah, b. 1705, m. Thomas Howes of North Dennis, had issue, 1. Daniel, 2. Edmund, 3. Reuben, 4. Moody.

45. — 8. Ann, b. 1706, m. Bangs, had a son, Ebenezer.
46. — 9. Joshua. (26.)
47. — 10. Edmund. (27.)
48. — 11. Hannah, b. 1714, m. Thomas Howes, 1733, of North Dennis.
49. — 12. Daniel. (28.)

(9.) III. John Sears, [10. — 3.] b. 1677, d. 1739. He held a military office and bore the title of "Captain." He lived and died in Yarmouth, now East Dennis. His children were: —

50. — 1. John. (29.)
51. — 2. Elisha. (30.)
52. — 3. Willard. (31.)
53. — 4. Nathaniel. (32.)

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(10.) III. Silas Sears, [11. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, then Yarmouth. His children were as follows: —

54. — 1. Phebe, b. 1694.
55. — 2. Silas. (33.)
56. — 3. Sarah, b. 1697.
57. — 4. Hannah, b. 1701, d. 1706.
58. — 5. Thomas, b. 1702, d. 1787, left a son, Eleazer.
59. — 6. James. (34.)
60. — 7. Eleazer, b. 1706, m. Gray and lived in Yarmouth.

(11.) III. Thomas Sears, [12. — 2.] b. 1664, removed to Newport, R. I., where he died in 1707. He left issue: —

61. — 8. Name not known. (35.)

(12.) III. Joseph Sears, [15. — 5.] lived in East

Dennis, m. Hannah Hall, in 1700, and had children, as follows:—

62.— 1. Priscilla, b. 1701.
63.— 2. Hannah, b. 1703.
64.— 3. Zechariah. (36.)
65.— 4. Joseph. (37.)
66.— 5. Stephen, b. 1710.
67.— 6. Rowland, b. 1711.
68.— 7. Barnabas. (38.)
69.— 8. Peter, b. 1716.
70.— 9. Bethia, b. 1718.
71.—10. Silas, b. 1720, went to Rochester, Mass.
72.—11. Thankful, b. 1723.

(13.) III. Josiah Sears, [16.—6.] left East Dennis and moved westward, m. Mercy Howes, and had children:—

73.—1. Edward, b. 1704.
74.—2. Samuel. (39.)
75.—3. Josiah, b. 1708.
76.—4. David, b. 1710.

FOURTH GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Knyvet, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(14.) IV. Daniel Sears, [20.—2.] b. 1712, m. Fear Freeman, daughter of John Freeman of Sandwich. He inherited his father's estates, and died in Chatham in 1761. His children were:—

77.—1. Sarah, b. 1747.
78.—2. Richard. (40.)

79. — 3. David. (41.)
80. — 4. Fear, m. William Colman of Boston.
81. — 5. Daniel.

(15.) IV. PAUL SEARS, [26. — 1.] removed to Maine, had ten children, all daughters, viz.: —

82. — 1. Hope, b. 1730, m. 1. Doane of Chatham, 2. Job Chase of Harwich.
83. — 2. Martha, b. 1732.
84. — 3. Hannah, b. 1734.
85. — 4. Thankful, b. 1736. } These three died in childhood, and within 21 days of each other, in 1747.
86. — 5. Anna, b. 1737.
87. — 6. Ruth, b. 1740.
88. — 7. Experience, b. 1743.
89. — 8. Elizabeth, b. 1745, d. 1766.
90. — 9. Thankful, b. 1747.
91. — 10. Anna, b. 1752.

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(16.) IV. SAMUEL SEARS, [28. — 2.] lived in Harwich, now Brewster, b. 1687, m. Ruth Merrick, 1710, and had children, viz.: —

92. — 1. Abigail, b. 1711.
93. — 2. Mary, b. 1713, d. young.
94. — 3. Ruth, b. 1714.
95. — 4. Desire, b. 1716, m. Samuel Freeman of Harwich in 1735.
96. — 5. Mary, b. 1718.
97. — 6. Hannah, b. 1720.
98. — 7. Samuel. (42.)
99. — 8. Isaac, b. 1723, d. 1724.
100. — 9. Seth, b. 1725.

(17.) IV. JONATHAN SEARS, [31. — 5.] of East Den-

nis, b. 1693, m. Sarah Hawes of Yarmouth, d. 1738. His children were:—

101.—1. David, b. 1722, d. young.
102.—2. David, b. 1724.
103.—3. Jonathan. (43.)
104.—4. Joseph, b. 1728, d. unm.
105.—5. Mary, b. 1730.
106.—6. Sarah, b. 1731, d. unm.
107.—7. Prince, b. 1732, d. young.
108.—8. Nathan, b. 1733.
109.—9. Prince. (43½.)

(18.) IV. Joshua Sears, [33.—7.] b. in Yarmouth, now Harwich, 1697, m. Mercy Thacher, daughter of John and granddaughter of Anthony Thacher, the Pilgrim. He removed to Norwalk, Ct., soon after the year 1724, where he died. He had children as follows:—

110.—1. Josiah, b. 1720.
111.—2. Nathaniel, b. 1722, d. young.
112.—3. Joshua, b. 1724.
113.—4. Nathaniel. (44.)
114.—5. Isaac. (45.)

(19.) IV. Judah Sears, [34.—8.] b. 1699, m. Mary Paddock, and removed to Rochester, Mass. He had children as follows:—

115.—1. Ann, b. 1733.
116.—2. Judah. (46.)
117.—3. Alden, b. 1738.
118.—4. Nathan, b. 1741.
119.—5. David, b. 1744.
120.—6. Richard, b. 1746.
121.—7. Mary, b. 1750.

(20.) IV. John Sears, [35. — 9.] b. 1701, d. 1774, m. Grace Paddock, and had children, viz.: —

122. — 1. John, m. Elizabeth Sillew, and removed to Rhode Island.
123. — 2. Ezra, frozen to death, with the whole crew, on board a privateer, Captain Magee, in Plymouth Bay, during the Revolutionary war.
124. — 3. Enoch.

(21.) IV. Seth Sears, [36. — 10.] b. 1703, d. 1750, m. Priscilla Rider, and had issue: —

125. — 1. Rowland. (47.)
126. — 2. Tamson, b. 1728.
127. — 3. Priscilla, b. 1730.
128. — 4. Seth, b. 1732, d. 1733.
129. — 5. Lydia, b. 1734, m. Dea. Stephen Sears.
130. — 6. Seth, b. 1737, m. Lincoln of Brewster, moved to Ashfield.
131. — 7. Reuben, b. 1739.

(22.) IV. Benjamin Sears, [37. — 11.] b. 1706, m. 1. Lydia Rider, who died in 1734, æt. 25; 2. Mercy Snow; 3. Abigail ———. By these three wives, severally, he had the following children: —

132. — 1. Heman, b. 1733, d. 1734, by Lydia Rider.
133. — 2. Heman, b. 1736, d. 1737, by Mary Snow.
134. — 3. Benjamin, b. 1738, } twins, } by Abigail ———.
135. — 4. Stephen, b. 1738, }
136. — 5. Enoch, b. 1741, }

(23.) IV. Ebenezer Sears, [38. — 1.] b. 1694, removed from Yarmouth to Middletown, Ct., where he died and left children: —

137. — 1. Desire, m. —— Markham, by whom she had a son, John.

138. — 2. Ebenezer. (48.)

139. — 3. Paul, m. a worthy lady of Marblehead. She died in giving birth to twins, in the absence of her husband. On his return, finding his wife and babes all dead, he left the country broken-hearted, went to Nova Scotia, and was not heard of afterwards.

140. — 4. Thomas.

141. — 5. Hezekiah.

142. — 6. Mary.

143. — 7. Dinah.

144. — 8. Betsy.

(24.) IV. Paul Sears, [39. — 2.] b. 1695, and removed to Rochester, Mass. He had children, viz.: —

144½.—1. Paul, went to sea and died at Egg Harbor.

145. — 2. William.

146. — 3. Nathaniel, had a son, Nathaniel.

(25.) IV. Thomas Sears, [41. — 4.] b. 1699, removed to Plymouth. His children were as follows: —

147. — 1. Thomas.

148. — 2. Willard. (49.)

(26.) IV. Joshua Sears, [46. — 9.] b. 1708, was a man of large stature, of great strength and hardihood. He married in Yarmouth (Harwich), where he lived for a while, and removed thence to Middletown, Ct., and settled in that part of the town which lay on the eastern side of the river, and which has since been set off under the name of Chatham. Through him the Searses of Western Massachusetts, and many in Connecticut, Vermont, and New

York, trace their descent. His removal to Connecticut was in 1746. His children were as follows:—

149. — 1. Rebecca, b. 1732.
150. — 2. Elkanah. (50.)
151. — 3. Joshua. (51.)
152. — 4. Betsy, b. 1738.
153. — 5. Paul. (52.)
154. — 6. Simeon, b. 1742. He removed to Vermont and had issue, some of whom were distinguished as among the hardiest of the "Green Mountain Boys."
155. — 7. Thomas, removed from Middletown to Sheffield, Mass., where he was killed suddenly by the fall of a limb from a tree.
156. — 8. Sarah, m. Hitchcock of Sheffield, Mass.
157. — 9. Hannah, m. Elisha Sheldon of New Marlborough, Mass., father of the late Hon. Benjamin Sheldon of that town, and grandfather of Judge Sheldon of Illinois.

(27.) IV. Edmund Sears, [47. — 10.] b. 1711, m. Hannah, daughter of Christopher Crowell, d. 1796. He lived on Quivet Neck, East Dennis. His children were as follows:—

158. — 1. Edmund. (53.)
159. — 2. Joshua. (54.)
160. — 3. Christopher. (55.)
161. — 4. Elkanah. (56.)

(28.) IV. Daniel Sears, [49. — 12.] m. Mercy Snow of Eastham. His children were as follows:—

162. — 1. Micajah. (57.)
163. — 2. Paul. (58.)

164. — 3. Enos. (59.)

165. — 4. David, m. Priscilla, daughter of Dea. John Sears, and had daughters.

(29.) IV. John Sears. [50. — 1.] He was a deacon of the church in North Dennis. His children were as follows: —

166. — 1. John. (60.)

167. — 2. Seth. (61.)

168. — 3. Bethia, m. Edward Sears.

169. — 4. Tamson, m. Levi Eldridge.

170. — 5. Vienna.

(30.) IV. Elisha Sears, [51. — 2.] m. Sarah, daughter of Philip Vincent, lived in East Dennis in the house occupied by his father. He had children, viz.: —

171. — 1. Elisha. (62.)

172. — 2. John, m. 1. Mehitable Sears, 2. Kezia Sears.

173. — 3. Samuel.

174. — 4. Noah. (63.)

(31.) IV. Willard Sears, [52. — 3.] b. 1714, m. Susannah, daughter of Ebenezer Howes, and died 1765. He had children: —

175. — 1. Edward. (64.)

176. — 2. Reuben. (65.)

177. — 3. Eben. (66.)

178. — 4. Willard. (67.)

(32.) IV. Nathaniel Sears, [53. — 4.] He had issue, viz.: —

179. — 1. Nathaniel. (68.)

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(33.) IV. Silas Sears, [55. — 2.] b. 1695, lived in Yarmouth in the spot called "The Neighborhood," m. Elizabeth O. Kelley, and had children, viz.: —
180. — 1. James, b. 1722.
181. — 2. Mary, b. 1724.
182. — 3. Silas, b. 1726.
183. — 4. Edward, b. 1729.
184. — 5. Hannah, b. 1733.
185. — 6. Mercy, b. 1734.

(34.) IV. James Sears, [59. — 6.] b. 1704. His children were: —
186. — 1. David, b. 1731.
187. — 2. Sarah, b. 1732.
188. — 3. Thankful, b. 1734.
189. — 4. Seth, b. 1736.

(35.) IV. —— Sears. [61. — 8.] He had issue, viz.: —
190. — 1. George. (69.)

(36.) IV. Zachariah Sears, [64. — 3.] b. 1706, m. Mehitable, daughter of John Crowell, removed from North Dennis to Windham, Ct., d. in 1796. His children were: —
191. — 1. Peter, m. Thankful Howes of North Dennis, and removed to Ashfield.
192. — 2. Zachariah, removed to Boston and died there.
193. — 3. Rowland. (70.)
194. — 4. Joseph. (71.)

(37.) IV. Joseph Sears, [65. — 4.] b. 1708, lived in Harwich, now Brewster. His children were as follows: —
195. — 1. Stephen. (72.)

196. — 2. Learned, m. Anne Bangs, no issue.
197. — 3. Isaac.

(38.) IV. Barnabas Sears, [68. — 7.] b. 1714, removed to Rochester, Mass. His children were as follows: —

198. — 1. Barnabas was in the Revolutionary war, was wounded, and died in consequence.
199. — 2. Stephen. (73.)

(39.) IV. Samuel Sears, [74. — 2.] b. 1706. His children were as follows: —

200. — 1. Nathaniel, b. 1732.
201. — 2. Hannah, b. 1735.
202. — 3. Samuel, b. 1738.

FIFTH GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Knyvet, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(40.) V. Richard Sears, [78. — 2.] b. 1749, m. Hetty Marshall. He lived in Chatham, and was a member of the Senate of Massachusetts; d. 1839. His children were as follows: —

203. — 1. Daniel, } twins, b. 1783.
204. — 2. Hetty, m. Rev. I. Briggs, d. 1814, } twins, b. 1783.
205. — 3. Ebenezer, d. 1810, } twins, b. 1788.
206. — 4. Marshall, } twins, b. 1788.
207. — 5. Fear, m. Charles Scudder, d. 1822, left children, 1. Marshall Sears, 2. Charles William.
208. — 6. Sarah, m. Rev. Isaac Briggs, as his second wife, and had children, 1. Mary, 2. Richard Sears, 3. Charles Marshall, 4. George, 5. James Freeman.

209. — 7. Richard, m. Alathena Marshall, d. 1830.

(41.) V. David Sears, [79. — 3.] b. 1752, m. Anne Winthrop, daughter in lineal descent of John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts. He removed to Boston 1770, d. 1816. See a notice of him in the Biographical Sketches. He left an only son, viz.: —
210. — 1. David. (74.)

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(42.) V. Samuel Sears, [98. — 7.] b. 1721, had a son, viz.: —
211. — 1. Thomas.

(43.) V. Jonathan Sears, [103. — 3.] b. 1725, lived in Brewster, m. Priscilla, daughter of Seth Sears, d. 1753; had a son, viz.: —
212. — 1. Jonathan. (75.)

(43½.) V. Prince Sears, [109. — 9.] b. 1724, d. 1829, m. Betsy, daughter of Joseph Hall of North Dennis, left a son, viz.: —
214. — 1. Joseph. (76.)

(44.) V. Nathaniel Sears, [113. — 4.] b. in Norwalk, Ct., m. Ruth Raymond, d. 1753. He had two sons, viz.: —
215. — 1. Nathaniel, died in the West Indies.
216. — 2. Thacher. (77.)

(45.) V. Isaac Sears, [114. — 5.] b. in Norwalk, Ct., married and had children. He was known in the Revolutionary times as "King Sears." For an extended notice of him, see the Biographical Sketches.

(46.) V. JUDAH SEARS, [116. — 2.] m. Molly Crowell, and removed to Rochester, Mass.; had three sons, viz.: —

217. — 1. Josiah.
218. — 2. Nathan.
219. — 3. Obed.

(47.) V. ROWLAND SEARS, [125. — 1.] lived in Brewster, and had a son, viz.: —

220. — 1. Rowland. (78.)

(48.) V. EBENEZER SEARS, [138. — 2.] lived in Chatham, Ct., b. 1722, m. Elizabeth Cook, d. 1814. He had children, viz.: —

221. — 1. David. (79.)
222. — 2. Ann, m. Amos Clark of Chatham, Ct., and had five children.
223. — 3. Sarah, m. Seth Atwood of Chatham, Ct., and had four children.
224. — 4. Hannah, m. 1. Timothy Rogers, 2. Nathaniel Markham, both of Chatham, Ct., and had issue by both husbands.
225. — 5. Betsy, m. John Willey of Chatham, Ct.

(49.) V. WILLARD SEARS [148. — 2.] had three sons, viz.: —

226. — 1. Willard.
227. — 2. Joseph. (80.)
228. — 3. Edmund. (81.)

(50.) V. ELKANAH SEARS, [150. — 2.] b. 1734 at Harwich, Mass., removed with his father to Chatham, Ct. 1746, m. Ruth White, d. 1812. Many personal anecdotes are related of him. He was a man of large frame, tall, and muscular, with a mind fitted for the body it inhabited,

filled with a spirit of enterprise, and reckless of danger. After the war of the Revolution broke out, he equipped a vessel, which he commanded himself, and which preyed on the British convoys. His vessel was captured by a British ship, and he and one of his men were made prisoners and confined on board. From what he heard and saw, he suspected that preparations were making for their summary execution the next morning. He expressed his suspicions to his man, and proposed an attempt to escape and swim ashore. His man thought the attempt desperate, but he replied: "I would rather trust my neck in the water than the rope." About midnight they eluded the sleepy guard, and let themselves down into the water, but were soon discovered and fired upon from the ship. Sears reached the shore, but his man gave out. He took a boat, and went and picked him up, and both escaped in safety. Nothing daunted by his hair-breadth escape, he went immediately to work in fitting out another vessel.

After the war, he became extensively engaged in both mechanical and agricultural pursuits. In his will he devises to his children over $15,000. His children were as follows: —

229. — 1. Isaac. (82.)
230. — 2. Willard. (83.)
231. — 3. Benjamin. (84.)
232. — 4. Ruth, m. Joshua Bailey, d. 1830 at Meredith, N. Y.
233. — 5. Rachel, m. Bailey, Chatham, Ct.

(51.) V. Joshua Sears, [151. — 3.] b. 1736 at Harwich, Mass., removed with his father's family to Middletown (Chatham), Ct. in 1746. Thence, on reaching manhood, he removed to Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Mass., and was among the earliest settlers of that town.

He enlisted in the old French war, and joined the expedition commanded by Abercrombie, against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, then in possession of the French under command of the gallant Montcalm. Abercrombie, without waiting for his artillery, made a brave but imprudent assault upon the fortress of the former place. The result was disastrous. His troops were mowed down in ranks before the guns of the fortress. Sears used to describe the horrors of the carnage, and his own wonderful preservation. "Three times were we marched up in front of the guns, and at each time the men on my right and left were cut down, and I was left facing them alone."

The hardships of this campaign were very great; but he survived them, and returned to Sandisfield, though with an impaired constitution. He died in middle life in consequence of them. He married Sarah Blackmore from Newburyport, and had children: —

234. — 1. David. (85.)
235. — 2. Joshua, removed to the State of New York, where he married and had issue.
236. — 3. Caleb, d. when a young man.
237. — 4. Daniel. (86.)
238. — 5. Amos, m. 1. Susannah Deland, 2. Mary Deland.
239. — 5. Joseph. (87.)

(52.) V. PAUL SEARS, [153. — 5.] b. 1740, removed from Chatham, Ct. to Sandisfield, Mass., m. 1. Elizabeth Slawter of Simsbury, Ct., 2. Lydia Knight, maiden name Lyon, d. 1832. He had children, viz.: —

240. — 1. Paul. (88.)
241. — 2. Simeon. (89.)

(53.) V. EDMUND SEARS, [158. — 1.] b. 1744, m.

Hannah, daughter of Jacob Taylor of Yarmouth, d. 1832. He had children, viz.: —

242. — 1. Jacob. (90.)
243. — 2. Judah. (91.)
244. — 3. Paul. (92.)
245. — 4. Edmund. (93.)

(54.) V. Joshua Sears, [159. — 2.] b. 1752, d. 1825, m. 1. Sarah, daughter of Prince Sears, 2. Olive Clark. He had children, viz.: —

246. — 1. Joshua, } lost at sea in 1803.
247. — 2. Lot, }
248. — 3. Ezra. (94.)
249. — 4. George. (95.)
250. — 5. Reuben.
251. — 6. Calvin.

(55.) V. Christopher Sears, [160. — 3.] b. 1753, d. 1809, lived in East Dennis, m. Mary Snow of Brewster. He had children, viz.: —

252. — 1. Christopher, lost at sea in 1816.
253. — 2. William. (96.)
254. — 3. Lot, d. unm.

(56.) V. Elkanah Sears, [161. — 4.] b. 1759, lived in East Dennis, m. Mercy, daughter of William Bray, d. 1836. He had children, viz.: —

255. — 1. Elkanah, m. 1. Clarissa Hall, 2. Sarah Berry, has three daughters.
256. — 2. Thomas. (97.)
257. — 3. William, m. Ruth Berry, has three sons, 1. William, 2. Isaac, 3. Elkanah.

(57.) V. Micajah Sears, [162. — 1.] m. 1. Anna

Crowell, 2. Huldah Clark, d. 1823. He had children, viz.: —

258. — 1. Nathan, d. at sea.
259. — 2. Henry. (98.)

(58.) V. Paul Sears, [163. — 2.] m. Eleanor Smith, removed from Cape Cod to Ashfield. He had children, as follows: —

260. — 1. Nathan.
261. — 2. Lemuel. (99.)
262. — 3. Paul.
263. — 4. Henry.

(59.) V. Enos Sears, [164. — 3.] m. Rebecca, daughter of Silvenus Kelly, and removed to Ashfield. He had children, as follows: —

264. — 1. Daniel.
265. — 2. William. (100.)

(60.) V. John Sears, [166. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. Phebe, daughter of Daniel Sears. He had children, as follows: —

266. — 1. Daniel, d. at sea.
267. — 2. Heman. (101.)
268. — 3. Enos. (102.)
269. — 4. Moody, m. and had issue, viz.: 1. Gilbert; 2. Enos; 3. John; 4. Asa; 5. Leonard.

(61.) V. Seth Sears, [167. — 2.] lived in East Dennis, m. Sarah Heard of Orleans. He had children, as follows: —

270. — 1. Seth, d. young.
271. — 2. Luther, removed to Illinois.
272. — 3. Mark, lost at sea.

(62.) V. Elisha Sears, [171. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. Thankful, daughter of Thomas Snow, and had children, as follows: —

273. — 1. Elisha. (103.)
274. — 2. Constant, m. Deborah Hopkins, and had daughters.
275. — 3. Thomas, lost at sea.

(63.) V. Noah Sears, [174. — 4.] lived in Brewster, m. Desire Merrill, and had children, as follows: —

276. — 1. Noah, d. young.
277. — 2. Samuel, m. Susannah Hall, and had a daughter.

(64.) V. Edward Sears, [175. — 1.] m. Bethia Sears, daughter of Dea. John Sears, d. 1807. He had children, as follows: —

278. — 1. Edward, lost at sea in 1804.
279. — 2. Samuel, d. unm.
280. — 3. John. (104.)

(65.) V. Reuben Sears, [176. — 2.] lived in Brewster, m. 1. Rhoda Mayo, 2. Abigail Vincent, and had children, as follows: —

281. — 1. Willard, } died at sea.
282. — 2. David, }
283. — 3. Reuben. (105.)
284. — 4. Philander. (106.)
285. — 5. Thomas. (107.)
286. — 6. Orin. (108.)

(66.) V. Eben Sears, [177. — 3.] lived in Yarmouth, m. Gray, and had children, as follows: —

287. — 1. Joshua, removed to Boston.

288. — 2. Charles. (109.)
289. — 3. Willard. (110.)
290. — 4. Thomas. (111.)

(67.) V. WILLARD SEARS, [178. — 4.] lived in Brewster, m. Hannah, daughter of Edmund Sears, and had children, as follows: —

291. — 1. Eben, m. Creese.
292. — 2. Willard.

(68.) V. NATHANIEL SEARS, [179. — 1.] b. 1759, d. 1834, lived in East Dennis, m. Rachel Rules, and had children, as follows: —

293. — 1. Arnold. (112.)
294. — 2. Nathaniel. (113.)
295. — 3. Howes, removed to Nantucket.
296. — 4. Lot. (114.)
297. — 5. Freeman. (115.)

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(69.) V. GEORGE SEARS, [190. — 1.] b. 1735, d. 1801, had issue as follows: —

298. — 1. George, b. 1765, removed from Newport, R. I., to Baltimore, Md., d. 1800.

(70.) V. ROWLAND SEARS, [193. — 3.] m. Conant, and removed to Ashfield, had children, as follows: —

299. — 1. Peter, removed to Illinois.
300. — 2. Zachariah.
301. — 3. Rowland.
302. — 4. Ahirah.

(71.) V. JOSEPH SEARS, [194. — 4.] b. 1757, m. Thankful, daughter of S. Clark, d. 1836, and had children, as follows: —

303. — 1. Zachariah. (116.)
304. — 2. Henry. (117.)
305. — 3. Zebina. (118.)
306. — 4. Joseph. (119.)
307. — 5. Rowland. (120.)

(72.) V. Stephen Sears, [195. — 1.] lived in Brewster, m. Sears, and had children, as follows: —

308. — 1. Isaac. (121.)
309. — 2. David.
310. — 3. Leonard. (122.)
311. — 4. Levi. (123.)
312. — 5. Stephen. (124.)
313. — 6. Joseph. (125.)
314. — 7. Washington. (126.)
315. — 8. Greene.

(73.) V. Stephen Sears, [199. — 2.] b. 1734, m. Lydia Sears, d. 1813, had issue, as follows: —

316. — 1. Stephen. (127.)

SIXTH GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Knyvet, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(74.) VI. David Sears, [210. — 1.] b. 1787, a citizen of Boston, and Senator of Massachusetts, m. Miriam Clark, daughter of Jonathan Mason, a Senator of Massachusetts, and Representative in the Congress of the United States, has had issue, as follows: —

317. — 1. David, d. young.
318. — 2. Anna Powell Mason, m. William Amory, and has issue, William, Harriet, Ellen, Charles Walter, Francis Imman.

319.— 3. Harriet Elizabeth Dickason, m. G. Gasper Crowninshield, and has issue, Caspar, Fanny, Cora.

320.— 4. Cordelia Mason, d. unm.

321.— 5. Ellen, m. Gonzalve G. d'Hauteville, and has issue, Frederick Sears.

322.— 6. David. (128.)

323.— 7. Frederick Richard. (129.)

324.— 8. Winthrop, d. young.

325.— 9. Grace Winthrop, m. William C. Rives, Jr., and has issue, William Cabel, Alice, Arthur Landon.

326.—10. Knyvet Winthrop.

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(75.) VI. Jonathan Sears, [212.—1.] b. 1750, m. Abigail Hall, removed from Cape Cod to Ashfield in 1796, d. 1808. In early life he went on whaling voyages, and incidents of hair-breadth escape are related of him among his descendants; e. g. that once his boat was thrown so high into the air, that "the men in another boat, a mile distant, could see the horizon under it"! His children were as follows:—

327.—1. Barnabas Clark, b. 1774, d. 1799.

328.—2. Jonathan. (130.)

329.—3. Freeman, b. 1779, graduated at Williams College, was settled as a Congregational clergyman in Natick, m. Lydia Badlam of Dedham, d. 1811.

330.—4. Asarelah. (131.)

(76.) VI. Joseph Sears, [214.—1.] m. Kezia Hamblin, daughter of Isaac Hamblin, and had children, as follows:—

338. — 1. Prince.
339. — 2. Nathan. (132.)
340. — 3. Joseph. (133.)
341. — 4. Benjamin, d. young.

(77.) VI. THACHER SEARS, [216. — 2.] b. 1752, m. 1. Rebecca Smith of L. I., 2. Abigail Spurr of Nova Scotia, d. 1819. He was one of the Loyalists of the times of the Revolution, and as such had to endure persecution and exile. For a more full notice of him, see Biographical Sketches. His children were as follows: —

342. — 1. Sarah,
343. — 2. Mary,
344. — 3. Ann,
345. — 4. Elizabeth,
346. — 5. Rebecca,
347. — 6. Henry Thacher,
348. — 7. George,
349. — 8. Charles,
350. — 9. James,
351. — 10. William Charles,
352. — 11. Mary,
} by his wife Rebecca.

$352\frac{1}{2}$.—12. Edward, b. 1808,
353. — 13. Robert, (134.)
354. — 14. John, (135.)
355. — 15. Mary, b. 1820, d. 1821,
} by his wife Abigail.

(78.) VI. ROWLAND SEARS, [220. — 1.] removed from Cape Cod to Hawley, where his descendants are living. His children were as follows: —

356. — 1. Alden.
357. — 2. Elvin. (136.)
358. — 3. Rowland. (137.)
359. — 4. Benjamin. (138.)
360. — 5. Sylvester.

(79.) VI. David Sears, [221. — 1.] b. 1758, m. Lucy Hall of Chatham, Ct., and had children, as follows: —

361. — 1. Charles, b. 1792, d. in Cuba, 1819.
362. — 2. Lucy, b. 1794, m. Patrick Derby, and has issue.

(80.) VI. Joseph Sears, [227. — 2.] lived in Plymouth County, and had children, viz.: —

363. — 1. Leander.
364. — 2. Thomas.

(81.) VI. Edmund Sears, [228. — 3.] lived in Plymouth, and had children, viz.: —

365. — 1. Edmund.
366. — 2. Thomas.

(82.) VI. Isaac Sears, [229. — 1.] had a son, viz.: —

366½. — 1. Isaac.

(83.) VI. Willard Sears of Chatham, Ct. [230. — 2.] had children, as follows: —

367. — 1. Stephen G., m. Emily Veazey of Chatham, Ct.
368. — 2. Elijah.
369. — 3. Ogden.
370. — 4. Willard.
371. — 5. Selden.

(84.) VI. Benjamin Sears of Chatham, Ct. [231. — 3.] b. 1771, m. Ann Bigelow, d. 1822 at Delaware, Ohio. In early life he followed coopering and farming with his father; moved from Chatham, Ct. to New Durham, N. Y.; thence after two years penetrated the forest still farther, to Delaware, Ohio, where he kept his residence till his death. He filled with honor and esteem various military offices. Changing his views of the Christian religion,

he joined the Baptist Church, devoted himself to the ministry, received ordination, and after serving his church for some years, to its great increase, took his leave for a more extended field. He received an appointment as missionary, and travelling with his two sons, John and Benjamin, and John's wife, he went to Fort Wayne, Ind., his sons having received an appointment to labor as missionaries among the Indians. He aided them in the constitution of a church at Fort Wayne, the first one established in Indiana. He returned to Delaware from this mission, and died soon afterward, much lamented as a man of energy and piety. He had children, as follows: —

372. — 1. Elkanah. (139.)
373. — 2. John. (140.)
374. — 3. Benjamin, b. 1800, d. 1822 at Fort Wayne, Ind., where he was missionary to the Indians.
375. — 4. David. (141.)
376. — 5. Orin. (142.)
377. — 6. Lucretia, b. 1808, m. Henry Munson, after his death removed to New Haven, Ct. Has two children, 1. Elizabeth, 2. Martha.
378. — 7. Hiram. (143.)
379. — 8. Rufus, b. 1817, prepared for the office of Baptist clergyman, d. 1842 at Bath, N. Y.

(85.) VI. David Sears of Sandisfield. [234. — 1.] He enlisted in the war of the Revolution, was in Washington's army, and passed through the trying scenes of the New Jersey campaign. He married and left two children, viz.: —

380. — 1. Sarah, m. —— Wheeler, who removed to the State of New York.
381. — 2. Mary, m. 1. Isaac Gamble, by whom she had two daughters, Emily and Mary; 2. Immar Hubbard of Sandisfield, by whom she has issue.

(86.) VI. Daniel Sears, [237. — 4.] b. in Sandisfield, Mass., where he lived to a great age and died in 1854, venerable for character and years. He held various offices of public trust. He married Edy Bosworth, and left children, as follows: —

382. — 1. Albert, } both removed to Georgia.
383. — 2. Marcus, }
384. — 3. Sarah, m. —— Baldwin, and removed West.
385. — 4. Jason, a merchant in Alabama, where he married and has children.
386. — 5. Mary, m. —— Baldwin of Colebrook, Ct.
387. — 6. Henry, married, lives in Sandisfield, and has issue.

(87.) VI. Joseph Sears of Sandisfield, [239. — 5.] b. 1778, m. Lucy Smith of Sandisfield, and filled various places of public trust, d. 1851. He had children, as follows: —

388. — 1. Edy, d. young.
389. — 2. Daniel, b. 1801, removed to Wachita, La., was a Methodist clergyman, m. M. Ross and had issue.
390. — 3. Joshua Milton. (144.)
391. — 4. Edmund Hamilton. (145.)

(88.) VI. Paul Sears of Sandisfield, [240. — 1.] b. 1769, m. Rachel Granger, and had issue, viz.: —

392. — 1. Alfred, b. 1795, m. Eliza Deland, removed to the West.
393. — 2. Barnas. (146.)
394. — 3. Lyman. (147.)
395. — 4. David G. (148.)
396. — 5. John R., b. 1809, m. —— Hyde of New Marlborough.

397. — 6. Hiram. (149.)
398. — 7. Henry, b. 1815.
399. — 8. Belinda, m. 1. Luman Davis, 2. Anson Avery, 3. —— Trusdell of Youngstown, Ohio.
400. — 9. Sally, m. —— Bolles, near Utica, N. Y.

(89.) VI. SIMEON SEARS of Sandisfield, [241. — 2.] had issue, viz.: —

401. — 1. Norman.
402. — 2. Simeon.
403. — 3. Edward, a Baptist clergyman.

(90.) VI. JACOB SEARS, [242. — 1.] b. 1772, lived in East Dennis, m. Elizabeth Foster, d. 1846. Had issue, viz.: —

404. — 1. Daniel. (150.)
405. — 2. Nathan. (151.)

(91.) VI. JUDAH SEARS, [243. — 2.] b. 1775, m. Sarah Hale, lived in East Dennis, d. in 1850. Had children, viz.: —

406. — 1. Eben. (152.)
407. — 2. Judah. (153.)

(92.) VI. PAUL SEARS of East Dennis, [244. — 3.] b. 1777, m. Ruth, daughter of Barnabas Howes, had children, viz.: —

408. — 1. Dean. (154.)
409. — 2. Paul. (155.)

(93.) VI. EDMUND SEARS, [245. — 4.] lived in East Dennis, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Nathan Crowell, and had children, viz.: —

410. — 1. Seth, m. Thankful, daughter of Stephen Homer.
411. — 2. Nathan. (156.)

(94.) VI. EZRA SEARS, [248. — 3.] lived in East Dennis, m. Mary, daughter of David Seabury, and had children, viz.: —

412. — 1. Joshua.
413. — 2. Lot.
414. — 3. Ezra.
415. — 4. David.
416. — 5. Warren.
417. — 6. Heman.

(95.) VI. GEORGE SEARS, [249. — 4.] m. Susan, daughter of John Gray of Barnstable, removed from East Dennis to Boston, had children, viz.: —

417½.—1. George, d. young.
418. — 2. George.

(96.) VI. WILLIAM SEARS, [253. — 2.] m. Mary, daughter of James Hallet, removed from East Dennis to Dorchester, had issue, viz.: —

419. — 1. William.

(97.) VI. THOMAS SEARS, [256. — 2.] lives in East Dennis, m. Azubah, daughter of Gardner Crowell, had children, viz.: —

420. — 1. George, b. 1829, d. 1852.
421. — 2. Isaiah, m. Myra, daughter of Jeremiah Long.

(98.) VI. HENRY SEARS, [259. — 2.] b. 1776, lived in East Dennis, m. Nancy, daughter of Thomas Snow, d. 1839, had issue, viz.: —

422. — 1. Henry.

(99.) VI. Lemuel Sears, [261. — 2.] had issue, viz.: —

423. — 1. Lemuel. (158.)

(100.) VI. William Sears, [265. — 2.] had issue, viz.: —

424. — 1. Nathan.

(101.) VI. Heman Sears, [267. — 2.] m. 1. Olive, daughter of Joseph Howes, 2. Abigail, daughter of Reuben Sears, d. 1836, had issue, viz.: —

424½. — 1. Orin.

(102.) VI. Enos Sears, [268. — 3.] removed to Coleraine, and had children, viz.: —

425. — 1. Joshua.
426. — 2. Barzilla.
427. — 3. Lyman.
428. — 4. Enos.

(103.) VI. Elisha Sears, [273. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. Hitty, daughter of Lemuel Wing of Sandwich, had children, viz.: —

429. — 1. Franklin.
430. — 2. Elisha.

(104.) VI. John Sears of East Dennis, [280. — 3.] m. Mercy Howes, and has issue, viz.: —

431. — 1. Philip Howes, graduate of Harvard College, and attorney at law.

(105.) VI. Reuben Sears, [283. — 3.] m. Nancy, daughter of Christopher Sears, lived in Brewster, and has issue, viz.: —

432. — 1. E. Bailey.
433. — 2. Christopher.
434. — 3. Reuben. (159.)
435. — 4. Willard, d.
436. — 5. Heman.
437. — 6. Willard.

(106.) VI. PHILANDER SEARS, [284. — 4.] m. Bethia, daughter of Elisha Sears, removed from East Dennis to Worcester, and has issue, viz.: —

438. — 1. Alden.
439. — 2. Sylvenus.
440. — 3. Philander.
441. — 4. Charles.

(107.) VI. THOMAS SEARS, [285. — 5.] lived in Brewster, m. Elizabeth, daughter of Jacob Sears, and has issue, viz.: —

442. — 1. Thomas.
443. — 2. Charles.
444. — 3. David.
445. — 4. Thomas D.

(108.) VI. ORIN SEARS, [286. — 6.] m. Hopkins, removed from East Dennis, has children, viz.: —

446. — 1. Nathan.
447. — 2. Lorenzo.
448. — 3. Orin.

(109.) VI. CHARLES SEARS of Yarmouth, [288. — 2.] m. —— Hallet, has children, viz.: —

449. — 1. Joshua.
450. — 2. Eben.
451. — 3. Charles.

(110.) VI. WILLARD SEARS of New Bedford, [289. — 3.] has issue, viz.: —

452. — 1. Thomas.

(111.) VI. THOMAS SEARS, [290. — 4.] removed from East Dennis to Boston, has issue, viz.: —

453. — 1. Pomeroy.

(112.) VI. ARNOLD SEARS, [293. — 1.] m. Thankful Marchant, removed to Providence, R. I., has children, viz.: —

454. — 1. Obed. (160.)
455. — 2. Abraham.
456. — 3. Arnold. (161.)
457. — 4. Theophilus.

(113.) VI. NATHANIEL SEARS, [294. — 2.] m. 1. Thankful Chase, 2. Hitty Ellis, 3. Thankful Walker, has children, viz.: —

458. — 1. Elvin.
459. — 2. Nathaniel.
460. — 3. Henry.

(114.) VI. LOT SEARS, [296. — 4.] lived in South Yarmouth, m. Jemima Marchant, has children, viz.: —

461. — 1. Lot.
462. — 2. Barnabas.
463. — 3. Asa.

(115.) VI. FREEMAN SEARS, [297. — 5.] lived in East Dennis, m. 1. Hetty Crosby, 2. Mary Davis, and has children, viz.: —

464. — 1. Freeman.
465. — 2. Barnabas.

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(116.) VI. ZACHARIAH SEARS, [303.—1.] lives in East Dennis, m. Olive, daughter of Joseph Sears, and has children, viz.:—

465.—1. Joseph.
466.—2. Isaac.
467.—3. Barzilla.
468.—4. Benjamin.

(117.) VI. HENRY SEARS, [304.—2.] lived in East Dennis, m. Rhoda, daughter of Joseph Howes, and has children, viz.:—

469.—1. Calvin.
470.—2. Zebina.
471.—3. Charles.
472.—4. Peter.

(118.) VI. ZEBINA SEARS, [305.—3.] m. Elizabeth Dexter, removed from East Dennis to Boston, has children, viz.:—

473.—1. Charles.
474.—2. Joseph.
475.—3. Alfred.
476.—4. Edwin.
477.—5. Franklin.

(119.) VI. JOSEPH SEARS, [306.—4.] m. Elizabeth Snow, removed to Missouri, has children, viz.:—

478.—1. Peter.
479.—2. Henry.

(120.) VI. ROWLAND SEARS, [307.—5.] m. Mehitable, daughter of Watson Berry, lived in East Dennis, and has children, viz.:—

479½.—1. Joseph.
480. — 2. Richard.
481. — 3. George.

(121.) VI. Isaac Sears, [308. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. Sarah Eldridge, and has children, viz.: —

482. — 1. Eldridge. (162.)
483. — 2. Mulford. (163.)

(122.) VI. Leonard Sears, [310. — 3.] lived in East Dennis, married a daughter of Eldridge Baker, and has children, viz.: —

484. — 1. Uriah.
485. — 2. Leonard.

(123.) VI. Levi Sears, [311. — 4.] lived in Brewster, m. Jerusha, daughter of John Foster, and has children, viz.: —

486. — 1. Jonathan.
487. — 2. Levi.
488. — 3. Joseph.
489. — 4. Luther. (164.)

(124.) VI. Stephen Sears, [312. — 5.] m. Lydia, daughter of Stephen Sears, removed to Sandwich, has issue, viz.: —

490. — 1. Barzilla.

(125.) VI. Joseph Sears, [313. — 6.] lived in Brewster, m. Maraba, daughter of Elkanah Howes, and has children, viz.: —

491. — 1. Franklin.
492. — 2. Frederick. (165.)
493. — 3. Joseph. (166.)

(126.) VI. WASHINGTON SEARS, [314. — 7.] removed from East Dennis to Plymouth, has children, viz.: —

494. — 1. Lyman.
495. — 2. George. (167.)
496. — 3. William. (168.)
497. — 4. Francis.
498. — 5. Charles.

(127.) VI. STEPHEN SEARS, [316. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, married a daughter of David Gorham, and has children, viz.: —

499. — 1. Gorham.
500. — 2. Barnabas. (169.)
501. — 3. Stephen. (170.)
502. — 4. Almond.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Knyvet is resumed.

(128.) VII. DAVID SEARS of Boston, [322. — 6.] m. Emily Esther Hoyt, and has children, viz.: —

503. — 1. Emily Esther.
504. — 2. David.

(129.) VII. FREDERICK RICHARD SEARS of Boston, [323. — 7.] m. Marian Shaw, has children, viz.: —

505. — 1. Marian.
506. — 2. Frederick Richard.

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(130.) VII. JONATHAN SEARS of Ashfield, [328. — 2.] b. 1777, m. Hannah Foster of Martha's Vineyard; went in

early life on fishing voyages with his brother, Clark, to the Banks of Newfoundland and the Magdalene Islands; has the following children: —

509. — 1. Clark. (171.)
510. — 2. Olive, b. 1806.
511. — 3. William. (171½.)
512. — 4. Freeman. (172.)
513. — 5. Philena, b. 1812.
514. — 6. Stillman. (173.)
515. — 7. Jonathan, b. 1818, m. Rhoda Parsons.
516. — 8. Milton Foster, b. 1821, m. Mercy Williams.
517. — 9. Hannah, b. 1823.

(131.) VII. ASARELAH SEARS of Ashfield, [330. — 4.] m. Hannah Maynard of Conway, and had children, viz.: 1. Oliver, b. 1817, graduated at Williams College, m. Maria Williams, and settled as minister in Dalton; 2. Joseph, b. 1820; 3. William H., b. 1826; 4. Samuel, b. 1829; 5. Edwin, b. 1832; 6. Henry, b. 1836.

(132.) VII. NATHAN SEARS, [339. — 2.] lived in Brewster, m. Sarah, daughter of Abram Winslow, and had children, viz: —

519. — 1. Nathan.
520. — 2. Abraham.

(133.) VII. JOSEPH SEARS, [340. — 3.] lived in Brewster, m. Olive, daughter of Elkanah Bangs, and had children, viz.: —

521. — 1. Joseph.
522. — 2. Elisha.

(134.) VII. ROBERT SEARS of New York, [353. — 13.] b. 1810. He removed from St. Johns, N. B., to New

York, where he became successfully engaged in the publication of valuable works, which are extensively known throughout the United States. He married Harriet Howard, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Martin, M. D., of New Jersey, and has issue, viz.: —

523. — 1. Henry Thacher, d.
524. — 2. Mary Elizabeth, d.
525. — 3. Harriet Howard.
526. — 4. George Edward.
527. — 5. Robert.
528. — 6. John C., d.
529. — 7. David, d.
530. — 8. Frederick.

(135.) VII. John Sears of St. John, N. B. [354. — 14.] m. Ann, daughter of Rev. Robert Blackwood and granddaughter of Rev. John Macara of Edinburgh, Scotland, and has children, viz.: —

531. — 1. Henry Thacher.
532. — 2. Robert Blackwood.
533. — 3. George Edward, d.
534. — 4. John Bourchier.

(136.) VII. Elvin Sears [357. — 2.] had issue, viz.: —

535. — 1. Seth.
536. — 2. Joshua.
537. — 3. Elvin.
538. — 4. Erving.
539. — 5. Edmund.

(137.) VII. Rowland Sears [358. — 3.] has issue, viz.: —

540. — 1. Rowland.
541. — 2. Joseph.

(138.) VII. BENJAMIN SEARS [359. — 4.] has issue, viz.: —

542. — 1. Benjamin.

(139.) VII. ELKANAH SEARS, [372. — 1.] b. 1795, removed from New Durham, N. Y., to Delaware, Ohio. He has issue, viz.: —

543. — 1. John D., attorney at law in Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

(140.) VII. JOHN SEARS, [373. — 2.] b. 1797, is a Baptist minister at Lake Zurich, Ill., and has children, viz.: —

544. — 1. Eliza Octavia.
545. — 2. Mary Olivia.
546. — 3. John James.
547. — 4. Anna.
548. — 5. Lucy.
549. — 6. Harriet.
550. — 7. Asa B.

(141.) VII. DAVID SEARS, [375. — 4.] b. 1803, lives in Lowell, Iowa, and has children, viz.: —

550½.—1. Susan.
551. — 2. George, } twins.
552. — 3. William, }
553. — 4. Benjamin.

(142.) VII. ORIN SEARS of Mecklenburg, N. Y. [376. — 5.] b. 1805, has children, viz.: —

554. — 1. Jane.
555. — 2. Isaac.
556. — 3. Preston.
557. — 4. Anna.
558. — 5. Sarah.
559. — 6. Ruth.

(143.) VII. HIRAM SEARS of Merideth, N. Y. [378. — 7.] b. 1811, has issue: —

560. — 1. Angeline.
561. — 2. Rufus.

(144.) VII. JOSHUA M. SEARS of Sandisfield, [390. — 3.] b. 1808, m. Catharine Bosworth, daughter of Jabez Bosworth, and has issue, viz.: —

562. — 1. Helen Maria, b. 1833, d. 1844.
563. — 2. Catharine.
564. — 3. Edmund Bacon.

(145.) VII. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, [391. — 4.] b. 1810, graduated at Union College in 1834, at the Cambridge Theological School in 1837, ordained at Wayland, Mass., 1839, installed at Lancaster, Mass., 1840, resettled at Wayland, 1848; m. Ellen, daughter of Hon. Ebenezer Bacon of Barnstable, and has children, viz.: —

565. — 1. Katharine, b. 1843, d. 1853.
566. — 2. Francis Bacon, b. 1849.
567. — 3. Edmund Hamilton, b. 1852.
568. — 4. Horace Scudder, b. 1855.

(146.) VII. BARNAS SEARS, D.D. [393. — 2.] b. 1802, graduated at Brown University, afterward Professor in Hamilton College, N. Y., President of Newton Theological Seminary, Mass., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and President of Brown University. He married Elizabeth G. Corey of Brookline, Mass., and has children, viz.: —

569. — 1. William Barnas, b. 1832.
570. — 2. Elizabeth Corey, b. 1838.
571. — 3. Edward Henry, b. 1840.
572. — 4. Robert Davis, b. 1842.

(147.) VII. LYMAN SEARS of Brooklyn, L. I. [394. — 3.] b. 1804, m. Semantha Phelps (widow), maiden name Hubbard, and has children, viz.: —

573. — 1. Ellen A., b. 1836, d. 1848.
574. — 2. Edward L., b. 1847.

(148.) VII. DAVID G. SEARS of Hartford, Ct. [395. — 4.] b. 1806, m. Olive Deming of Sandisfield, Mass., and has children, viz.: —

575. — 1. Edwin, b. 1829.
576. — 2. Rollin, b. 1832, d. 1840.
577. — 3. Mary L., b. 1834.
578. — 4. Henry, b. 1836.
579. — 5. George, b. 1839.

(149.) VII. HIRAM SEARS of Brooklyn, L. I. [397. — 6.] b. 1811, m. Julia L. Pickett, daughter of Samuel Pickett of Otis, Mass., and has children, viz.: —

580. — 1. Samuel I., b. 1839.
581. — 2. Lucia L., b. 1841.

(150.) VII. DANIEL SEARS, [404. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. Lucy, daughter of Daniel Eldridge, and has children, viz.: —

582. — 1. Jacob.
583. — 2. Silas.

(151.) VII. NATHAN SEARS, [405. — 2.] lived in East Dennis, m. Susannah, daughter of Judah Howes, and has children, viz.: —

584. — 1. Nathan.
585. — 2. Judah. (174.)

(152.) VII. EBEN SEARS, [406. — 1.] m. Joanna,

daughter of Dr. Zebina Horton of East Dennis, removed to Boston, and had issue, viz.: —

586. — 1. Eben.

(153.) VII. JUDAH SEARS, [407. — 2.] m. a daughter of Jabez Howes, removed to Boston and has issue, viz.: —

586½.—1. Jabez.
587. — 2. Judah.
588. — 3. Enos.

(154.) VII. DEAN SEARS of East Dennis, [408. — 1.] m. Rosanna, daughter of Reuben Sears, has children, viz.: —

589. — 1. Dean.
590. — 2. Charles.
591. — 3. Paul.

(155.) VII. PAUL SEARS, [409. — 2.] m. Crosby of Brewster, removed to Boston, and has children, viz.: —

592. — 1. Barnabas.
593. — 2. George.
594. — 3. Howard.
595. — 4. Edwin.
596. — 5. Wallace.

(156.) VII. NATHAN SEARS, [411. — 2.] lived in East Dennis, m. Sarah C., daughter of Isaiah Howes, and has issue, viz.: —

597. — 1. Henry.

(158.) VII. LEMUEL SEARS [423. — 1.] has issue, viz.: —

599. — 1. Lemuel.

(159.) VII. Reuben Sears, [434. — 3.] lived in Brewster, m. Susannah, daughter of David Sears, and has issue, viz.: —

600. — 1. David.

(160.) VII. Obed Sears, [454. — 1.] has issue, viz.: —

601. — 1. James.

(161.) VII. Arnold Sears, [456. — 3.] has issue, viz.: —

602. — 1. Albert.
603. — 2. Theophilus.

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(162.) VII. Eldridge Sears, [482. — 1.] m. Hannah, daughter of Enoch Clark, and has issue, viz.: —

604. — 1. Eldridge. (175.)
605. — 2. Joshua.

(163.) VII. Mulford Sears, [483. — 2.] lived in East Dennis, m. Patty, daughter of Barnabas Crosby, and has issue, viz.: —

606. — 1. Calvin. (176.)
607. — 2. Isaiah. (177.)

(164.) VII. Luther Sears, [489. — 4.] lived in East Dennis, m. Mary Rice, has issue, viz.: —

608. — 1. Luther.

(165.) VII. Frederick Sears [492. — 2.] has issue, viz.: —

609. — 1. Frederick.

(166.) VII. Joseph Sears, [493. — 3.] m. —— Nickerson of Harwich, and has issue, viz.: —

610. — 1. Loring.
611. — 2. Elisha.

(167.) VII. George Sears [495. — 2.] has issue, viz.: —

612. — 1. George.

(168.) VII. William Sears [496. — 3.] has issue, viz.: —

613. — 1. Henry.
614. — 2. Thaddeus.

(169.) VII. Barnabas Sears, [500. — 2.] m. Hannah, daughter of Isaiah Crocker, removed from East Dennis to South Yarmouth, and has issue, viz.: —

615. — 1. Barnabas.
616. — 2. Stephen.
617. — 3. John.
618. — 4. Seth.
619. — 5. Josiah.

(170.) VII. Stephen Sears, [501. — 3.] lived in North Dennis, m. Lydia, daughter of Job C. Stone, and has issue, viz.: —

619½.—1. John.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

☞ Here the line of Paul, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(171.) VIII. Clark Sears, [509. — 1.] b. 1804, m. Emeline Killey, and has issue, viz.: —

620. — 1. Stillman, b. 1832.
621. — 2. Ambrose, b. 1842.
622. — 3. Walter, b. 1847.

(171½.) VIII. William Sears, [511. — 3.] b. 1808, m. Olive Eldridge, and has issue, viz.: —

623. — 1. Lewis, b. 1841.
624. — 2. Levi, b. 1848.

(172.) VIII. Freeman Sears, [512. — 4.] b. 1810, m. Eunice Parsons, and has issue, viz.: —

625. — 1. Freeman.
626. — 2. Milton.

(173.) VIII. Stillman Sears, [514. — 6.] m. Abigail Eldridge.

(174.) VIII. Judah Sears, [585. — 2.] has issue, viz.: —

627. — 1. Judah.
628. — 2. Samuel.

☞ Here the line of Silas, son of the Pilgrim, is resumed.

(175.) VIII. Eldridge Sears, [604. — 1.] lived in North Dennis, m. daughter of Thomas Bray, and has issue, viz.: —

629. — 1. Henry.
630. — 2. Edwin.

(176.) VIII. Calvin Sears, [606. — 1.] lived in East Dennis, m. —— Spindleow, and has issue, viz.: —

631. — 1. Calvin.
632. — 2. David.

(177.) VIII. Isaiah Sears, [607. — 2.] lived in East Dennis, m. a daughter of John Hopkins, and has issue, viz.: —

633. — 1. Isaiah.
634. — 2. Obadiah.

YARMOUTH CHATHAM.

MONUMENTS OF THE SEARS FAMILY

IN THE

GRAVEYARDS OF YARMOUTH AND CHATHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

SAYERS WHOSE DESCENT IS NOT KNOWN.

> "They came at night and slept till morn
> Upon the tufty fell;
> They went away, and who they were
> The gracious Lord may tell."

It was supposed for some time that all who bear the family name belonged to the line of Richard Sears, the Pilgrim and the patriarch of Sursuit. It is now pretty clear that such is not the fact.

Richard Sayer, or Sayre, is a name found on the records of Salem in 1638. It is barely possible that the Pilgrim may have removed thither, and resided there a short time previous to his final settlement in Sursuit; but as we have no intimation of it in any of the family records, it seems more probable that the Salem Richard is another man who came over with the Massachusetts Company. This is still more probable from the fact that others of the name were in Salem or vicinity, soon after the above date, who could not have been of the family of the Pilgrim, viz.: —

Thomas Sayre and Job Sayre, who belonged to a company of sixteen that left Lynn, Mass. and formed the first settlement of Southampton, L. I., in 1640. Tradition says that they came from Yorkshire, England, that they were

6*

brothers, that they were accompanied by another of the name, Joseph Sayre, who went directly on to New Jersey and settled there. The will of Thomas is on record. He died in 1670, leaving four sons. The descendants in this line are found at this day in the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and, unlike the descendants of the Pilgrim, they still preserve the orthography of Sayre.

James Sayre, possibly of the line last named, was an Episcopal clergyman and Loyalist, and chaplain in one of the battalions of the British army. He abandoned the situation in 1777, was in New Brunswick after the Revolution, and one of the grantees of the city of St. John. He returned to the United States.

John Sayre was an Episcopal minister in Fairfield, Ct., also a Loyalist, was burned out when Tryon destroyed the city, and went to St. John, where he remained.

Alexander Sears and his wife, Rebecca, "were two most worthy persons, who lived all their days in Charter Street, Boston." His daughter, Rebecca, married a Hill, by whom she had a son, Alexander Sears. Alexander Sears Hill had a daughter, Lucy, who married Rev. Oliver Everett of Boston, father of the distinguished scholars and orators of that name. I have tried in vain to trace the genealogy of this Alexander Sears. I suppose from the orthography of his name that he belongs to the Pilgrim family, and therefore descends in the Colchester line.

John Seers, Woburn, b. 1613, admitted freeman 1641.

Thomas Sears, Newbury, m. Mary Hilton 1656, d. 1661.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ISAAC SEARS AND THE LIBERTY BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

> "*Nuno.* — Pray, are you armed to carry the thing through?
> "*Tello.* — Armed like the Devil!"
>
> LOPE DE VEGA.

RICHARD SAYER, the Pilgrim, had, as we have seen, three sons. The eldest, whom he had named Knyvet, after his maternal ancestor, the noble Lady Anne, went to England and died there. His second son, Paul, inherited his estates, partly in trust for the orphan boys of the elder brother, and lived in the old mansion on the rich alluvial lands of Quivet Neck. Paul had three sons, the oldest of whom, Samuel, moved over Quivet Brook and built a house on a hill, which was standing a year ago. In the more modern division of towns, Quivet Creek became a town-limit and was called "Bound Brook," so that Samuel's house, though at first in the same town as his grandfather's, was afterwards in Harwich, which was set off from Yarmouth, and later still in Brewster, which in turn was set off from Harwich. But it was close by the old spot where the Pilgrim pitched his tent, and where Samuel had passed his boyhood, and just over the stream that purled by his grandfather's garden.

Samuel, in turn, has children, eleven in all, and nine of them sons, every one of whom grows up to manhood. What are these nine sons to do, on the sand-hills of Harwich? Quivet Neck and the Sursuit Meadows are fertile enough, and a pleasant little nook to live in; but what would they be, divided and subdivided among the swarming generations? The new-comers are pushed out upon the sand-hills, and if these nine great-grandchildren stay there to raise moss and oak-shrubs, we think they will make a great mistake. They will scatter somewhere.

We have not time to follow them all. Jonathan went whaling, encountering manifold dangers from the sea-monsters, who made his boat turn somersets in the air. Joshua went to Norwalk, Ct., where he found a more kindly soil, and where he spent the remnant of his days. He had several children; the youngest of them was ISAAC, and his deeds show plainly enough that he never would have passed his life in contentment on the Sursuit Meadows or the sand-hills of Harwich. If such a youngster was to come into the world, fortunate it was that his father went where there was room for him.

And he did come into the world in Norwalk, Ct., not far from the year 1730. His mother was Mercy Thacher, daughter of John and granddaughter of Anthony Thacher the Pilgrim, and consequently her husband's cousin in the second degree. We have no account of Isaac's boyhood, how he grew up, at what time he fell in love, or with whom, at what time he was married, or where. He only looms into notice on the public events in the troublous times in which he lived, and in which he seems to have acted his part with great decision and energy. We simply hear of him as a successful merchant in the city of New York at the time of the breaking out of the war between France and England, in which the Colonists became involved. The

war commenced about the year 1756, and raged for seven years. It was extremely disastrous to American commerce, which was constantly preyed upon by French privateersmen. American commanders undertook to make reprisals for French spoliations, and in 1758 we find Isaac Sears * captain of a cruiser called the "Catharine," which sailed from New York for this purpose. In the mouth of St. Lawrence River he fell in with "The Only Daughter," a ship of two hundred and fifty tons, ten guns and forty-four men, laden with bale goods, and bound to Canada. He captured her, with the loss of one man killed, and three wounded, and brought his prize into New York.

The next year he sailed again in the "Belle Isle," a sloop of ten guns, which he owned and commanded himself. In this little spit-fire, he fell in with a large French ship of twenty-four guns and eighty men, and without estimating the odds, or counting the cost, immediately gave her battle. They cannonaded each other for two hours, and then parted, both of them considerably disabled. At six in the evening the French ship made off, but the Belle Isle, having mended her rigging and stopped her leaks, gave chase to her enemy, pursued her all night, came up with her in the morning, prepared to lay alongside, and finally grappled her in the main shrouds. Sears and his men tried to board her, but the Frenchmen, being more numerous, drove them back with bayonets and lances. At length, the grappling being cut and giving way, the little sloop sheered off, having nine men killed and twenty-two wounded. She went into Newfoundland, where she refitted for another cruise.

In 1761 he returned home from a disastrous voyage, having been shipwrecked on the Isle of Sables, and having lost all except his life and the lives of his men. His case,

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* Sayer, the ancient orthography, became changed to Sears.

however, seems to have been that of the traveller, who affirmed that he had been "struck so many times by the lightning, that finally he did not mind it." The French war came to a successful termination, soon after the glorious victory of Wolf on the Heights of Abraham; but Sears, like many others, had been schooled in it for sterner conflicts in the war with England, which was soon to follow. In the alarms and commotions which preceded the Revolution we find him a prominent leader, in no wise disabled by shipwrecks and cannonades.

CHAPTER II.

"King George, he sent along his Stamps,
The people stamped with rage, sir."
Revolutionary Song.

PEACE was established between England and France in 1763. But the war had exhausted the English treasury. It cost the nation two hundred and fifty thousand human lives, and upwards of one hundred and eleven millions sterling. Such was the price of glory. But more unfortunate than all, it opened new questions between England and her American Colonies, which were only to be settled by the dread arbitration of the sword.

The Colonies had always shown a keen jealousy in respect to their civil rights, — in the words of Burke, "snuffing tyranny in every tainted breeze." The authority of Parliament to tax the Colonies had been intimated before, and always resisted; but now it was loudly and distinctly assert-

ed as a means of relieving the nation from the load of debt — the fruit of the Seven Years' War — under which she groaned. Following up the policy of the ministry to raise a revenue by taxing the Colonies, the Parliament passed the famous Stamp Act, in the spring of 1765, and it provided that contracts, bills, notes of hand, and other legal documents should be written on stamped paper, which the British government was to furnish at certain high prices, otherwise those documents should not be valid in law. The time fixed upon for this act to take effect was the 1st of November, about six months from its passage.

The news of its passage fell upon the Colonies like a spark of fire among gunpowder. Through the intervening months, mobs and tumults took place, particularly in the cities of Boston and New York. The people were resolved that the act should not take effect in the Colonies, for they saw clearly that, if the principle were once established that Parliament might tax the Colonies, they might be fleeced without limit, and for any purpose which the ambition of England might suggest, and their destiny become involved in the bloody politics of Europe. Franklin was in England when the Stamp Act was passed, and he wrote to Charles Thompson, afterwards Secretary of Congress: "The sun of liberty is set; the Americans must light the torches of industry and economy." Thompson replied: "We shall light torches of quite another sort."

It was not long before the torches were blazing. There was a man by the name of Oliver, living in Boston, who was supposed to be designated as a stamp-officer. The mob attacked one of his houses, which was intended to be made into a stamp-office, demolished it to the foundations, proceeded thence to his dwelling-house and smashed in the windows, ascended the summit of Fort Hill, and kindled a bonfire, in which they burned the effigy of Oliver amid

shouts and acclamations. They meant to intimidate every man who was disposed to lend himself to the execution of the odious statute, and they succeeded.

Simultaneous with these transactions were similar ones in the city of New York. The stamped paper arrived there about the last of October. A man by the name of MacEver had been appointed distributor, but he shrank appalled from the rising storm of odium, and resigned his office. Lieutenant-Governor Colden ordered the paper to be lodged in Fort George for safe-keeping, waiting, as the people supposed, till he could adopt secret measures for enforcing the law.

The 1st of November came, when the law was to take effect, and the populace assembled in great numbers and forced open the stables of the Lieutenant-Governor, seized upon his coach, and drew it through the principal streets of the city. They got up an effigy of the Lieutenant-Governor, put a sheet of stamped paper in its right hand, and the image of the Devil in his left, carried it through the streets at the head of a procession, the coach being drawn in the van amid peals of exultation. They proceeded to the gates of the fort, and, under the very mouths of the cannon, they made a grand bonfire of the whole. Thence they proceeded to the elegant mansion of Major James, filled with rich and costly furniture, which they ravaged and razed to the ground, lighting up another bonfire, and ending with the exclamation, "Such are the entertainments the people bestow on the friends of stamps!" *

The citizens were justly alarmed, and very naturally consulted on the means of saving the city from lawless violence. In these times, the coffee-houses were the places of public meeting, where political doctrines were promulgated,

* Botta, Vol. I. p. 110.

and where popular orators mounted the benches and the tables, and harangued the multitudes. To the coffee-house the citizens were summoned to consult on public affairs. They responded promptly to the call, and the meeting was crowded. A leading citizen arose, and exhorted the people to moderation; he advised them, moreover, to provide themselves with arms, for the purpose of suppressing mobs and riots, and preserving the public peace. The audience received his counsels with approbation, and resolved on the preservation of law and order.

At this stage of the proceedings, Isaac Sears arose and addressed the meeting. According to the descriptions we have of him, he was not only a man of prompt and resolute action, but of ready and popular eloquence, — "could talk like a lawyer," and knew how to touch the chord of feeling that vibrated through the crowd. We have not the heads of his speech on this occasion, but we judge, from its effect upon the audience, that it was full of force and fire. It concluded with these words, which seemed to have been a summing up of the whole: "Do not give ear to those timid men who take alarm at cobwebs. I will soon put you in possession of the stamped paper, and thus settle the question in agitation. Follow me!"

With these words he marched towards the door. Only a few of the bolder spirits joined him at first, but another and another fell in, till nearly the whole audience followed his example. They brought up before the house of the Lieutenant-Governor, and sent in a deputation, informing him that he would do well to deliver up the stamped paper. He endeavored, at first, to stave off the question, urging the expected arrival of Governor Moore, who would determine what was proper to be done. "But," said the deputation, "the people are determined to have the stamps"; whereupon the Lieutenant-Governor yielded, to avoid the effusion

of blood. The stamped paper was taken by Sears and his associates, and deposited in the City Hall. Ten bales, which arrived afterwards, were seized by the populace and burnt.

It had now become evident, both to the friends and foes of the government, that some further organization was necessary to the security of the city, and that things ought not to be left to the ungoverned impulses and passions of the multitude. A public meeting was called by Sears, and those who sympathized in his views, and it took place in the open fields adjacent to the city. This was on the 6th of November, 1765,—only a few days after the transactions just described. The citizens came together again in large numbers. It was moved and carried to appoint a committee of citizens of known patriotism to correspond with the friends of liberty in other Provinces. But after the vote was passed, the difficulty was to fill up the committee. The measure looked very much like organizing rebellion. Whoever stepped into the place of that committee would stand conspicuous marks for the British power, and might be called upon to die for their country without touching the ground. One and another was appointed and declined. In this exigency Isaac Sears came forward again. "Here am I; put me there if you like." He was chosen by acclamation, and four others of distinguished intrepidity volunteered as his associates. Botta preserves the name of Sears, the chairman of the committee, but does not give the names of the others. They were John Lamb, Gershom Mott, William Wily, and Thomas Robinson. They commenced their labors immediately, subscribing their letters with all their names, sending them east and south to the other Colonies, with warm appeals for concerted action in resisting the arbitrary measures of the government. This produced a confederacy, or league of patriots, throughout

the Colonies, which for many years went under the name of "THE SONS OF LIBERTY," or, more popularly still, "THE LIBERTY BOYS"; and by the members of these associations were most of the daring acts performed which preceded the more strictly legal measures of the Continental Congress.

The committee thus constituted received and transmitted secret information, and acted as a board of vigilance. On the 26th of December, 1765, they notified the New York public that they would soon be called upon. Information had been received, that a further importation of stamps was expected. On the 7th of January, 1766, they arrived. Promptly they were seized and destroyed, and notice thereof sent to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER III.

"A summer gift, my precious flower was given;
A very summer fragrance was its life,
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

"A few short years it blossomed near my heart,
A few short years else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad."

MRS. A. S. MENTEATH.

WE find here a little domestic episode in the turbulent life of this "Tribune of the People," as he has been called; a place where the grim spectre of Sorrow threw a shadow

across his hearth, but which nevertheless would not have been unveiled to us, except through the public sympathy. We are unable to say in what part of New York he resided at this time. At a later period, he lived in great splendor in No. 1 Broadway, — the same house which Sir Henry Clinton had made his head-quarters, and from which Major André started on his fatal errand to hold an interview with Arnold. Whether Isaac Sears lived there or not, at this earlier period, he was accustomed to go home and find solace from the care and turbulence of public duty in playing pranks with his little boy, an only son, on whose cheeks seven summers had shed their bloom. What a spring in the desert was this little fountain of domestic happiness, and how important to a "weary man of strife" that he should keep one such spot for ever green! But he went home one day from his public cares, and missed the prattle of the boy, who presently was brought in, his clothes and his hanging locks dripping with the salt spray. A paragraph clipped from an old paper shall tell the story.

"On Sunday week last, a very hopeful child, about seven years old, an only son of Capt. Isaac Sears of this city, fell from a boat near Beekman's Slip, and before any assistance could be given him was unfortunately drowned. About two hours after, the body was taken up, and carried to the house of the distressed parents, and means were used to recover it to life, but without effect. Next day the body was interred, when a great concourse of people attended, to show their concern for the afflicted parents on this affecting loss, and their respect for a person who has distinguished himself by his laudable zeal for the true interests of his country, and resolution to support it." *

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* From the "New York Mercury," dated July 30, 1766.

He went on, appearing with the same indomitable front to people outside; but alas! how different must it have been within after the silence left in his house by "the little boy that died"!

CHAPTER IV.

"Are you surprised that Parliament is every day and everywhere losing that reverential affection which so endearing a name of authority ought ever to carry with it; and that this house, the ground and pillar of freedom, is itself held up only by the treacherous underpinning and clumsy buttresses of arbitrary power?"—BURKE *on American Taxation.*

THE organization of the "Liberty Boys," commencing in New York city, extended into other cities and towns of the Colony, into Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. We do not know that an organization under this distinctive name existed in Massachusetts, but there were conventions and organizations of the people whose committees placed them in correspondence with the sons of liberty in the other Colonies. The association in New York seems to have been the central one, transmitting its despatches to Philadelphia, and thence to the more southern Colonies, and to Boston, and thence to those of the North. Articles were drawn up and solemnly subscribed, first in New York and Connecticut, and thence circulated and subscribed through the other Colonies, and thus a confederation arose somewhat after the manner of the "Solemn League and Covenant" in Scotland, in which

they mutually pledged themselves and swore resistance to tyrants and obedience to God. It produced throughout the country earnest discussion and unsleeping vigilance, and fostered that brooding spirit of thought and stern resolve which possesses the mind of a people on the eve of mighty revolutions. It had correspondents in England, through whom intelligence was received and transmitted on the state of affairs.

But the Stamp Act was repealed on the 19th of March, 1766, and in consequence the Sons of Liberty dissolved their association. The British ministry saw that the act could not be enforced without a conflict, which as yet they were not prepared for. The New York "Liberty Boys" received assurances from their London correspondent, that their organization had a marked influence in producing that result. "I think it necessary to assure you," says the letter, "that the continual account we had of the Sons of Liberty, through all North America, had its proper weight and effect." At the same time the London correspondent seemed to think that the day of trouble was not over, and he advises them not to discontinue their organization. "Permit me," he says, "to recommend ten or twenty of the principal of you to form yourselves into a club, to meet once a week, under the name of the Liberty Club; and for ever on the 19th of March, or first day of May, give notice to the whole body to commemorate your deliverance, spending such day in festivity and joy." Isaac Sears replies to their correspondent: "Your proposal with regard to a number of us forming ourselves into a club, we have already had under consideration. But as it is imagined that some inconveniences would arise, should such a club be established just at this time, we must postpone the same till it may appear more eligible; at the same time, we take the liberty to assure you, and all our good friends on your side

of the water, who so nobly exerted themselves in behalf of us and the expiring liberties of their country, that we still do and ever shall retain a most grateful sense of the favors we have received, and that we shall use our utmost endeavors, consistent with loyalty, to keep up that glorious spirit of liberty which was so rapidly and so generally kindled throughout this extensive continent." This letter bears date October 10th, 1766.

It was not long, however, before the Sons of Liberty had occasion to revive their association with fresh vigor. The Stamp Act was followed by other and more aggressive measures of the British government, and the yet deeper and more lowering indignation of the American people.

CHAPTER V.

> "Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
> With fatal mouths a-gaping."
>
> *King Henry V.*

In the uprisings and commotions which followed, Isaac Sears appears again at the head of the New York Liberty Boys. He had become a leader among the people of such acknowledged energy, impersonating so fully the spirit of opposition, that he was familiarly known as "King Sears." If any stroke was to be made which implied sudden and perilous responsibility, King Sears was pretty sure to be called upon, and he never shrunk from taking it.

First, after the repeal of the Stamp Act, and in

the new commotions which ensued, we find him conspicuous in several affrays, caused either by putting up or tearing down the Liberty-poles. In July, 1770, one of these symbols of the popular spirit had been erected on the Park, where it stood in sight of the British troops, who determined to cut it down. The attempt was made by some soldiers of the sixteenth regiment; the people assembled near the house of a Mr. Montague, which stood near, and resolved to prevent the outrage. Sears as usual was among them, and, it would seem, was foremost in the affray. A scuffle ensued; the soldiers entered the house and destroyed the front windows, but they did not succeed in demolishing the pole. The officers interfered, and ordered the soldiers to their barracks. But the attempt afterwards was more successful, and the pole was taken down.

The people resolved on the erection of another. Isaac Sears, Joseph Drake, and Alexander McDougal, as a committee of the citizens, presented to the Mayor and Common Council an address, informing them of their determination to erect another Liberty-pole as a memorial of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and asking permission to place it on the same spot which the other pole had occupied. The request was at once denied. But permission was obtained from an individual to erect one on private grounds, close by the old spot, and accordingly it was drawn through the streets, from the ship-yard, by six horses, decorated with ribbons, with flags flying, and bearing the inscription, "Liberty and Property." Thousands of citizens followed in the procession. The pole was raised in sight of the British soldiers, who did not venture to interfere. It was surmounted by a gilded vane, on which the word "Liberty" was inscribed; and there the hated emblem was left to whirl before their eyes with every breeze.

The British ministry had by no means surrendered the principle involved in the Stamp Act, and not more than two years after its repeal imposed a tax on tea, glass, and painter's colors. Subsequently the act was modified, and the tax on the two last-named articles was taken off, while that on tea remained, and furnished occasions for constant and angry irritation. How the tea which was brought into Boston harbor was disposed of, is very well known. It fared no better in the harbor of New York. In 1773, a ship with a cargo of tea arrived in that port, and was lying off the wharf waiting for an opportunity to discharge her freight. King Sears was on the look-out for her, and immediately made preparations for her reception. He prepared combustibles for the destruction of the ship, cargo and all, in case she should be brought up to the city. She returned with her freight to England. The captain of another ship ventured to bring up seventeen cases of tea on his own account, and they were instantly seized and thrown into the stream.

More serious transactions ensued. The Boston Port Bill passed the Parliament, and went into operation the 1st of June, 1774, — a bill which destroyed at one stroke the commerce of Boston, and reduced many wealthy houses to poverty and ruin. The sufferings of that city excited a lively sympathy throughout all the other Colonies. New York appointed a committee of fifty, through whom to send aid and express their condolence with the sufferers, and in this committee Isaac Sears was conspicuous. John Hancock visited New York, and conferred with the committee on the subject, and wrote home to the people of Boston, that they might depend on the support of the New Yorkers, "among whom," he says, "Captain Isaac Sears has great influence, and is quite a king here."

In 1775, Isaac Sears was chosen member of the Provincial Congress, and, as a chairman of one of its committees, soon had intrusted to him more important business than the erection of Liberty-poles. At this time the war of the Revolution had actually commenced, for blood had been shed at Lexington and Bunker Hill. But as yet the scene of conflict was confined to Massachusetts, and nothing beyond popular tumults had occurred to disturb the repose of the city of New York. Tryon, the English Governor, dwelt there, faithful to his superiors, and an object of suspicion to the people. A British man-of-war, of sixty-four guns, called the Asia, lay off the fort in the North River, ready for any emergency, and twenty-one pieces of ordnance were planted upon the Battery.

The Provincial Congress resolved on the removal of the cannon. They appointed a committee to see that the work was done, and "King Sears" was placed at the head of it. Warned of the intended movement, Captain Vandeput, of the Asia, determined if possible to prevent it, and for this purpose detached an armed barge, which moved up towards the Battery, to be on the watch; and the Asia herself lay ready to sweep it with her guns.

On the night of August 22d, King Sears put himself at the head of a select number of the Sons of Liberty, joined by "Col. John Lamb's artillery corps," and, dashing over the Park, attempted the capture of the ordnance. The dark and midnight silence of the city was suddenly broken by the flashes and the thunders of the artillery. A musket from the barge drew Colonel Lamb's volley, and a man on board was killed. The Asia opened her fire, which swept the Battery, and shattered the upper part of several houses near Whitehall. But the exploit was completely successful, and the retreating column, rattling over the pavements under cover of the darkness, told that the twenty-one pieces

of ordnance had been captured, and were in possession of the Provincial Congress.*

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* There was a man by the name of Philip Freneau, who after the Revolution acted as a sort of poet laureate, and figured largely in American politics in the times of Mr. Jefferson. The transaction just described formed the theme of one of his effusions, and may be given as a tolerable specimen of Revolutionary rhymes.

"At this time arose a certain King Sears,
Who made it his study to banish our fears:
He was without doubt a person of merit,
Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit,
Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,
And threatened perdition to all that drank Tea.
Oh, don't you remember what a vigorous hand he put
To drag off the great guns and plague Captain Vandeput,
That night when the hero — his patience worn out —
Put fire to his cannons and folks to the rout,
And drew up his ship with a spring on his cable,
And gave us a second confusion of Babel?
Scarce a broadside was ended till another began again;
By Jove, it was nothing but '*Fire away, Flannagain.*' *
The town by his flashes was fairly enlightened,
The women they fainted, the beaus were all frightened:
None hardly could boast of a moment of rest;
The dogs were a-howling, the town was distrest.
But our terrors soon vanished, for suddenly Sears
Renewed our lost courage and dried up our tears.
Our memories indeed must have strangely decayed,
If we cannot remember the speeches he made;
What handsome harangues upon every occasion, —
How he laughed at the whim of a British invasion."

* A cant phrase among privateersmen.

CHAPTER VI.

"Speak, citizens, for England! Who 's your king?

King John.

Among the noted characters of these times was James Rivington, the courtly editor of the "New York Gazette," — the organ of the Tory party in New York, and very ardent in the dissemination of Tory sentiments. His paper was patronized in all the principal towns, by the advocates of the measures of the British government. It was very profuse in its denunciation of "the rebels" and "Mr. Washington," and its whole influence went to increase the bitter hatred between the Whig and Tory parties in the Colony.

As Rivington encountered a somewhat rough introduction to the hero of our present story, we shall be pardoned for anticipating events a little, in order to give here a full-length portrait of the Tory printer and publisher. He lived in Cherry Street, which was then occupied by the "best society." He was very bland in his manners, but ready to play the sycophant in any cause that would pay him well for his services. After the British evacuated New York, Rivington still remained, and it created general amazement when the fact was announced, without being contradicted by him, that, while publishing his Gazette, and abusing the Americans and their cause, he was at the same time furnishing secret and important information to General Washington. Whether this was true, or whether he only caused such a report to be circulated in order to save himself from the rage of the populace, is not known.

After the war, he had a monopoly of selling the best British publications, occupying an office at the corner of Pearl and Wall Streets, and by his complaisance and urbanity adapting himself to the new state of things.

Colonel Ethan Allen, a powerful and athletic man, had some virtues and a good many vices, among the former of which were honesty, courage, and patriotism; and among the latter, hard drinking and swearing. He was the opposite of Rivington, and very naturally hated him, and swore he would kill him. Rivington heard of the threat, and was somewhat alarmed. Allen always carried a long sabre, and down he went one day to Rivington's office.

"Is your master at home?" said Allen to the clerk.

"I'll go and see," was the reply.

The clerk ran up to Rivington's private parlor, exclaiming, in great trepidation, "O master, he's come!"

"Show him up," said the editor, while he opened the leaf of the table and placed some wine and glasses upon it.

Allen went up leisurely, dragging his long sabre after him on the stairs.

Rivington met him at the door, with one of his politest bows and blandest smiles. "I am delighted to see you, my dear sir. Pray take a seat and allow me to pour you out a glass of wine."

Allen tossed off the wine, and then, looking daggers at Rivington, began, "Sir, I come —"

"Not a word, my dear sir, on business, until we have finished our bottle. Try another glass."

Another glass was drained.

"Fond of Madeira, sir? Here, Jack, bring a bottle of South Side. Seven years old, — a great favorite with our glorious Washington."

Allen's eyes twinkled, and he tossed down glass after glass, till he forgot his errand, or, if he remembered it, was

in no mood to execute it, and he and Rivington parted excellent friends.*

Such was the King's printer and publisher, and if the reader has now got a fair glimpse of him, we will go back and describe a somewhat different introduction which took place between Rivington and King Sears. At the time we refer to, the Gazette had been particularly abusive towards the "rebels" and their leaders, and sycophantic and adulatory towards the ministry and the government, and was suspected of being supported from the royal treasury. On the morning of Thursday, November 23d, 1775, Rivington had issued his sheet, and sat leisurely in his office, when the clatter of hoofs on the pavement beneath drew his attention to the window. He saw a troop of horsemen drawn up before his door, with King Sears at their head. Before Rivington had much time for bows and blandishments, Sears and a select number of his men had dismounted, entered his office, and pitched his printing-press into the streets, where it was speedily smashed in pieces and transferred to the dock. The whole transaction is narrated with so much unction in one of the journals of that day, that we cannot forbear to give the extract, redolent of the spirit of the olden times. It is from the Connecticut Journal of November, 1775, published at New Haven.

"On the 20th of this month, sixteen respectable inhabitants of this town (New Haven), in company with King Sears, set out from this place for East and West Chester, in the Province of New York, to disarm the principal Tories there, and secure the persons of Parson Seabury, Judge Fowler, and Lord Underhill. On their way thither they were joined by Captains Scillick, Richards, and Mead,

* We are unable to give the authority for this anecdote. We find it clipped from an old journal whose title is lost.

with about eighty men. At Marrineck they burnt a small sloop, which was purchased by government for the purpose of carrying provisions on board the Asia. At East Chester they seized Judge Fowler, and then repaired to West Chester, and secured Seabury and Underhill. Having possessed themselves of these caitiffs, they sent them to Connecticut under a strong guard. The main body, consisting of seventy-five, then proceeded to New York, which they entered at noonday on horseback, with bayonets fixed, in the greatest regularity, went down the main street, and drew up in close order before the printing-office of the infamous James RIVINGTON. A small detachment entered it, and in about three quarters of an hour brought off the principal part of his types, for which they offered to give an order on Lord Dunmore. They then faced and wheeled to the left, and marched out of the town to the tune of YANKEE DOODLE. A vast concourse of people assembled at the Coffee-House Bridge, and on their leaving the ground gave them three hearty cheers.

"On their way home they disarmed all the Tories that lay on their route, and yesterday arrived here, escorted by a great number of gentlemen from the westward, the whole making a very grand procession. Upon their entrance into town, they were saluted with the discharge of two cannon, and received by the inhabitants with every mark of approbation and respect. The company divided into two parties, and concluded the day in festivity and innocent mirth. King Sears returned in company with the other gentlemen, and proposed to spend the winter here, unless public business should require his presence in New York. Seabury, Underhill, and Fowler, three of the dastardly protesters against the proceedings of the Continental Congress, and who, it is believed, had concerted a plan for kidnapping King Sears, and conveying him on board the Asia

man-of-war, are (with the types and arms) safely lodged in this town; where it is expected Lord Underhill will have leisure to form the scheme of a lucrative lottery, the tickets of which cannot be counterfeited, and Parson Seabury sufficient time and opportunity to compose sermons for the next Continental Fast." *

Notwithstanding the popular applause which greeted this transaction, it by no means met the approval of the more cool and deliberate, even among the friends of the popular cause. The Provincial Congress was offended by it, and a motion was made to bring Sears before that body, to answer for his conduct. A crowd assembled at the time around Rivington's office, and looked on the scene of destruction with silent approbation; but not far off, on the steps of one of the coffee-houses, stood a lad of eighteen years haranguing the multitude, and appealing to "the dignity of citizenship," which, said he, "should not brook an encroachment of unlicensed troops from another colony." The young orator was Alexander Hamilton. But the popular sentiment was strong and not to be mistaken, and the leader of the press-breakers was never called to account.

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* Preserved in Barber's Historical Collections.

CHAPTER VII.

> "And far away they laid his head,
> Beneath the willow-tree."

It has been publicly stated, that a secret order was sent from England in 1775, offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the head of King Sears.* He must have been regarded by the government as the head and front of popular rebellion in the Province of New York, and the statement is not improbable; but we do not know on what authority it rests. It is also stated, that he originated the suggestion which led to the organization of the old Continental Congress, and that it occurs in his letter to Samuel Adams, written when chairman of the New York Committee of Correspondence. He was chosen by the citizens as one of the committee of sixty to watch over their concerns at the commencement of active revolutionary movements. When a member of the Provincial Congress, he moved that body to erect fortifications on the island, and the work was projected under his eye. In 1776, General Charles Lee appointed him temporary Adjutant-General, with power to raise troops in Connecticut. He was employed by General Washington to look after the Tories in West Chester County, continued to be consulted while the seat of war was in the Northern States, and while the British were in possession of New York resided during a portion of the time in Boston. He had the confidence of the religious community, was a member of the Corporation of Trinity Church, and

* New York Evening Express, August 8th, 1843.

of a committee to whom was intrusted for several years management of their affairs.

After the close of the war, we find him a successful and opulent merchant, living in considerable splendor on Broadway. But owing to some reverses, the nature of which we do not know, he lost his entire capital, and engaged in the Canton trade for the purpose of retrieving his fortune. The following is the only notice which we have of the last days of this prince of the Liberty Boys. It is from the Journals of Major Samuel Shaw of Boston, the first American Consul at Canton.

"Towards the close of November, 1785, proposals were made to me by Colonel Isaac Sears, and other gentlemen in New York, to take a concern with them in a voyage to Canton, and, with Mr. Sears, to superintend the business. A suitable cargo having been provided, we sailed from New York on the 4th of February, 1786, bound to Batavia and Canton. On the 4th of July we anchored in the road to Batavia. Having transacted our business there, we left for Canton on the 23d of the same month, Mr. Sears and the captain being confined to their beds with a fever, which had attacked them two days before. We arrived at Canton on the 15th of August, Mr. Sears still continuing very sick. After remaining there three days, he began to recover slowly; but in a short time after he relapsed, and the disease baffled the efforts of medicine, and carried him off on the 28th of October, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His remains were interred the next day on French Island, with the usual solemnities; and previous to our ship leaving Whampoa, a tomb was erected over them, and a suitable inscription placed upon it. To give his character in a few words, he was an honest man, an agreeable acquaintance, and a warm friend."

DAVID SEARS OF BOSTON.

"Worth is better than wealth; goodness greater than nobility; excellence brighter than distinction." — *Inscription on the Sears Monument, Chatham.*

David Sears, referred to on page 33, became one of the most successful men of business in the city of Boston. His energy and enterprise induced him to visit Europe in 1774, and to travel through the greater part of it, particularly through the kingdoms of Great Britain, France, and Holland. His correspondence was active and important, and his penetration and forecast remarkable. In various ways his services through his connections were useful to his country. He was detained abroad some years, and in returning he with difficulty escaped capture by an English frigate.

In 1792, he was largely engaged in the India and Canton trade, and added much to his fortune. During the Presidency of the elder Adams, he was chairman of a committee of the citizens of Boston for building a frigate, the "Boston," at their private expense, to be presented to the Federal government. To this object he subscribed three thousand dollars.

In 1795, he offered an asylum to certain distinguished gentlemen of Amsterdam whom he had previously known. He also assisted several Dutch gentlemen who were made

prisoners on the capture of their city by the French. He was in favor of "Jay's Treaty," and suffered considerable loss from French spoliations prior to 1800.

Mr. Sears was distinguished as an intelligent and able financier. He was a Director of the first Bank of the United States, from its commencement to its termination; he was often a referee in intricate cases of equity and mercantile usage, and his whole career was marked by the most incorruptible integrity.

In 1806, he purchased of General Knox, Secretary of War, in connection with other parties, a large estate in Maine, lying on Penobscot River. The Indian Sagamore of Penobscot surrendered his sovereignty and title in 1694. The territory was originally thirty miles square, and included all the islands of Penobscot Bay. The present property lies principally in the towns of Searsmont, Prospect, Knox, and Searsport, including Brigadier's Island, in the bay. The settlers and tenantry honored and revered him, and took the earliest occasions to testify their gratitude for his patriarchal treatment, by petitioning the government to name their towns in his honor.

Mr. Sears was a benevolent man, and a contributor to numerous charities. He was founder of the "Widow's Fund," in Trinity Church, in which he was a worshipper, and in which he was honored as a benefactor.

On the 23d of October, 1816, as Mr Sears was getting into his carriage, in front of his house in Beacon Street, to make a visit to a friend, he fell instantly dead by a stroke of apoplexy. Rev. John S. J. Gardiner, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, and the preceptor of his son, preached his funeral discourse. "By this affecting event," Dr. Gardiner said, "this town has lost an eminent and excellent citizen, an only child an affectionate parent, this church a distinguished benefactor, and society at large a well-bred and hospitable gentleman."

THACHER SEARS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Thacher Sears, referred to on page 43, was nephew of Isaac Sears, the Liberty Boy, and took the opposite side in politics. The story of his life is an affecting one, and, like that of a great many of the American Loyalists, would disclose a history of great suffering for conscience' sake.

Thacher's father died during his infancy; his mother married a second time, and he was brought up by his step-father, Ebenezer Church. At an early age he accompanied Sir William Johnson into the Mohawk country, and traded with the Indians, and from this gentleman he acquired early attachments to the mother country, and her civil and religious institutions. In the Revolution his opinions were with the Loyalists; but being a man of peace he took no active part, and still maintained friendly relations with his relatives, all of whom ranged themselves upon the Whig side. But the State of Connecticut, like the other Colonies, passed severe laws against the Loyalists, and in consequence of these Thacher Sears was disfranchised and his property confiscated. New York was the stronghold of British power and influence. Thither he removed, and engaged in mercantile pursuits in the city. There he met his uncle Isaac, and so opposite were their opinions that they broke friendship for ever.

In consequence of his losses and sufferings, he left the country in 1783, and went to New Brunswick, and was one of the founders of the city of St. John's. Of quiet and retired habits, but a determined spirit, he preferred exile to submission to the taunts of the successful party, among whom were all his early friends and associates. His removal was attended with unparalleled hardships. His wife and daughter accompanied him, and were both taken severely ill on his arrival. Over the wide and dreary prospect a few Indian huts were the only signs of human life. He pitched his tent on a rocky bluff, in which they cowered beneath the drifting snow-storm, and on the bear-skins which served for a bed his second daughter Ann was born, — the first-born English child in the town of St. John's. After a winter of unparalleled severity, Mr. Sears erected a more convenient residence, on a lot granted to him by the government. This lot is now in the business part of the city, and yet remains in possession of his children. In a few years he became attached to his forest home, and year after year saw the wilderness changing to a prosperous city. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and in the year 1819 went, universally beloved and honored, to his grave.

THE END.